

# Current Literature

## A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXIII., No. 4 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. APR., 1898

### *Our Relations With Spain*

The report of the Court of Inquiry into the cause of the Maine disaster will no doubt be made known to our readers before this reaches them. But whether or not that report shall show this calamity to have been the result of accident or intentional crime, and the explosion to have come from the exterior of the ship, or to have been generated within her magazines, it seems to us that matters have already moved beyond that incident, terrible as it was, and that the probability of war with Spain strongly confronts us, irrespective of what the findings of the court shall be. It should be borne in mind that President McKinley fixed on the first of March as the date before which autonomy in Cuba must be established under penalty of intervention by the United States. This date having come and gone, without, to our knowledge, the granting of an extension of time, earnestly sought for by Spain, and autonomy having conclusively been proved a failure, the President must speedily take action, looking to the recognition of the Cubans as belligerents or stultify himself and seriously weaken the prestige of the United States before the world. That Spain is fully alive to what is impending is shown by the desperate attempts she is making to set her house in order. The dispatch of her most formidable ships to Cuban waters and reported purchases of cruisers from other nations points to but one thing: That our long-delayed recognition of the struggling Cuban patriots will be at once followed by a Spanish declaration of war against us. Optimists claim to find in Spain's trifling diplomatic concessions, such as the recall of De Lome, strong ground for believing that she will do anything rather than go to war with the United States. To us, on the contrary, it seems that she is adroitly gaining time in order that she may make the best possible showing when hostilities begin. A month ago we could have seized Havana without difficulty, now it would not be quite so light an undertaking, and a month hence we shall only be able to accomplish it by overpowering a very considerable fleet.

As to the outcome of a war with Spain no American understanding the resources of the two countries can have doubts; but some may imagine that she can inflict serious damage on our coast towns before becoming exhausted or giving up the struggle. In view of the fact, however, that while her navy is numerically greater than ours, it is vastly inferior in its individual ships—to say nothing of the unquestionable superiority of our officers and men—illustrated by the fact that the Pelayo is the only one of her fleet that could really meet in single-ship action the Indiana, Iowa or Massachusetts, without reckoning the heavier monitors, there need be little concern that this will come to pass. That Spain would more than have her hands full in protecting

Havana with her heaviest ships is certain, while the rest of the navy would find ample employment in guarding her own shores and conveying transports carrying men, munitions of war, coal and provisions to Cuba. Indeed, it would take more cruisers than she possesses for this latter duty alone were such ocean greyhounds as the Brooklyn, Columbia, Minneapolis, St. Paul and St. Louis on the trail. There is but one contingency that might possibly arise that would seriously hamper us in such a struggle, and that is, should a European nation, France, for instance, with her strong navy, side with Spain. Happily, however, we are now beginning to receive assurances from England of her sympathy in case of war and that, diplomatically speaking, means sufficient pressure would be brought to bear to stand off other navies and leave us a free hand. Apart, however, from loss or gain, and aside from any question of annexation, it will some day be a proud thought to the people of America that they have finally evicted Spain from her last important holdings in these waters, and put an end to the butchery of a people. Much as we should deprecate a war with any nation, if it must come it is indeed eminently fitting and gratifying that we, the representatives of freedom the world over, should at last find ourselves arrayed in good cause against Spain—Spain the despotic—smirched for centuries with the blood of martyrs and patriots and the type of all that is of ill-repute in self-government, as well as in that of her down-trodden and oppressed colonies.

### *Portrait Painting*

What is the reason of the sudden rush of French, Spanish and other foreign painters of portraits to New York and other cities of this country? There have been a good half dozen spending the winter and spring with us, and the end is not yet, for there are others on their way. At times we have been favored in the past with an occasional celebrity from Europe, lured to cross the ocean by prospects of a golden feast among the reputed millionaires of the new world, but never such a veritable exodus as we have had of late. Curiously enough, these painters of portraits are not all of them portrait painters. Some are very breezy landscape artists; others have attained a certain success in genre and others still have made posters which have thrilled the "gamin" and the "rentier" of Paris with an emotion. But in our glorious republic, where all men are free and equal, they turn out to be portrait painters, whose custom it is to receive very large prices for their portrait work—for it is rarely that they take up the brush and palette in diversions of this kind, and, as any simpleton may know, rarity enormously enhances the value of a work of art. Meanwhile, the effect of these visits upon our native talent has been

unfortunate. Some have even been driven in desperation to lobbying in one of our State Legislatures for a bill giving "free soup" to those artists who can prove their nationality regardless of their merits. It has been proposed that all the cities of the State should be allowed to spend a liberal amount annually upon the purchase of paintings or statuary by American artists residing at home. The measure has the support of men prominent in the artistic world, men who would be the first to find fault with what they had done when they saw to whom these liberal appropriations went. As a protest, too, against the invasion of the foreign gentleman with a name such efforts prove valueless. If proceedings are to be begun they should be directed against the real offenders—those gentlemen who offer the bait to the little fishes from abroad. It seems, to say the least, surprising that we should possess a good half dozen portrait painters whose work is the equal of the best men in Europe, and far better than the work of any of those who have yet visited this country, and yet hanker for the paint pots of Paris. With De Forest Brush—one of the very best of living painters of portraits—with Abbott Thayer, with W. M. Chase, with Eastman Johnson, and with a handful of still younger and most promising men, we can only say that there is not the slightest necessity of looking abroad for capable talent, for we have it in abundance at home. The charge has often been made that the admiration of the rich American for art is purely a matter of his dealer's or agent's predilections. There are noted galleries here about which the ugly rumor spreads that the owner takes no real pleasure in them. They are simply boughten goods, a part and parcel of the social fabric which he is trying to weave in his declining years against a fate which has denied him that culture or refinement which are essential to a true enjoyment or comprehension of art of any kind—native or foreign.

#### *Travelling Libraries*

The multiplication of the usefulness of books that come through circulating libraries is being again multiplied through traveling circulating libraries. Who originated the idea we do not know, but to Mr. Melvil Dewey, the director of the New York State Library, belongs the credit of first bringing it to fruition. In 1892, under Mr. Dewey's direction, the State of New York tried the experiment of sending out collections of from fifty to a hundred books to responsible groups of people in different parts of the State, who were willing to pay a five-dollar fee for the privilege granted. The first year about fifty such collections of books were sent out, largely to rural communities unable to bear the expense of maintaining a public library. The borrowing group could keep the books for six months, and the State paid the expense of transportation. In this way, at a trifling cost, a constantly fresh supply of books could be secured, and the type of books selected was not only a boon to communities with no libraries, but to those in which the running expenses of the local libraries, ate up the revenue that should have been used for new books, if interest in the library was to be kept up. That this system should have proved popular is now seen to have

been inevitable. The second year the number of these traveling libraries was more than doubled, and in the fifth year had increased to nearly tenfold. But this development of the idea in New York State is but a part of the fruitage. Michigan, Ohio and Iowa have adopted the New York system, while still other States, with Missouri in the lead, have established similar systems under private initiative. The Missouri experiment has been of peculiar interest. It was started by a State Senator from one of the German and Scandinavian counties in the western part of the State. This public-spirited official—Hon. J. H. Stout—realized that the rural districts of his county were almost absolutely devoid of good reading, and offered to supply small libraries upon substantially the New York plan, wherever a fee of one dollar guaranteed local interest. Some communities, or "cross-roads," which were thought to have no intellectual interests whatever, applied for libraries, read the books and applied for more. At the present time over thirty libraries are now "traveling" in Mr. Stout's county of Dunn, and other counties in Wisconsin are receiving similar facilities from other public-spirited citizens. According to a recent article by Mr. W. B. Shaw in the *American Monthly*, this moving spirit at the local library centers is often the school mistress, but often, too, a grocer or a farmer, and in some instances a barber or a "section boss" on the railroad. It is found that on the average each book is taken out by a dozen families before the library is returned, and is often read by more than one person in the family. The popularity of these libraries, however, is not entirely due to the intellectual avidity of Missouri farmers. In large part, it is due to the uncommon common-sense shown by the Missouri State Library Commission in the selection of books. In a recent article in the *Outlook* by Rev. J. H. White, a list is given of the books in one of the traveling libraries, selected, so the author says, at random. Here it is in full for the benefit of any one who may wish to give a capital set of books to any school or library center, of any description:

#### STOUT FREE TRAVELING LIBRARY NO. 26.

Davis—Stories of the United States for the Youngest Readers.

Beebe and Kingsley—First Year Nature Reader.

Eggleston—First Book in American History.

Eggleston—Stories of Great Americans for Little Americans.

Scudder—Verse and Prose for Beginners.

Lane—Stories for Children.

Lang—The Blue Fairy Book.

Aldrich—The Story of a Bad Boy.

Alcott—Little Women.

Poulsson—In the Child's World.

Pyle—Men of Iron.

Coffin—Boys of '76.

St. Nicholas Magazine, 1895; two bound parts.

Waite—A Boy's Workshop.

Repplier—A Book of Famous Verse.

Barnes—Midshipman Farragut.

Scudder—George Washington.

Wiggin—Polly Oliver's Problem.

Deland—Oakleigh.

Andrews—Ten Boys of Long Ago.

Stevenson—Treasure Island.

Furieux—Outdoor World.

Champlin—Cyclopædia of Games and Sports.



Bolton—Girls who Became Famous.  
 Lodge—Daniel Webster.  
 Parkman—La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West.  
 Rorer—Philadelphia Cook Book.  
 Myers—General History.  
 Ball—Starland.  
 Cochrane—Wonders of Modern Mechanism.  
 McCaskey (Ed.)—Franklin Square Song Collection No. 1.  
 Dole—The American Citizen.  
 Peary—My Arctic Journal.  
 Custer—Boots and Saddles.  
 Habberton—Helen's Babies.  
 Burnham—Next Door.  
 Mulock—John Halifax.  
 Blackmore—Lorna Doone.  
 Cooper—Last of the Mohicans.  
 Scott—Ivanhoe.

There is not a family in the State, however cultivated or however uncultivated, which would not find both pleasure and stimulus in such a library, and not a member of the family old enough to be read to, who would not share the pleasure and profit.

#### *Traveling Art Galleries*

A part of the remarkable success of the traveling libraries has been due to the enthusiastic reception given them by women's clubs. To-day, in most of our smaller towns, women are doing most of the reading, and the knowledge of this has led to the collection of traveling libraries especially adapted to the needs of their clubs. What these clubs have received in this way they have more than returned in the efforts they have put forth to establish traveling libraries for the benefit of others. In New Jersey, Georgia, Missouri, and some other States, the State Federation of Women's Clubs are starting such libraries, while in Missouri and New York, at least, women's organizations have developed the plan so as to comprehend pictures as well as books. In fact, the idea of circulating pictures seems to have started with women. Four years ago the College Settlement of this city found that it contributed as much to the intellectual life of its neighborhood by circulating pictures—and also games—as by circulating the more traditional source of popular education. Since the traveling library system was established, women's organizations have supplemented their work of establishing "traveling art galleries." In Missouri the first steps in this direction were taken by Miss Mary Tanner, a teacher in an art normal school. She observed how art hungry were the students from country homes, and interested a few friends in getting together a collection of inexpensive pictures. These pictures were exhibited in country schoolhouses, and then lent out among those who came to see them, each borrower agreeing to return the picture within a certain time in exchange for another. The innovation was warmly welcomed and quickly found new supporters pre-eminently among the women's clubs. With regard to the best class of pictures for such collections, Miss Tanner's observations are of decided value: "It depends," she says, "upon the class among whom you work. If they are not well educated, I doubt the desirability of giving them pic-

tures of beautiful buildings or historic places. What they want is a picture with a story. 'I cannot read your book, but I can read your picture,' was the way an old man put the matter to me once, and since then I have tried to get pictures with a story they can make out for themselves, such as Millet's *Angelus* and *The Gleaners*. Pictures of landscapes and flowers always prove popular." In one respect pictures are not so well suited for circulation as books, since families become more attached to pictures and often prefer to keep the one they have rather than exchange it for another. But the value of these traveling circulating picture galleries in awakening a taste for art in communities now without art privileges is almost incalculable. Some of the collections sent out are for the especial use of school-rooms, and the education which these pictures are sure to afford, when lent for even a short time is sure to create a demand for art, which will make bare walls in the future intolerable.

#### *The Number Three*

The number three has played a curious part in the world. "The third time's the charm," we have learned to believe from babyhood, and there seems always to be a magic completeness about everything triplex. The Pythagoreans thought the odd numbers the more perfect, and the Christian religion finds in the concept of a Trinity its final expression. The triangle and the pyramid have a fine individuality in geometry, and even a cube, or that strange animal we call the parallelopiped, is the product of three multiples. The infinite spaces of the universe, indeed, we try to conceive on the three lines of length, breadth and height. All our music is based on the grouping of three notes into the triad, and all dramatic and romantic literature proceeds by the three steps of preparation, climax and subsidence. Logic orders itself upon the major premise, the minor premise and the conclusion. The myriad hues of nature are reducible to three primary colors.

Even politics is three fold. Our Declaration of Independence sought protection for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The French Revolution revolved on liberty, equality and fraternity. And every schoolboy knows how many things Washington was first in; he is said also to have been the first man that could not tell a lie—and also the last.

Of course, every number up to thirteen can be studied by the statistician with much pleasure—at least to himself, but while the number three has not the Scriptural favor of the number seven, it is peculiarly complete and compact. It is the first of the numbers that refuses to yield to divorcing persuasions of the number two. It is too close-knit to fall into two equal, even parts. It is itself a wedge.

In the arts this number preserves its aristocracy, its autocracy. The primitive presentation of the human face is a circle with three dots in it, and one of the highest laws of composition is that the heads of the characters should be grouped "pyramidally," as they call it, though it is really triangularly. In sculpture, a group like the *Laocoön*, or the *Three Graces* of Canova has a perfection all its own; and the Grecian pediment group is triangulate. The simple triglyph has never lost its hold on architecture.

But the highest triumph of the number three is

the trilogy which combines three complete works into one. And it is the fact that one of the novels of this Year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Eight should be the completion of a trilogy that has given rise to these animadversions on the number three. As Wagner, in his music-dramas, revived the Æschylean trilogy, which Dante imported into *Epoëe*, so Zola has at this late day completed the trilozing of the Novel. The young priest whom he makes his hero works out his career in Three Cities. At "Lourdes" he saw through the miracle-mongering; at "Rome" he was disillusioned by the papal court, and at "Paris" he throws off his churchly vestments and plunges into the secular world. All three of these books are largely given over to Baedekerism, with interludes of very Frenchy romance and dismal stretches of frank philosophizing. But even among those who will not or cannot read them through, they must gain a certain prestige, a certain unassailable permanence from the fact that they are gathered into a trilogy. And the best thing about a trilogy is the number three.

*The Omar Khayyám Cult*

The cyclopedias of twenty years ago did not even contain the name of a poet whom we now rank among the foremost names in the world's literature, Omar Khayyám. He is a parvenu, a "nouveau-riche"—this old tent maker and astronomer. The credit for his prestige in contemporary literature, at least in that of the English-speaking people, is due to the translations of Edward Fitzgerald. Translation is hardly the word for his work, for it is so free that it amounts rather to a plagiarism of certain ideas bettered in the borrowing. Fitzgerald said himself in a letter, "It is an amusement to me to take what liberties I like with these Persians, who (as I think) are not poets enough to frighten one from such an undertaking, and who really do want a little art." He carried out his theory in practice in a most startling manner, and his work is one of the curiosities of translation, as well as one of the triumphs. He not only altered the allusions, introducing even Greek and Hebraic references into this Persian heathen; but he added some of the most important thoughts of the quatrains and omitted some of the best thoughts of the poet. Nevertheless, so magnificent is the clarity and poignancy of his translation, that all the mistakes and sins are forgiven and forgotten. Only a brilliant success could atone for such methods. Fitzgerald's work was slow of recognition, however, and the first edition, published in 1859, was sold out by the publisher at two cents a copy because he could get no higher price for it. Other editions met with similar stagnation and Fitzgerald's career in literature was never one of pecuniary profit to him. As in the case of many other great writers, it was America that first discovered, recognized and made a cult of him. Charles Eliot Norton in 1869 wrote an article about the Persian, and quoted from a French translation of him. Later, he and Fitzgerald became friendly correspondents upon this subject of common interest. But it was not until Elihu Vedder, the illustrator, chose to take the quatrain, as a subject for his weird genius, that the people, the great reading public, learned who

Omar Khayyám was; and, even then, he was rather known as the man whom Vedder illustrated, than Vedder as the man who illustrated Omar. The Persian thus reached our eyes by a double reflection as Vedder's Fitzgerald's Omar. But later years have abundantly atoned for this neglect of centuries on centuries, and for the years-long neglect of Fitzgerald's work. Edition after edition is now published in all sorts of forms by all sorts and conditions of publishers. Omar has reached even the glory of a variorum edition, in which all the translations of Europe, French, German and English, are placed side by side. The result of this deadly parallel is most interesting and most illuminative of Fitzgerald's methods of work, showing graphically as it does, his recklessness in omitting or interpolating as his genius pleased. So great has been the popularity of Fitzgerald's translations that two English rivals have recently appeared, a prose translation by Justin Huntley McCarthy and a rhymed version by Richard Le Gallienne. The only virtue of this latter is its pale reflex of Fitzgerald, save in one or two instances where Le Gallienne seems perhaps to have surpassed his original. To the great public as to McCarthy and Le Gallienne, it is Fitzgerald rather than Omar who is considered; and Mr. Robert W. Chambers in quoting liberally from the *Rubáiyát* in a book of stories, credits these quatrains solely to Fitzgerald—not without abundant reason.

Omar Khayyám's sudden rise in the world after centuries of hibernation somewhat resembles Robert Browning's career, in respect to the fact that it has relied largely for its success upon the cult. Omar Khayyám clubs, Omar Khayyám societies and *Rubáiyát* coteries of all sorts have existed. To-day, however, Fitzgerald need not rely on any esoteric fad for his success; a great popular party is growing up around his standard. He is Browningsque in the matter of a frequent obscurity and in his lack of unity and a clear logical trend of thought; but, like Browning, he has single passages of ineffable beauty. These stand out in all the clearness of jewels, inescapably fine. He is a peculiarly quotable poet; and the great populace loves a poet it can quote and apply to its daily life. He is a great heretic in many ways, a frank and rejoicing heathen in others, now a preacher of atheism, now a trembler before divinity, now a poet of love and mirth, now of despair. But the scriptures also have their moments of doubt and despair, their cynicisms and their abject surrender to imminent death. Still, it is not the philosophy, the mixed, complicated and inconsistent philosophy of Omar as a whole, that people either admire or understand; but rather the beauty of single quatrains, the marvellous imagery and the intense humanity of the occasional thought. In these respects, Omar appeals to the whole heart of the people and his audience must inevitably increase.

Even now it is amazing to find the number of people that know him largely by heart and meet and quote him at each other. Fitzgerald's different translations are all largely varied in their language and it is curious, when two or three Khayyám lovers are gathered together, to see the way they will play battledore and shuttlecock with the quatrains as translated according to their favorite periods. It is



strange to note how frequently one finds people, laymen, and folk not usually counted "literary," who can quote these wonderful quatrains. Little surprises and chance meetings like the coming upon an Omar in unexpected places, prove how silly are the constant accusations that the general culture of American is sordid and low.

*Literary Larceny*

The plagiarist, like the poor, we have always with us. There are times when he seems to be specially numerous. This is one of the times; just now our hands are full of him. What our opinion of him collectively and individually is, we should hesitate to pronounce. It would certainly be unfit for publication. We therefore proceed to a calm and restrained statement of the facts of his case—all four of him. For Current Literature has this month the righteous satisfaction of exposing a full quartette of these shameless offenders, "flagrante delicto"—taken, as it were, in the very act of literary thievery.

The facts are these:

In case No. 1 our attention was called by a valued correspondent to an article entitled A North Carolina Game, by Anna Lee Thatcher, which appeared in our February issue, taken from the Penny Magazine, and so credited. Our correspondent stated (and his communication, together with the rest of the letters in this and the cases of theft which follow, may be found printed in full in our Correspondence Department, see advertising pages) that the article in question was undoubtedly a plagiarism, as many years ago, when he was a student in college, he had canvassed for a book, *Kings of the Platform and Pulpit*, which contained this identical story in the text of a lecture by the Southern humorist, "Bill Arp." We immediately communicated with the latter gentleman (Major Charles H. Smith, in private life), who verified Mr. Daugherty's statement, but curiously enough disclaimed the authorship, saying that "Eli Perkins," to whose book, *Kings of the Platform and Pulpit*, he had contributed this lecture, was responsible for the story which he, "Bill Arp," found interpolated therein when the printed book came to his hands. Mr. Melville D. Landon ("Eli Perkins"), the distinguished lecturer and humorist, to whose amusing and characteristic letter on another page attention is specially directed, was next communicated with. He readily identified the story, but he also would have none of it, claiming that Bill Nye had given it to him for insertion in the "Arp" lecture, "which had not quite pepper enough," they decided. The material (which was an uncredited newspaper clipping) was "worked over" by Mr. Landon and Mr. Nye, early in 1890, and used in the lecture of "Bill Arp." Mr. Nye is dead, so but one thing remained, and this was done forthwith. The Penny Magazine was appealed to, and the courteous response of the editor, Mr. T. C. Quinn, added to the already complicated situation this curious information: The story under discussion was contributed in manuscript to the New York Press when Mr. Quinn was connected with that paper in an editorial capacity, in 1891-92. It was accompanied by a letter, written, says Mr. Quinn, in a deprecatory tone, requesting the publication of the story without compensation, and saying that no stamps were

enclosed, as its return was not desired. The letter was dated from Richmond, Va., and signed Anna Lee Thatcher. In sorting recently an accumulation of unused matter from that period, Mr. Quinn chanced upon this manuscript, and in due course it was used as "copy" for the Penny Magazine. "Pede poena claudo"—punishment follows crime with a slow foot; but the offender is overtaken at last. Still while the charge of plagiarism is established against the mysterious Anna Lee Thatcher, who beside the public is the sufferer? Who is the real author of A North Carolina Game? Can anyone tell?

In the same number of Current Literature in which was published the above—February of this year—appeared a sketch by Barry Pain, the well-known English man-of-letters, entitled *The Bottom of the Bag*. It was clipped for our use from Black and White's issue of June 5, 1897. Shortly after this number of Current Literature had been given to its readers a courteous note from Mr. J. L. Bond, of Springfield, Ill., called our attention to the fact that with a few trifling alterations the same story, under a different title, had appeared in the August number of *Vanity Fair* (not the well-known English weekly of that name, but a monthly magazine published within the limits of Greater New York), purporting to have come from the pen of one Frank Henderson Carr. This statement we verified. It was no plagiarism, but a case of plain steal. Under Mr. Carr's manipulation Barry Pain's little story *The Bottom of the Bag* had become *A Lost Nerve*; London, the underground railroad and the stations Gloucester Road and South Kensington were transformed into New York, the "elevated," Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets; and, later, the unfortunate hero of the story, who was to be "hanged" in London, was in New York to be "electrocuted." Mr. Carr, be it observed, is an artist in his way. He believes in local color, and preserving the unities. Also, he has not lost his nerve, whatever had happened to the hero of his adoption. The two contributions, then, are identical, save in the points mentioned, and in the omission of nine words, and again four words, from one paragraph, which in Barry Pain's story make reference to some local mineralogical collection, obviously not to be translated by even this clever juggler with words and situations. Who is Mr. Frank Henderson Carr? Editors should beware of him.

As a set-off against this theft from an English cousin by one who is presumably by birth, if not by nature, an American, we would call attention to the subjoined sonnets, the first of which appeared in Current Literature for July, 1897 (taken from Mr. Roberts's *Book of the Native and Other Poems*, a volume issued from the press of Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston, certainly six months prior to that date), and the latter in the English Pall Mall Magazine of January, 1898:

THE TRAIN AMONG THE HILLS.

Vast, unrevealed, in silence and the night  
Brooding, the ancient hills commune with sleep.  
Inviolate the solemn valleys keep  
Their contemplation. Soon from height to height  
Steals a red finger of mysterious light,  
And lion-footed through the forests creep  
Strange mutterings; till suddenly, with sweep  
And shattering thunders of resistless flight

And crash of routed echoes, roars to view  
Down the long mountain gorge the Night Express  
Freighted with fears and tears and happiness. . . .  
The dread form passes; silence falls anew.  
And lo! I have beheld the thronged, blind world  
To goals unseen from God's hand onward hurled.

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

#### THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

The clear moon glitters on smooth metal rails  
That flash or gloom in deep midsummer night,  
And the keen sparkle of electric light  
Shows a long sinuous snake that booms and wails  
As it darts throbbingly and dips or trails,  
A ghostly messenger in magic flight;  
And now, in some deep forest, out of sight,  
I hear its clanging bells and shrieking hails,  
Then, suddenly, upon some slope of hills,  
That lies uncovered to the shining stars,  
I see it flashing with imperious stress,  
And I can feel the passionate vital thrill  
That lifts the living engine and its cars,  
That flames and thunders in the Night Express.

—GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

The resemblance here in form, substance and thought is so marked that we leave the matter without further comment.

In the same unfortunate number of *Current Literature* which contains the two first-mentioned cases of plagiarism, we printed a sonnet, *Opportunity*, clipped from the *Boston Transcript*. Shortly after its publication our attention was arrested by the following in the *Chicago Evening Post*:

Chicago, Feb. 1.—To the Editor: "Master of Human Destinies Am I" was written by John J. Ingalls and was published Feb. 19, 1891, in *New York Truth*, on page 17.

GOODWIN.

Chicago, Feb. 1.—To the Editor: I inclose the following clipping for the benefit of "H. P. R."

H. C. WHITEHEAD.

Topeka State Journal: Commissioner of Elections L. T. Yount thinks that he has discovered that John J. Ingalls plagiarized his famous poem "Opportunity." He found in an Oregon paper a poem which has the same thread of thought running through the verses signed by John D. Underwood. Mr. Yount says that Underwood died twenty years ago. He is, however, probably mistaken, for Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary does not mention John D. Underwood, though it does several other Underwoods. It is more probably true that Underwood stole his idea from Ingalls.

Following are the two poems:

#### OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies and I;  
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,  
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by  
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate.  
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate  
And they who follow me reach every state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate  
Condemned to failure, penury and woe  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,  
I answer not and I return no more.

—JOHN J. INGALLS.

#### OPPORTUNITY.

Monarch of every human being I;  
Destiny shapes itself beneath my hand.  
I rule ambition lofty as the sky;  
I pave the way for crime's debasing brand.

I'm king of battles, and I'm god of love,  
I govern all below and all above.  
And once I come to every one of ye—  
That hour your hope is lost or fortune's made.  
Act bravely, promptly, for the way is free;  
And woe to him who hesitates, afraid!  
I hold in one hand honor, love and place;  
And in the other want, hate and disgrace;  
So, when I come, then may your eyes see plain;  
For slighted once, I never come again.

—JOHN D. UNDERWOOD.

Upon communicating with the *Boston Transcript*, from which we had taken the Underwood sonnet, the following facts were elicited: It had been sent to the *Transcript* in April, 1897, as an original contribution by John D. Underwood, and printed by that paper in good faith. We hear much sometimes in such cases of "unconscious cerebration," but here, we think, it can scarcely be urged. As Mr. Charles E. Hurd, literary editor of the *Transcript*, says in his letter, which he gives kind permission to use in any way we think fit (see Correspondence Department), "After its use by *Current Literature* I received a letter from Senator Ingalls, enclosing a sonnet from his own pen with the same title, which, he stated, was published over his signature in fac simile in the *New York Truth*, in 1891. That, I think, settles the question. The sonnets are not identical, the later one was worked over from the original, with changes here and there of words and phrases, but they are intrinsically the same." Mr. Hurd also says: "There is hardly a week but I receive other straight-out 'steals' or 'worked-over' poems, which are quite as bad. As a rule, it is impossible to identify the sender. One or two offenders the past year I have made confess in writing. These confessions I hold for publication in case the offence should be repeated. I am glad *Current Literature* has taken the matter in hand."

An article in the *Detroit Free Press* on this same subject of literary theft, entitled, *More Than Forty Thieves*, contains this paragraph: "The manager of a publishing house in this country, which issues as a side enterprise a weekly magazine, told the present writer last year that in a single twelve months' time fifty poems and twelve stories and sketches were sent back to their writers because they had appeared in print elsewhere, long before, over other names." And again: "In editorial offices it is held generally that the greater amount of this flagrant stealing is done by young men and women in the callow and salad stage of writing activity. . . . Yet there are men and women in New York who make their living by committing literary thefts and disposing of their plunder wherever they can. They may use a different name in every instance and never approach the same publication twice, and there are cases in which literary hacks have confessed at the end of their lives that they have stolen the work of others and from the selling of it as their own have managed to eke out an existence that has at least kept them in such spirits and health as would enable them to go on with their criminal practices."

But in cases like those we last cited, since verse is very meagrely paid, we are forced to wonder what the purposes of this wholesale plagiarism can be.



## BETH MAKES ACQUAINTANCE WITH GRIEF\*

BY SARAH GRAND

[Beth Caldwell's father is very ill, and the family physician has sent off one of the servants to summon a brother practitioner in consultation.]

Beth shuffled over the leaves of her prayer book hurriedly. She had been crying piteously to God in her heart for hours to save her father, and He had not heard; now she remembered that the servants said if you read the Lord's Prayer backward it would raise the devil. Beth tried, but the invocation was unavailing. Before Riley could saddle the horse a message was sent down to stop him; and then Anne came for Beth and took her up to her father's room. The dreadful sounds had ceased at last, and there was a strange silence in the house. Mrs. Caldwell was sitting beside her husband's bed, rocking herself a little as if in pain, but shedding no tears. Mildred was standing with her arm round her mother's neck, crying bitterly, while Baby Bernadine gazed at her father wonderingly.

He was lying on his side with his arms folded. His eyes were shut, and there was a lovely look of relief upon his face.

"I sent for you, children," their mother said, "to see your father just as he died. You must never forget him." . . .

Mrs. Caldwell showed strength of character in the midst of the overwhelming calamity which had fallen upon her with such awful suddenness. . . . When the children went to bed she took them to kiss their father. The stillness of the chamber struck a chill through Beth, but she thought it beautiful. The men had draped it in white, and decorated it with evergreens, there being no flowers in season. Papa was smiling and looked serenely happy.

"Years ago he was like that," mamma said softly, as if she were speaking to herself; "but latterly there has been a look of pain. I am glad to see him so once more. You are at peace now, dearest." She stroked his dark hair, and as she did so her hand showed white against it.

The children kissed him, and then Mrs. Ellis persuaded mamma to come and help her to put them to bed, and mamma taught them to say: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." She told them to remember they had learned it on the day their father died, and asked them to say it always in memory of him. Beth believed for a long time that it was he who would walk with her through the valley of the shadow, and in after years she felt sure that her mother had thought so, too.

When their mother left them Beth could not sleep. She had noticed how cold their father was when she kissed him, and was distressed to think he had only a sheet to cover him. The longer she thought of it the more wretched she became, especially when she contrasted the warmth and softness of her own little bed with the hardness and

coldness of the one they had made up for him, and at last she could bear it no longer. She sat up in bed and listened. She could hear by their breathing that the other children were asleep. Very stealthily she slipped out of bed and pulled off the clothes. She could only just clasp them in both arms, but the nursery door was ajar, and she managed to open it with her foot. It creaked noisily, and Beth waited, listening in suspense, but nobody moved, so she slipped out into the passage. It was quite dark there, and the floor felt very cold to her bare feet. She stumbled down the passage, tripping over the bedclothes as she went, and dreading to be caught and stopped, but not afraid of anything else. The door was open when she reached it, and there was a dim light in the room. This was unexpected, and she paused to peep in before she entered. Two candles were burning on a table at the foot of the bed. Their flames flickered in a draught, and cast shadows on her father's face, so that it seemed as if he moved and breathed again. Her mother was kneeling beside the bed with her face hidden on her husband's breast, her left arm around him, while with the fingers of her right hand she incessantly toyed with his hair. "Only last night," she was saying, "only last night. Oh, I cannot believe it! Perhaps I ought to be glad; there will be no more pain for you. Oh, my darling! I would have given my life to save you a moment's pain—and I could do so little—so little! Oh, if only you could come back to tell me that your life had ever been the better for me, that I had not spoiled it utterly, that I brought you some happiness!" She raised her head and looked into the tranquil face. The flickering shadows flitted across it, but did not deceive her. She must ache on always for an answer now—always, forever. With a convulsive sob she crawled up closer on her knees and laid her cheek beside his, but no tears came. She had not wept at all that day.

Beth stood for a long time in the doorway, listening. She hugged the bedclothes close, but she had forgotten why she came. Then something her mother said aroused her. "Cold," she was murmuring, "so cold! How you dreaded it, too! You were always delicate and suffering, yet you did more than the strongest men, for our sakes. You never spared yourself. What you undertook to do you did, like an honorable gentleman, neglecting nothing. You have died doing your duty, as you wished to die. You have been dying all these months, and I never suspected; I did not know; dying; killed by exposure and anxiety and bad food. You came home hungry and you could not eat what I had to give you. Cold, and I could not warm you; oh, the cruel, bitter cold!"

Beth slipped up to her noiselessly.

"Mamma!"

Mrs. Caldwell started.

Beth held out the blankets—"To cover him."

Her mother caught her in her arms. "Oh, my poor little child! My poor little child!" she cried, and then at last she burst into tears.

\*A selected reading from *The Beth Book*, by Sarah Grand. D Appleton & Co. N. Y., publishers; cloth, \$1.50.

## CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

*The Sun.....Tom Hall.....When Love Laughs (E. R. Herrick & Co.)*

The pale young sun is weakest at the morn,  
Like all the world contains that is new born.

At noon it is a flaming golden cup  
That bids our thirsting manhood to look up.

At eve it sinks into its cloud-made bed  
Like one who dies in agony—blood-red.

*The Fight at the San Jacinto.....John Williamson Palmer.....Chap-Book*

"Now for a brisk and cheerful fight!"  
Said Harman, big and droll,  
As he coaxed his flint and steel for a light,  
And puffed at his cold clay bowl;  
"For we are a skulking lot," says he,  
"Of land-thieves hereabout,  
And these bold señores, two to one,  
Have come to smoke us out."

Santa Anna and Castillon,  
Almonte brave and gay,  
Portilla red from Goliad,  
And Cos with his smart array.  
Dulces and cigaritos,  
And the light guitar, ting-tum!  
Sant' Anna courts siesta—  
And Sam Houston taps his drum.

The buck stands still in the timber—  
"Is it patter of nuts that fall?"  
The foal of the wild mare whinnies—  
Did he hear the Comanche call?  
In the brake by the crawling bayou  
The slinking she-wolves howl;  
And the mustang's snort in the river scurge  
Has startled the paddling fowl.

A soft, low tap, and a muffled tap,  
And a roll not loud nor long—  
We would not break Sant' Anna's nap.  
Nor spoil Almonte's song.  
Saddles and knives and rifles!  
Lord! but the men were glad  
When Deaf Smith muttered "Alamo!"  
And Karnes hissed "Goliad!"

The drummer tucked his sticks in his belt,  
And the fifer gripped his gun.  
Oh, for one free, wild, Texan yell,  
As we took the slope in a run!  
But never a shout nor a shot we spent,  
Nor an oath nor a prayer, that day,  
Till we faced the bravos, eye to eye,  
And then we blazed away.

Then we knew the rapture of Ben Milam,  
And the glory that Travis made,  
With Bowie's lunge, and Crockett's shot,  
And Fannin's dancing blade;  
And the heart of the fighter, bounding free  
In his joy so hot and mad—  
When Millard charged for Alamo,  
Lamar for Goliad.

Deaf Smith rode straight, with reeking spur,  
Into the shock and rout;  
"I've hacked and burned the bayou bridge;  
There's no sneak's back-way out!"  
Muzzle or butt for Goliad,  
Pistol and blade and fist!  
Oh, for the knife that never glanced,  
And the gun that never missed!

Dulces and cigaritos,  
Song and the mandolin!  
That gory swamp is a grewsome grove  
To dance fandangos in.  
We bridged the bog with the sprawling herd  
That fell in that frantic rout;  
We slew and slew till the sun set red,  
And the Texan star flashed out.

*Deacon Pettibone.....Andrew Downing....The Trumpeters and Other Poems\**

Good Deacon Silas Pettibone—  
For so the record runs—  
Though rather old and feeble grown,  
Was fond of making puns.  
He saw the comic side of life,  
And often when he spoke—  
To friend or stranger, child or wife—  
Would have "his little joke."

His neighbor King and he, it seems,  
Had mutual dislike,  
And almost went to such extremes  
As bring about a "strike."  
A fractious filly chanced to fling  
Old King. Said Pettibone:  
"Although I do not love the King,  
I will approach the thrown!"

He strolled one eve beside the sea,  
Along the shady beach,  
And heard a couple piteously  
Complaining, each to each.  
Young Newleigh Wedde was standing near  
Beside his pouting bride.  
"Alas!" said Pettibone, "I hear  
The moaning of the tied!"

When Pettibone was sick in bed,  
In walked his nephew, Lee;  
"I come to see," the rascal said,  
"If you will lend a V."  
The uncle said, "Your wondrous cheek  
Much folly may atone;  
And yet, with purse and person weak,  
I cannot stand a loan!"

The jolly Deacon died, at last,  
Whose jokes made many laugh;  
But, just before his spirit passed,  
He wrote this epitaph:  
"Here lie, beneath this truthful stone,—  
Some larger bones among—  
The petty bones of Pettibone,  
Whose heart was always young!"

*The Beds of Fleur-de-Lys....Charlotte Perkins Stetson....Atlantic Monthly*  
(Presidio, San Francisco.)

High-lying sea blown stretches of green turf,  
Wind-bitten close, salt-colored by the sea,  
Low curve on curve spread far to the cool sky,  
And curving over them as long they lie,  
Beds of wild fleur-de-lys

Wide-flowing, self-sown, stealing near and far,  
Breaking the green like islands in the sea,  
Great stretches at your feet, and spots that bend  
Dwindling over the horizon's end,—  
Wild beds of fleur-de-lys.

\*The Heyworth Publishing House, Washington, D. C.



The light, keen wind streams on across the lifts,  
Thin wind of western springtime by the sea;  
The warm Earth smiles unmoved, but over her  
Is the far-flying rustle and sweet stir  
In beds of fleur-de-lys.

And here and there across the smooth low grass  
Tall maidens wander, thinking of the sea;  
And bend and bend, with light robes blown aside,  
For the blue lily-flowers that bloom so wide,—  
The beds of fleur-de-lys.

*The Crescent.....Lloyd Mifflin\**

Just over the gates of the gold and glow  
Where the sunset spirits are,  
She floats in the nebulous amber, low,  
Luminous, languorous, moving slow,  
Away from the evening star.

A golden cloud drifts back from her face  
Like the tress of her yellow hair;  
And the stars come out of their hiding-place  
To bask in her beauty and feel her grace—  
To woo her, she is so fair.

Her answers are soft as adagios,  
Yet wayward and coy is she;  
When the petals close of the western rose,  
Evading them all, she silently goes  
Over the edge of the sea!

*The Fetch: A Ballad.....Dora Sigerson Shorter.....Longman's Magazine*

"What makes you so late at the tryst,  
What caused you so long to be?  
I have waited a weary time  
From the hour you promised me."

"Oh, glad were I here by your side,  
Full many an hour ago,  
But for what there passed on the road  
All so mournfully and so slow."

"And what have you met on the road  
That kept you so long and so late?"

"O full many an hour has gone  
Since I left my father's gate.

"As I hastened on in the gloom,  
By the road to you to-night,  
I passed the corpse of a young maid  
All clad in a shroud of white."

"And was she some friend once cherished,  
Or was she a sister dead,  
That you left your own true lover  
Till the trysting hour had sped?"

"I could not see who it might be,  
Her face was hidden away,  
But I had to turn and follow  
Wherever her resting lay."

"And did it go up by the town,  
Or went it down by the lake?  
I know there are but two churchyards  
Where a corpse its rest may take."

"They did not go by the town,  
Nor by the lake stayed their feet,  
But buried the corpse all silently  
Where the four cross roads do meet."

"And was it so strange a sight  
That you should go like a child  
Thus to leave me to wait, forgotten,  
By a passing sight beguiled?"

\*From advance sheets of *The Slopes of Helicon* and *Other Poems*; Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

"Oh, I heard them whisper my name,  
Each mourner that passed by me;  
And I had to follow their path,  
Though their faces I could not see."

"And right well I would like to know  
Who this fair young maid might be,  
So take my hand, my own true love,  
And hasten along with me."

He did not go down by the lake,  
He did not go by the town,  
But carried her to the four cross roads,  
And there he did set her down.

"Now I see no track of a foot,  
I see no mark of a spade,  
And I know well in this white road  
That never a grave was made."

He took her hand in his right hand,  
And led her to town away,  
And there he questioned the old priest,  
Did he bury a maid that day.

He took her hand in his right hand,  
Down to the church by the lake,  
And there he questioned the young priest,  
If a maiden her life did take.

But there was no tale of a death  
In all the parish round,  
And neither had heard of a maid  
Thus put in unholy ground.

He loosed her hand from his hand,  
And turned on his heel away.

"I know now you are false," he said,  
"From the lie you told to-day."

And she said, "Oh, what evil things  
Did to-night my senses take?"  
She knelt down by the water-side  
And wept as her heart would break.

And she said, "Oh, what fairy sight  
Was it thus my grief to see!  
I'll sleep well 'neath the still water,  
Since my love has turned from me."

\* \* \* \* \*

And her love he went to the north,  
And far to the south went he,  
But still he heard her distant voice  
Call, weeping so bitterly.

He could not rest in the daytime,  
He could not sleep in the night,  
He hastened back to the old road,  
With the trysting-place in sight.

What first he heard was his love's name,  
And keening both loud and long;  
What first he saw was his love's face  
At the head of a mourning throng.

And white she was as the dead are,  
And never a move made she,  
But passed him by on her black pall,  
Still sleeping so peacefully.

And cold she was as the dead are,  
And never a word she spake,  
When they said, "Unholy is her grave,  
Since she her life did take."

Silent she was as the dead are,  
And never a cry she made  
When there came, more sad than the keening,  
The ring of a digging spade.

No rest they gave in the town church,  
No grave by the lake so sweet,  
But buried her in unholy ground,  
Where the four cross roads do meet.

## LEGENDS OF THE CRUCIFIXION \*

By H. A. GUERBER

### THE FLAGELLATION.

The apocryphal narrative closely follows the Scripture account of the Crucifixion, and the legends supply only a few curious details in connection with the preparatory tortures undergone by Our Lord. For instance, we are told that the soldiers, after fastening Him to a pillar, raced out into the yard to get switches wherewith to scourge Him, as they had been instructed. A willow tree was growing in the yard, and its long, lithe branches seemed so suited to their purposes, that they took a number of them, and used them for the cruel flagellation. The men themselves felt no pity, but when the proud tree saw the use to which its slender branches had been put, it no longer held them proudly upright as before, but drooped, and actually shed tears, whence it has ever since been known as the weeping willow. But another legend says that the scourges were taken from a birch tree, which was thenceforth struck with a blight, and that its descendants are the dwarf birches, so common in many parts of the world.

### THE CROWN OF THORNS.

After the flagellation—so often seen in art, and represented with horrible realism in the mediæval plays—came the mock coronation of Our Lord. Many legends are connected with the crown of thorns, and much discussion has been indulged in concerning the name of the plant which furnished the materials for its manufacture.

There is, in Palestine, a creeping plant called "Spina Christi." The stems are so flexible that it could easily be "platted," as the Scripture mentions, and its thorns are long and very hard. It is probable that the crown was made of this plant; but one legend claims that the crown was made of the willow, and that, in sorrow at being the cause of pain to the Lord, the tree drooped and wept, and the sharp thorns changed themselves into soft, sad-colored leaves, that they might never, even involuntarily, cause any more suffering. In Germany, France and England, it is popularly supposed that the crown, placed upon the head of Our Lord, was woven of branches of the black or white thorn (hawthorn), or the wild rose, whose petals, formerly white, owe their rosy tinge to the blood with which they were dyed as they rested upon His brow. This superstition has given rise to the following charm, which is supposed to prevent any festering in a wound caused by a thorn.

"Our Saviour was of a Virgin born,  
His head was crowned with a crown of thorn;  
It never cankered or festered at all,  
And I hope in Christ Jesus this never shaull."

The Italians claim that the crown of thorns was made of the barberry, but in the West Indies the people say it was formed out of branches of the

cashew tree, and that since then one of the golden petals of its flowers has been black and blood-stained.

Another superstition is that the robin, seeing Our Saviour on the cross, and wishing if possible to save Him one pang, pecked off a thorn, and bore it away, dyeing its breast red with the blood of the Lord.

Sir John Mandeville says that he saw the crown of thorns in the Holy Land, and we are also told that it came first into the possession of Baldwin, second king of Jerusalem, and was then given to Saint Louis, King of France. Barefooted he carried one-half of the precious relic from Sens to Paris, where he built the Sainte Chapelle on purpose to receive it. The other half of the crown remained, however, in Constantinople, where, some say, it had been brought by the Empress Helena.

Thorns from the crown of Our Lord have been given to other churches, and all who have seen these holy relics say that the spikes are very long, and just like those of the eastern creeper "nabk," or "Spina Christi."

Another superstition, often alluded to by poets, is that from the blood of Our Lord, which fell to the foot of the cross, the red and pink roses eventually sprang. We are also told that the crown was formed of the hawthorn, when in full bloom, and that the flowers which concealed the sharp thorns were dyed red.

"Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,  
But angels saw the roses."

—Mrs. Howe.

### THE CROSS.

There are, of course, countless legends which centre around the cross, most of which are alluded to in noted pictures or in well-known writings. Sir John Mandeville mentions these legends, and while it would be too lengthy a process to relate them in detail, as the old writers loved to do, we here give the outline of the principal one among them.

It seems that although long driven out of the earthly Paradise, Adam and Eve still retained a lively recollection of the bliss they had enjoyed there, in the days when they were yet free from the taint of sin. When, in the course of years, Adam grew very old, and felt that he was about to die, he was sorely afraid. As yet he had seen no human being bereft of life, except his beloved son, Abel, and although several centuries had passed over his head, and he had endured many hardships, he longed to live on. So he called his son Seth, and bade him go in quest, either of the fruit of life, which grew in the middle of the Garden of Eden, or of the oil of mercy, which flowed there, so that he might be cured of his sickness and his life be prolonged. Seth hesitated, because he did not know the way to the first abode of mankind, but Adam told him he need but follow the traces of his parents' fleeing footsteps, which were branded deep in the soil.

Thus tracing his way step by step, Seth arrived

\* Selected readings from *Legends of the Virgin and Christ*, by H. A. Guerber. Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y., publishers; 12 mo, cloth, \$1.50.



at last at the gate of the earthly Paradise, where he saw the Cherubim, who held a flashing sword, which turned every way. This weapon is hence generally represented in early art as a wheel of fire. As Seth saw that it would be impossible to pass in without the angel's permission, he now humbly made known his errand, and begged that he might be allowed to get the balm for which Adam longed so sorely.

But the angel remained at his post, and after gazing sorrowfully at the pleader, he told him that five long days and half a day (five thousand five hundred years) must elapse before the oil of mercy would fall upon Adam's sinful head.

Seth was greatly disappointed, and was about to turn away, when the angel offered to give him a peep into the Garden which his parents had once inhabited, and which they had forfeited by their disobedience to the Divine commands. The third son of Adam had so often heard of the glories of Paradise, that he eagerly availed himself of this proposal, and while the flashing sword stood still for a moment, he gazed eagerly through the open gate.

His delighted eyes rested longest, however, upon a tree in the centre of the garden, whose roots reached down to the nethermost depths of hell, while its branches towered far up into the sky. A later version adds, that upon the topmost bough, he even beheld a beautiful young woman holding a radiant babe in her arms, and as the glance of the Infant rested for one moment upon him, his heart was filled with awe.

A moment later the flashing sword had resumed its swift rotary motion, and Seth learned from the guardian angel, that the child whom he had seen was the Redeemer, whose coming had been foretold when the curse was pronounced upon Adam and Eve, so many years ago.

Then the angel stretched out his hand, plucked three seeds from the Tree of Life, and gave them to Seth, bidding him place them under Adam's tongue, when the latter breathed his last and was laid to rest in Hebron. Seth went home and carefully carried out the angel's orders.

From the three seeds—nourished by the substance of the corruptible Adam—there soon sprang up three slender trees, which, joining together, in the course of time, formed but one trunk, which has always been considered an emblem of the Trinity. This tree grew and spread its mighty branches until Abraham came, and rested beneath its shadow, when he first came into Palestine, led by the voice of God. The wonder-working rods of Moses and Aaron were both twigs from this marvelous tree, and it is said that the great Jewish law-giver sweetened the bitter waters of Marah by dropping a bit of its bark into the fountain.

Some authorities declare that Adam had been buried in Lebanon, and that David, charmed with the beauty of the tree which grew on his grave, had it transplanted into his palace gardens at Jerusalem. When Solomon began to build the temple which bore his name, he gave orders that the tree should be cut down, and its wood used in the new construction. But, in spite of Hiram, the architect's well-known skill, the tree could never be utilized,

for it always proved too long or too short, too thick or too thin, for the purpose for which it was designed. Furious at this peculiar obstinacy on the part of a mere block of wood, Hiram flung it aside in anger. Sometime after a woman (Sibylla, the legends call her) came and sat down upon the discarded log. But her clothing took fire as she came in contact with it, and as the flames surrounded her, she wildly prophesied that this piece of wood was destined for the utter destruction of the Jews.

To prevent the repetition of such an accident as the one described above, the log was cast into the brook Cedron, whence the mediæval writers gravely inform us that it drifted down into the Jordan and Dead Sea, and from thence into the Red Sea or Persian Gulf! Here it was found by the Queen of Sheba, on her way to pay her memorable visit to Solomon, to test his wealth, wit and wisdom. This Queen had heard of the King's mania for building, and anxious to offer him a present such as she knew he would appreciate, she had the huge piece of timber fished out of the waters and brought to Jerusalem, where she solemnly presented it to Solomon.

Another version of the story claims that the log, discarded by Hiram at the time of the building of the temple, was thrown across a stream, where it served as a bridge. When the Queen of Sheba was about to pass over it, she was favored by a vision of the future, and, rather than tread upon the sacred beam, she kilted up her gown and waded barefooted through the stream.

The miraculous log was by her order brought to Solomon, who covered it with plates of gold, and set it directly above the door of the temple. Here it remained until Abijah, the great King's grandson, pulled it down for the sake of the gold; and, hoping to conceal what he had done, ordered it buried deep down in the Judean soil.

Many years later the pool of Bethesda was dug on the very spot where the wood lay buried, and the waters owed their curative powers to its presence only. It remained there unseen until a few days before the Crucifixion, when it mysteriously rose to the surface, was drawn out and laid on the bank to dry.

The executioners were just seeking a piece of wood from which they could make a cross for the torture of the Nazarene. Christ's sentence had followed so closely upon His arrest, that they had but little time for preparation, so they took the traditional log from which they rudely fashioned the cross.

Strange to relate, the cross was planted upon the very spot where the tree had grown so many years before, and tradition says that the men, in digging, came upon Adam's skull, which they left at the foot of the cross. Hence the hill was called Golgotha, the place of the skull, and the legend adds that as Our Lord hung upon the cross, some drops of His blood fell upon the skull of Adam, fulfilling the Cherubim's prophecy. It is on account of this legend, that painters so often represent a skull at the foot of the cross, and when it is seen there, it is intended to indicate that the power of the Redeemer extends from the beginning of the world, and the first man, to all eternity.

## CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

*The Day of Dialect*.....T. C. De Leon.....Lippincott's

There must be cycles of taste in literature, as there are in every other matter of man's progress.

In literature and art especially these changeable epochs are arbitrary in their recurrence; and in the newer and more busy civilization of the Cisatlantic they are more frequent, more sudden, and more arbitrary.

Only a brief glance at the musical and dramatic stage of America is needed to prove this premise. In its quickly shifting views of the amusement kaleidoscope, our public has raved over the changing fragments of grand opera, the "legitimate," bouffe, the nude drama, and that airy nothing misnamed farce-comedy. But in at least three of these cases change became the young and fecund parent of disgust. In every case, the natural taste of a healthful-minded people swiftly returned to the craving for its natural food.

What is proved true of the more visible and directly appealing forms of a country's literature must remain provable of its fiction, and of all more enduring forms; and it is safe paraphrase of accepted adage to say, Show me who writes the plays of a country, and I will show you who writes its romances. So, while the day of dialect was as long, if happily not so fatal in result, as that "summer day" of Chevy Chase, reaction has come to the literature of broken English. And it is a safe proposition to state that the day of dialect is as dead as "the glorious Dey of Morocco," celebrated by Saxe in his apostrophe to Day and Martin of blacking memory.

Nor does it require very deep delving into cause to unearth the reason for this result. Dialect fiction was born out of that restless demand for novelty to which even the known fiction-makers of its day were forced, in some sort or shape, to yield. And yet, hurried analysis will show that there are in its few elements of basic novelty, further than in making dialect the Aaron's rod "which swallows all the rest" of these epicene creations.

The value of quaint or unusual modes of speech—as best suggestive of uncommon traits of habit or of character—has been known to all writers of the past. Cervantes, Rabelais, Le Sage, and many of the Germans used local dialects largely. English literature teems with examples, as Chaucer, Spenser, Burns, Moore, and later Tennyson, in poetry; while in prose fiction perhaps the tales and novels of Walter Scott would be most readily recalled. But even the "Wizard of the North" never ventured upon a novel that depended wholly upon unusual or extravagant modes of speech and sought no higher and more important claim for either popular or critical approval.

In recent American fiction the dialect novel ran to the length of a sort of craze. The success of a few master hands—which used the school rather as the vehicle to an end than as a means for concealment of other weaknesses—bore unripe and unwholesome fruit. But the field became rapidly overfull, and its product soon palled upon the surfeited "general reader," while it produced acute nausea in the long-suffering professional critic. The dia-

lect-worker may be regarded as a curse to the rising generation of fictionists, because of setting their possible success back for a decade. And this is more generally true of younger female writers—especially, because of its local surroundings and easy temptations, to those of the South. Yet this is coldly stated truth; in spite of that reputation which imitation has brought to the few—of the dollars it has made for perhaps more—of those who chose such as their badly copied models.

The ambitious but untried novelist has doubtless rushed into dialect because it tickled her own ear, and because she believes it must continue its titillation on the ear of others. She may have studied character closely about her, as carefully as her abilities and opportunities would permit; but she fails to recall that her field of vision is limited, while much of its keen interest for herself is born of local sympathy, rather than out of a broader humanism.

She may write dialect of a special type remarkably well; unfortunately well, if that shall spur her on to further foray into that field. For it is not only already overfull with toughened strugglers in the "mêlée," but it already flaunts the rank sprouting weeds of failure and is roughened by the backward footprints of defeat. And, in real fact and from a point of cold commercial valuation, the average novelist is just about as well equipped for writing sermons as for writing readable and successful dialect stories. Reader and critic alike have now been taught that spice is not all that is needed—indeed, is not a real essential of literary dough; and the healthy mental digestion turns longingly back to plain bread, after a surfeit of caraway cake.

In any good descriptive writing, whether of fiction, character, or poetry, dialect may become not only an aid, but a certain necessity. Therein, sparingly used by the skilled hand, it may admirably shadow, or high-light, parts of a careful picture. "Hoc, sed non propter hoc." For precisely in this fact of power lies the danger of dialect; to injudicious use becoming as fatal as dynamite. As appetizing as may prove the Vermouth cocktail, as capital digester as may be your crumb of Stilton, one would scarcely care to dine upon cheese, or to replace his tea and coffee with Vermouth.

And, deftly as it may be handled, dialect is always an edged tool. Its bold use doubtless produces artistic result, much as Verestchagin made his blood-gouts and torn limbs so telling in his heroic pictures. But it must be remembered that even the wildest admirers of the great Russian would reluct did even his bizarre brush paint all blood and fragmentary limb. And if in what he really did there was possible suspicion of coarseness, it was the coarseness of power and toned by contrast.

In dialect-writing there is always a suspicion of coarseness. Of necessity, it must be the expression in lower forms of speech of the thought of the lower order of mind. It must entertain the traveler in new latitudes to hear the rotund jargon of the negro, the twang of the mountaineer, or the crackle of the Creole's "gumbo talk." But it is merely the novelty of these that strikes the unaccustomed ear



and tickles it in brief descent from higher modes of speech. But that is precisely what makes the return to higher verbal levels all the more grateful by contrast. For the ear quickly wearies, as the taste promptly rebels, under long continuance of jargon; and one cares as little to carry its memory permanently, as he would to invite its utterer for his company at dinner.

So that book—and peculiarly that book of fiction—which hopes to live, as well as to thrive, must fit itself to become the companion of the better-bred classes of society and to enter the drawing-room or the boudoir. Not that this day is at all more moral than yesterday, but because it hugs the shadow closest where the substance may lack; because its taste runs to varnish and veneer rather than to plain finish in hard woods.

It may seem singular to the unthinking or the inexperienced to state the fact, but it is no less a fact for that, that Charles Dickens could not to-day command that popular acceptance which was thrust upon him by the America of three decades gone. Further than this, it is scarcely open to doubt that no American publisher would touch his manuscripts to-day, were they new and untried, as the foundation of a popular school. And what is true of Dickens and his contemporaries is true in greater degree of his earlier compeers. Fielding, Smollett, Swift, are read scarcely at all to-day. Their bright wit does not condone a surface coarseness that is foreign to the every-day knowledge even of that reader who may revel in the semi-concealment of that "risqué" school of a day fast running to over-licensure. But, on the other hand, Dumas "fils," in his pilfered as well as his original forms, holds his own still with mere romance-readers, who already reject Zola and even Daudet. And this is not in any sense because the taste of to-day tends greatly to the "goody-goody," when Swinburne claims the laurel and Ouida and dozens more of Indian-summer novelists wear well. It is because the coarseness of the first-named is of a class wholly unfamiliar, while the natural bitter of its bark is not condoned by a lavish coating of society sugar. The brute strength of Zola may startle, to very verge of offense, the mental dude or dudine; but Dumas seduces them resistlessly by the deft twining of flowers about his moral bludgeon. Moreover, his knowledge of human nature and his artistic perception rely justly on that knack of leaving most to the imagination. Give the average novel-reader an inch of suggestion, and he will take an ell of impropriety.

Cold criticism differentiates their two schools justly. Dumas takes you gently by the hand, gracefully leads you to the door of the boudoir, and softly whispers, "Au revoir." Zola tramps heavily to that door, strikes it open wide, then flares up the gas.

The dialect story "per se" suggests coarseness through every strife to hold its high morality. It has horn upon its palms, grime beneath its nails, and its clothing is smirched with the soil of drudgery, or worse. As an episode this may be very well. As a main motive it wearies; and this seems to be deduced truth "in nuce."

He must dip his pen deep into his heart and sympathy, rather than into his brain and experience,

who would counsel any writer of fiction, and least of all the untried writer, "Go on; spend many months of valuable time on a dialect story. Draw carefully detailed pictures of individuals, or of a class, known only to a limited circle about you; possibly not justly comprehended even by yourself, in all those origins and mainsprings of action which concrete in their outward seeming and forms of speech. Make these 'genre' portraits perfect in every detail of line and shading; send the work thus finished to some great publisher, and become rich and famous at a single bound!"

Pleasant and acceptable to the recipient such counsel doubtless is, and it surely is far easier to offer than the simpler truth. But, writing out of either inkhorn, whether of true sympathy or of practical help, he were more just and loyal who would dare to say, boldly, "Do your very best in whatever you undertake to write; but do not strive to strain Nature to fit the bent of your own taste. Do not aim at greater versatility than God gives you; but rather cling to close description of those types which you really comprehend, and which can be made, perchance, equally comprehensible to others. And, above all, draw your men and women from such models as are best known to the greatest number; and avoid, as you would infection, the attempted portraiture of too abstract characters. These are ever dangerous, even to attempts of the strong and practiced hand, however simple, homely, and familiar they may appear to you. And such become only the more unnatural, and therefore the more tiresome, when clothed in unaccustomed and uncouth forms of speech."

Had some such bitter, but more wholesome, quinine of comment been more freely and more boldly administered to the infancy of recent literature, the malarial influence of imitation had not outcropped so widely into the epidemic of dialect fiction. Drastic treatment had then been less indicated, and the application of many a fierce blister of criticism, the wearing process of rebuilding and recuperation, had been spared to many a feeble system.

That there is good in dialect none may dare deny; but that good is only when it chances, as rarely, to be good dialect; when it is used with just discretion and made the effect of circumstances naturally arising, not the cause and origin of the circumstance itself.

Used in the former case, it may be strongly effective. In the latter it may prove largely nauseating; damning—because it disinclines, or unfits, the reader for segregation—much of the really good work that may be done along with it.

Where the negro, the cracker, or the mountaineer dialect occurs naturally in an American story, it often gives telling effects of local color and of shading. But the negro or "cracker" story "per se" can be made bearable only by the pen of a master; and even then it may be very doubtful if that same pen had not proved keener in portraiture, more just to human nature in the main, had the negro or the "cracker" been the mere episode, acting upon the theme idea, and itself reacted upon by that.

And as for the foreign dialects, which are ordinarily but merest caricature, and rarely rise above



verbal distortions, lacking in all inspiration of foreign thought, the least written may prove best. Happily for a more forceful school of home fiction, their day is dead indeed, and the funeral has been so generally attended, the death-proofs so plainly written, and the epitaph so deeply cut, that resurrection of the late unlamented is not possible, even to scientific appliances of the clinic.

*A Comment on Realism.....The Outlook*

The long discussion between the adherents of Realism and of Romanticism has run its course, and has resulted, as such discussions generally result, in the perception that neither method is to drive the other from the field; that there is truth in both theories; and that the two words, standing very largely for temperamental qualities, may be expected to appear and reappear to the end of time. The Realist has succeeded in deepening the feeling for reality, veracity, and fidelity to the fact in fiction, and these are good and enduring achievements; he has not succeeded in excluding the play of a principle of selection, in diminishing the value and authority of the imagination, nor in separating the facts of life from their spiritual context. He has succeeded, in other words, in so far as he has been an artist; he has failed in so far as he has been the propagandist of a theory and the rigid practitioner of a narrow and divisive creed. He will enter the field whenever he chooses, and he will be welcomed there with a cordiality exactly proportioned to his skill, his power, and his charm; but he has failed to gain exclusive possession of the field; the writer of romantic or idealistic temper is not only still beside him, but will always be beside him. The two must learn to live and work together.

In so far as Realism stands for a deeper feeling for life and a deeper fidelity to truth, it has made a lasting impression on the literature of our time; but in so far as it has attempted to establish its exclusive authority it has utterly failed. The revolt against the extreme polemical type of Realism or Naturalism in France, where it has been exhibited in so many works of genuine power, steadily gains headway. It grows more and more clear, for instance, that Zola's force is not art, and that art is, after all, essential to literature; that art is not an artificial but the vital quality in great writing. It grows clear, too, that Zola has the worst fault charged against the Romanticists; he is not true. Instead of excluding the principle of selection and taking life as it comes, he has simply changed the method of selection and substituted one grouping of facts for another, with the disadvantage of selecting facts essentially repulsive. The great show of photographic accuracy which Zola often makes is delusive, and the impression produced on the reader by many of his novels is as misleading as if it had been conveyed by an old-fashioned romancer. In fact, people are now saying that there is far more truth in George Sand's portraiture of the French peasant than in Zola's. And there are those who think that Zola is the greatest Romanticist of his time!

There never have been any consistent Realists in the sense of photographic reproduction of Nature. The photograph, as everybody knows, is inaccurate;

the constitution of man is involved in every observation, and if man could step aside and let Nature reproduce herself there would be, not a picture, but a meaningless blur; for man holds the key to Nature, and Nature is unintelligible without him. In like manner, human life is meaningless and unintelligible without the spiritual insight and interpretation which constitute a principle of selection. And it grows more and more clear that the Greek instinct was sound when it discarded the abnormal, the diseased, and the insignificant from art representation; not as a matter of convention, but as a deep and enduring principle of Nature. We have a deeper sympathy with humanity under all conditions than the Greeks had, and our field of interests is immensely wider; but their instinct was sound, and, after a surfeit of disease, uncleanness, and moral horrors of all kinds, we are feeling the need of a corrective force in modern fiction. "The true artist has health," writes M. Edmond Scherer, one of the sanest of critics. "Shakespeare, Bossuet, Walter Scott, are men who were well; as for Joubert and Vinet, they wrote in bed, supported by a pillow, covering little sheets of paper with fine handwriting. Now, the public, in general, is in good health. It does not understand invalids and does not care for them." It may be added that it sympathizes with them, but will not, for obvious reasons, accept their interpretations of life. In like manner, it will study moral and physical monstrosity for remedial purposes, but it does not care to impart to them the immortality of art. There ought to be a chasm between the sensational newspaper and literature, not only in manner, but in matter.

There are no polemical Realists in America, although more than one charming writer has occasionally rushed into the field and waved the standard. Mr. Garland's *Crumbling Idols* is perhaps as polemical as any utterance of this kind since Mr. Howells left the *Editor's Study* in Harper's Magazine. But Mr. Garland was not at his best in that book, and nobody judges him by it. He is to be judged by his fiction. Mr. Garland often uses the word Veritism to describe the art method in which he deeply believes and which he conscientiously pursues. It is a good word so long as it is not used polemically, and many of Mr. Garland's short stories admirably illustrate its meaning. In these stories Mr. Garland shows a fixed resolution to get human rather than purely literary interest into his portraiture; to make the story significant in the highest degree of human condition and character; wherever he has done this, with a wise selection of theme, he has revealed insight and skill of a genuine order and has given us first-hand work. No one has made us feel so deeply the crushing toil of life on great farms or the solitude of life in isolated homes in the Northwestern winter as he. Such work shows the artistic quality of the man no less than his sincerity.

But in literature, as in life, we are drawn toward and interested in those who stand for and interpret something large or fine to us—people who mean something. One defect of a good deal of recent fiction has been that it has crowded the stage with people who mean nothing, who signify nothing, and

who are entirely devoid of every kind of interest. The human drama without the suggestion of a spiritual interpretation and meaning is as colorless as the landscape would be without the sky.

*Gallicized English.....Rupert Hughes.....The Century*

The French make no bones of unanimously Frenching all proper names. Achilleus becomes Achille; and Aristophane, Aristote, Petrocle, Œdipe, Sénèque, Tite-Live, Angleterre, Allemagne, Siloh, Tolède, Vésuve, get so far from their originals that their owners would be wise indeed to know them.

The more ignorant of us, it is true, drink at cafes, and wonder at General Bullangger; but the literates of France still make no attempt to pronounce our words as we speak them. They rest content with nasalizing "les rues" Vash-in-ton, Fran-klin, Meel-ton, Nev-ton, Lor'-Beeron. Their best works misspell even the names they try to keep intact.

The curious contentedness of the French with gross errors in foreign nomenclature is notable. Thus Jules Claretie, in his latest book, *Brichanteau, Comédien*, speaks of Shakespeare as "le cygne de Stafford-sur-Avon." It is not strange that they should slip up in discussing our politics, and gravely announce in their journals that, since President Cleaveland had declined to serve again, he had nominated M. Mac-Kinley to fill his place. But that the simple process of translating titles for catalogue purposes should give room for many picturesque blunders, is passing strange.

A late catalogue of the Champ de Mars Salon contains such translations as "Joung Girl in Wight," "In the Park of Oysters," "At Sun" ("Au Soleil"), "Old People Christmas," and "M. Fritz Thaulow and is Childrens." "Intérieur Bourgeois" becomes "Aristocratic Interior"; "L'Ingénue" is mysteriously translated "Prowdy"; "Printemps Nu" is equally strange as "Spring Nude Fijmes"; "A la Cantine" is easily made "To the Canteen." The picture of a doughty gunner, "Le Vainqueur du Tir," is Englished "The Conquer of Gunshot"; "Baptême" is turned into "Christining"; "Gamin" into "Blaguard"; and "La Pensée qui s'Eveille" into "The Taught Awehening." There are other curious blunders, but none, perhaps, greater than a passing scene on the Mount of Olives, "Le Jardin des Oliviers," which is translated "The Garden of Eden," and this descriptive title, "Avril (peinture à fresque reconstituée selon la tradition des primitifs)," which is Johnsonesed into "April (fresh paintings reconstituted as the primitive tradition)."

The increase in the use of English terms in France is indicated in the "Almanach" for 1897 issued by the house of Hachette, which gives four of its crowded pages to the meaning and pronunciation of foreign words which, it says are in constant use in the journals, but are not found in the dictionaries.

Boarding-house, garden-party, fashionable, gentleman, high-life (pronounced "ha-i-la-i-fe" here, but usually made to rhyme with fig-leaf), lunch, miss, mistress, pedigree, shake-hand, snob, toast, spleen (translated by "ennui"), struggle for life, and swell, are proudly used by the French cosmopolite. "Snob" has been greedily adopted, and

Jules Lemaitre has written an attack on "literary snobs," in which he uses the word in a considerably altered sense. . . .

A laugh always greets the French actor who uses on the stage the word "shocking" or the expression "five-o'clock tea." I have even heard the verb "fivecloquer."

"Home" is a blessed word, the definite idea of which the French language seems incapable of expressing in one term, though the thing itself they certainly have in a beautiful degree. In a French libretto of Sudermann's *Heimath*, where the thought of home is recurrent, the struggles of the French translator to find suitable expressions are pitiful. He is driven to such chill substitutes as "la vie domestique," "la maison," "la maison paternelle," "le toit paternel," "votre foyer," "votre propre foyer." Home, sweet home, becomes "le foyer," "le doux foyer," "un heureux intérieur," "un doux intérieur," and "son chez elle," "son doux chez elle!"

International exchange in foods and drinks accounts for many new words, such as brandy, cocktail ["mot-à-mot; queue de cog, Boisson Améric, (bitter, champagne, citron)], malt, pale ale, pickles, plum-cake ("ploummké-que"), pudding, punch, sherry-cobbler, soda-water, stout, and whisky.

All those good Americans that have not had to die to go to Paris, know how necessary to the Paris cafés and restaurants are the three foreign graces, sandwich (generally pronounced "sanveech"), "rosbif," and "beftek." This last word is spelled in all conceivable fashions between "biftek" and "beafsteack."

A silly-seeming class of borrowings is that including the words for the declaration of passion and undying affection: darling ("darlingne"), forever, "forguette-minotte," and "ri-memm-beur." The word "flirt" is here defined as "the person with whom one is in coquetterie; example: my flirt."

The English have contributed "all right" ("oll ra-i-te"), "God save the Queen" ("Godd-sê-ve-ze-Cou-inn"), "Rule, Britannia," "right-man-at-the-right-place" ("rai-te-man-ate-ze-rai-te-plé-ce"), "that is the question" ("zatt iz ze quou-ech-tienn"), "time is money," and "to be, or not to be." "Barnum" has passed into the Valhalla of French, as well as English, etymology.

This would be a dull life if those who lived in glass houses were never privileged to throw stones. Our own attempts upon the French language are hardly less amusing. We have been recently made familiar with them through du Maurier's *Laird*, with his "Je prong" and his "May too seeee ay nee eesee nee lah," and his "Oon pair de gong blong." But for many years before him the old Webster had been solemnly announcing that "embonpoint" was to be pronounced "ong-bong-pwong," that "ennui" was sounded "ong-nwe," and that the French language cherished such monsters as "non'-sha-lons'," "sâ'-long'," and "song'-soo'-see'."

No Frenchman, however, can look cheerfully upon any intrusion on his sacred code of pronunciation. With us it is different. We can sit patiently at ease awaiting the coming of all peoples to our dictionary. The hospitable smile with which we greet their advances will not be without a "soop-song" of merriment.

## AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: CLARENCE URMY

By F. M. HOPKINS

Mr. Clarence Urmey has published two volumes of poetry: *A Rosary of Rhyme*, privately printed two or three years ago, and *A Vintage of Verse* (William Doxey, San Francisco; \$1.25), issued last year. His first collection won him many friends, and his second has been received with exceptional favor alike by the critics and the public. A third volume containing his latest and undoubtedly his best work is promised for the present year.

Mr. Urmey was born in 1858, and is a native Californian. He is the first poet of his State to make verse-writing a profession, and, although his poems frequently appear in the leading magazines, and are consequently well paid for, he declares that "man cannot live by verse alone," and so on Sundays he dons cassock and cotta and acts as organist and choirmaster, having charge of the music of St. John's Church, in Oakland, and as visiting choirmaster at Trinity Church at San José. His musical studies and tastes are reflected in some of his songs and lyrics, and have undoubtedly helped him as a poet.

Mr. Urmey's poetry is simple, unpretentious, musical and genuine. A natural singer, he is a careful and conscientious worker—a happy combination of the true poet and the devoted artist. Although he has written much light and dainty verse, California's climate, scenes, colors, and sounds enter into many of his poems, and it is to this element that his popularity and originality as a poet is in a large measure due.

The selections printed herewith, with consent of both publisher and poet, are made from *A Vintage of Verse*, and are typical of his best work. The portrait of Mr. Urmey, which appears as the frontispiece of this number, was taken expressly for *Current Literature* a few weeks ago.

## DREAM VOICES.

All day long sweet zephyr-fingers  
Touch the wind-harp's silver strings;  
Bird and bee, and brook and blossom  
Understand the song it sings.

All night long star-voices whisper  
In the garden of the sky;  
Spray and nest, and lake and lily  
Catch the echoes floating by.

But the busy world, unheeding,  
Hears no sweetness in the air;  
Toil and care, and pain and sorrow  
Drown the voices everywhere.

Dreamers, only, stop to listen;  
Something says: "Be still and hark!"  
Something, as the sound of ripples  
Kissing sea-sands in the dark.

Perfume as of rose still folded,  
Sound as of a brook at night,  
Dusky shadows as of swallows  
Through the gloaming taking flight.

Thus the Dreamer hears, and hearing,  
Strives to set his voice in tune—  
Oh, the songs beyond his grasping,  
Heard beneath the mellow moon!

Songs he fain would be repeating,  
Though the sweetness half be fled—  
Songs denied unto the Living,  
Are they granted to the Dead?

## TOLD TO A CHILD.

Do you know the fairy measure—  
Lilting measure that they dance to  
When the moon is in the crescent,  
And the busy world is still—  
When each spirite and fay and fairy  
Steps from out the rose and lily  
And goes tripping to the woodland  
Just behind the purple hill?

Have you seen the pearls and laces,  
And the fans bedecked with jewels?  
Have you caught the sheen of diamonds  
And the gowns so rich and rare,  
As the fairies swing and circle  
Round a harebell hung with glow-worms,  
While the crickets in the heather  
Sing a glad and joyous air?

Have you heard the happy laughter  
When the fairy dance is over  
And the golden moon is sinking  
In a sea of amber dye?  
Have you heard the "Good-night" wafted  
From the roses and the lilies?  
Have you heard the good-night kisses  
Blown across the shadowy sky?

Is it so—you have not seen them?  
Can it be you have not heard them?  
Never caught the fairy measure  
On a starlit Summer night?  
And you say there are no fairies?  
And you don't believe my story?  
Well! It must be that I dreamed it  
'Neath the new moon's crescent light!

## O'ERLOOKING THE SEA.

(Near Skyland.)

Across the silent silver sea  
The silver moon looks wistfully;  
High on the hills I stand and gaze  
Across a reach of firs and bays  
And redwoods tall with moss o'ergrown,  
Filling the cañons dark and lone,  
To where across the silver sea  
The silver moon looks wistfully.

Above the silent silver sea  
The silver stars beam tenderly;  
From twilight-time till now a bell  
Has twinkled in some distant dell,  
And faint farm-sounds the still air fill  
Blown in and out through vale and hill,  
While far above the silver sea  
The silver stars beam tenderly.

Across the silent silver sea  
A silver sail drifts dreamily;  
Up deep ravines the white fog runs—  
Fair Amphitrite's hooded nuns—  
Hastening with reverent, holy air,  
To chant on land a midnight prayer—  
While far across the silver sea  
A silver sail drifts dreamily.



## RECONCILIATION.

I sometimes wonder when and how  
 You will come back to me—  
 Across what stretch of burning sand,  
 Across what sobbing sea—  
 What word will break the silence long  
 That now sweet speech denies,  
 And what will be the tale that each  
 Reads in the other's eyes.

Will floods of sunshine, golden fair,  
 Across our pathway flow,  
 Or will our souls in rapture meet  
 Beneath the starlight's glow?  
 Will flowers bloom, birds sweetly sing,  
 To welcome in the day,  
 Or will dead leaves be blown across  
 A sky of tearful gray?

Let it be soon! Come as it may,  
 Enough there is of pain  
 Without the added weight of woe.  
 If love like ours were slain.  
 Come back to life and hope and joy—  
 These arms are open wide!  
 Come back and find our early love,  
 Thorn-crowned, but sanctified!

## NIGHT IN THE REDWOODS.

The eyes that all day upward looked to feast  
 On sloping boughs, nor yet at twilight ceased,  
 Now see in trunk and branch, and leaf and spray  
 Diviner meanings than were felt by day—  
 The trunks that tower high, look up and out,  
 Like Faith above the undergrowth of Doubt;  
 The stately boughs, the sprays so far above,  
 Encompass Faith with arms of tender love;  
 The little leaves are servants fond and true,  
 Cup-bearers of the summer sun and dew.  
 These giant limbs, each spangled with a star,  
 Seem spirit-steps to heavenly lands afar.  
 And these wide-spreading arms, held high in air,  
 In quiet wait the answer to a prayer.  
 How still the scene! A century of calm  
 Lies wrapped within this night of blissful balm.  
 All still, save in the soul a breath, a call,  
 A thrill that holds the heart in solemn thrall,  
 One swelling pulse, one mighty undertone—  
 God's voice down through the redwood branches blown.

## AT THE EDGE OF THE DAY.

See Twilight standing on the brink  
 That skirts the dark abyss of night:  
 The dew-wet roses in her hair  
 Shed incense through the waning light,  
 Low in the west one lonely star  
 Shines tremulous and white.

Across the far, dim edge of day,  
 The task of morn and toil of noon  
 Slip noiselessly adown the tide  
 With dusky shadows thickly strewn,  
 And o'er the lately purple hills  
 Rises the yellow moon.

Go, Twilight, trembling on the verge  
 'Twixt shadowy earth and shadowy air,  
 Fold peaceful hands on peaceful breast.  
 Spread starlit wings and gently bear  
 To Heaven's gate a burden sweet—  
 The World's low vesper prayer.

## THE TEMPLE SCENE IN AIDA.

Praise, incense, prayer, and deepest adoration,  
 (Pink water-lilies on the mystic Nile),  
 Uplifted hands and eyes and incantation.  
 (Deserted deserts, stretching mile on mile).

Weird music from the inner temple rising,  
 (A camel dark against a distant sky),  
 The altar spread for holy sacrificing,  
 (An Afric wind that passes with a sigh).

The notes of harp and timbrel, sounds entrancing,  
 (A light gazelle, by palm-trees half-way hid),  
 The priestesses in slow and solemn dancing,  
 (A dim, white moon above a pyramid).

Loud parting chorus to the mighty Isis,  
 (A blood-red sun that slowly seaward sinks),  
 The air deep-filled with mystery and spices,  
 (Egyptian darkness and the silent Sphinx).

## DOWN THE LANE.

Far down the lane as eye can reach,  
 The hedges are aglow  
 With roses red and roses pink  
 And roses white as snow;  
 For 'tis the rose-month, queen of months,  
 June odors in the air,  
 And Phyllis wanders down the lane  
 With roses in her hair.

And I—I am a little bird  
 Perched on an alder spray;  
 I look across the field and see  
 Some one not far away;  
 I watch them both, till at the stile  
 They meet—and then think best  
 To turn my head away and sing,  
 And let you guess the rest!

## THE OLD YEAR.

What is the old year? 'Tis a book  
 On which we backward sadly look,  
 Not willing quite to see it close—  
 For leaves of violet and rose  
 Within its heart are thickly strewn,  
 Marking Love's dawn and golden noon;  
 And turned-down pages, noting days  
 Dimly recalled through Memory's haze;  
 And tear-stained pages, too, that tell  
 Of starless nights and mournful knell  
 Of bells that toll through troubled air  
 The De Profundis of despair;  
 The laugh, the tear, the shine, the shade,  
 All 'twixt the covers gently laid,  
 No uncut leaves, no page unscanned—  
 Close it and lay it in God's hand.

## OCCURRENCE.

Last night a star from Azureland  
 Shot through the silent air,  
 It clasped its trembling hands, and fell  
 Out in the dark somewhere.

Last night a soul from Lifeland fled,  
 We cannot tell how far,  
 Perhaps its angel mission was  
 To seek the fallen star.

## THE APPROACH OF NIGHT.

By the yellow in the sky,  
 Night is nigh.  
 By the murk on mead and mere,  
 Night is near.  
 By one faint star, pale and wan,  
 Night comes on.  
 By the moon, so calm and clear,  
 Night is here.

## ANTE-MORTEM.

Spare not thy hand when approbation giving,  
 Nor hold thy tongue till life away has sped—  
 A single word of praise unto the Living  
 Is worth a panegyric on the Dead.

## GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Cy Warman

In a letter to *Current Literature* Elizabeth A. Vore has this to say of Cy Warman, whose interesting pen picture of Carlsbad appears on another page of this issue:

Cy Warman, the author of *Sweet Marie*, is one of the most popular and indefatigable of contributors to the best magazine and newspaper literature of the country. He is one of the ablest of young American authors and thoroughly deserves the brilliant success that he has achieved. His recent books have been eminently successful. Previous to writing *Tales of an Engineer*, published by the Scribners, he sojourned for a year in the East, and the stories in this volume deal with the railways of Egypt and the Orient. The *Express Messenger*, from the same publishing house, is a later book, and has received quite as warm praise from critics as the former.

Mr. Warman is married, and the father of two handsome boys. One of them he has named Dana Cy, after his old friend Dana of the *New York Sun*, whose encouragement of Mr. Warman in his early struggles in literature is well known. The other, a very wee lad as yet, is named Bryan for the great silver champion. Mr. Warman's home is in Denver, Col., but for the last year he has been in London, Canada, Mrs. Warman's old home, and is at present engaged upon two new books to be issued this year. One of them is a book of Western tales, the other another book of railroad stories, dealing with the railroads of the West.

Mr. Warman is a thorough Westerner. In speaking of the West, he says: "They are my people, whose hopes are as high as the hills, whose minds and hearts are as wide as the vales." When an English author asked him where he was educated he replied that he graduated from a locomotive cab amid the Rocky Mountains, ten thousand feet above the sea. He is a substantial libel on the theory that wealth of intellect creates physical poverty, for he is about as magnificent a specimen of physical manhood as the West often produces.

*Your Little Brother James  
and Its Author*

The story of *Your Little Brother James*, the reading from which in *Current Literature* last month has attracted such deserved praise and attention, was written while its author was engaged in saving such children as the tale describes from criminal courts, street life, neglect and vicious associations. Founded on fact, not theory, its hero is a composite picture of many little culprits who had been jerked out of police courts and set high and dry on green hilltops to begin life anew, with results similar to those related of little James. The story was published first as a short serial in a Philadelphia newspaper. An effort to have it republished in book form resulted in the discovery that its dimensions fell within that proscribed area which—in the minds of publishers—contains too many words for a short story and too few for a long one. It was both too long and too short. A very explicit circular from a well-known publishing

house stated that no story within such limits would be given any consideration. The printing of *Little James* was then entrusted to the small printing establishment of a country town newspaper in the village of Stamford, N. Y., where Miss Pemberton happened to be spending the summer. A thousand copies of the little book were printed, two pages at a time, by a press run by water power, and a pretty cover designed by the young village printer, "out of his own head." Copies were mailed to a number of reviewers, who noticed it so graciously that the Philadelphia firm of George W. Jacobs & Co. offered to purchase the country edition and edit a new one at its own expense. The new edition is cloth bound and illustrated, and sells for sixty cents retail.

In speaking of her work for children, in a letter to *Current Literature*, Miss Pemberton says: "It would seem that I began at the wrong end, for I began as a 'manager' of something I never understood until I ceased to be a manager. At first I was a member of a Board of Directors, who met once a month and sat around a table with a green cloth on it, to decide if the persons who were doing the work of the organization were doing what they were told and doing it well. It is a very grand thing to be a manager of a prominent charity; for a woman, it is something like being a member of Congress on a small scale. Women have an immense faculty for organization; my colleagues were well versed in parliamentary rules and tactics, and the meetings to my simple mind for a long time seemed very august assemblies. Endless debates as to what should be done with this child and that child, and particularly what should be done with the very naughty children, led me finally to take a deeper interest in the lives and fortunes of some of these little outcasts than in the star-chamber discussions about them. With many misgivings and many inward protests that I was not going to tie myself down to anything of the kind, I left the board to its discussions and became a worker instead of a manager. This meant hanging around police courts, interviewing judges, visiting juvenile offenders in and out of prison, and finally, bearing the youngsters miles away into the country; traveling by night and by day, in open wagons in summer, in sleighs in winter; fording streams, climbing mountains, dashing through snow drifts, holding fast by the hand all the while a small boy whose chief concern was to get away and hie him back to the city—and all this merely to reach an obscure humble farmhouse, where that small boy would find himself eighteen miles from the nearest railroad station, and at least two hundred miles from the alluring city! Needless to say, such experiences brought me very close to the children, and also to the country people. One of my trials was the difficulty I found in making city people understand either of these two classes of human beings. It was for this reason that I wrote *Your Little Brother James*. Another trial was the way people in general persist in misunderstanding those who engage in humanitarian work. They seem to think the latter are not of the same

flesh and blood as themselves, but are 'born queer,' with perverted tastes for dirty smelling children; that they love misery for its own sake, and not because they long to relieve it. They classed me—I knew it, though they did not say so—with sack-clothed monks, cloistered nuns, Simon Stylites and all manner of dismal, uncomfortable persons—when all the while I was having a perfectly splendid time, and as proud and happy after each successful experiment in my isolated and peculiar work as any prima donna who bows and smiles and retires from the stage with her arms full of roses."

T. C. De Leon.

Writing in *The Alkahest* of T. C. De Leon, an article from whose pen appears elsewhere in this number of *Current Literature*, Wallace Putnam Reed says:

Thomas Cooper De Leon was born at Columbia, S. C., "of good old Spanish parentage," his biographer says. His father was Dr. M. H. DeLeon, a famous physician. One of his brothers was Edwin DeLeon, the distinguished journalist, scholar, diplomat and consul-general to Egypt; another was Dr. D. C. DeLeon, the first surgeon-general of the Confederacy; and one of his sisters, Agnes, made some reputation as a translator and writer.

The DeLeon of this sketch is a man of letters and a society man; a journalist, a novelist and a dramatic author; a citizen of the world and a man of affairs. At school and college Henry Watterson and James R. Randall were his classmates, and they have been his life-long friends. While still in his teens he left college and went to Washington at the invitation of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, who had interested himself in the matter of securing for him an important appointment.

But those were exciting days. The secession trouble was brewing, and the appointment was forgotten. DeLeon remained at the capital, holding confidential relations with the Southern leaders—relations which continued until the fall of the Confederacy. He was sent by Mr. Davis with private dispatches to Montgomery, just before the birth of the new republic, and from first to last he was among the trusted few who knew the inside workings of the Confederate Government.

In his work entitled, *Four Years in Rebel Capitals*, Mr. DeLeon has told the story of his experience during this period. The book is a valuable contribution to our war history, and is highly complimented by Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, General Bradley T. Johnson, and other distinguished people. James R. Randall calls it "the prose lyric of the bloody Confederate drama."

After the war, DeLeon went to New York, where his versatile talents and accomplishments were at once recognized and appreciated. The Harpers, Appletons, Lippincotts, and other Northern publishers took everything that came from his brilliant pen. The stage, too, sought his work. His burlesque of *Hamlet* was played by George Fox for one hundred nights at a time when such a long run was phenomenal. He produced several other plays which were very popular in their day. He also found time to make a reputation as a newspaper correspondent, and his letters signed "Dunne Browne" will be remembered by many of my older

readers. These letters caused him to be offered the managing-editorship of the *Mobile Register*, and he went to that city, believing that the climate would be more agreeable than that of New York. As managing editor, and, later, editor-in-chief of the *Register*, he was an influential factor in Southern journalism, but other attractions tempted him to withdraw from newspaperdom. For several years he was the lessee and manager of the *Mobile Theatre*. Then no grand pageant could be devised for New Orleans and other Southern cities without his supervision. He interested himself in great business enterprises and schemes for the welfare of his city and section. This was enough to occupy the time of almost any man, but this busy worker at odd moments built up a publishing business of his own, contributed to numerous periodicals, and gave to the world that laughable parody on *Amélie Rives'* book, *The Rock or the Rye*, and such delightful novels as *Creole* and *Puritan*, *Jüny*, *The Puritan's Daughter*, *John Holden*, *Unionist*, and others, which have had a wide circulation. *The Pride of the Mercers*, his latest novel, was issued a few days ago by the Lippincotts, and will be eagerly sought by thousands of readers throughout the country. It is too charming a story to attempt to synopsise or review here.

Mr. DeLeon is now a resident of Atlanta, where he has a large circle of friends and admirers. He knows almost everybody worth knowing in the great cities of the world, and is quite cosmopolitan, speaking several foreign languages, and being familiar with the literature and customs of all countries. Personally, he is a man of distinguished appearance, a delightful talker, and in every circle of society the magnetic charm of his manner makes him a favorite. He is a typical old-time Southern gentleman, and yet he is in touch with the youngsters of the new South, and, in point of fact, he is one of them.

*The Rossettis*

The following glimpses of the poet-painter, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, leader in the pre-Raphaelite movement, and his gifted sister, Christina Georgina, are taken respectively from Hall Caine's *Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (Roberts Brothers, Boston; \$1.50); and Christina Rossetti; *A Biographical and Critical Study*, by Mackenzie Bell (Roberts Brothers, Boston; \$2.50).

Mr. Bell writes:

I shall never forget Christina Rossetti's appearance when first I called upon her. She gave me the impression of being tall; I thought then, as I do still, that none of her portraits sufficiently indicate the commanding breadth of her brow. She looked unquestionably a woman of genius, and it is not every woman or man of genius that so looks. Her voice attracted me at once; never before had I heard such a voice. It was intensely musical, but its indefinable charm arose not alone from that cause; it arose in a large measure from what Dr. Watts-Dunton has aptly called her "clear-cut method of syllabification"—a peculiarity which he thinks, no doubt rightly, attributable to her foreign lineage. Indications of her foreign lineage were very noticeable on the occasion I am describing.



Not, of course, that it was discernible in accent, nor even in mere tone or inflection of voice, certainly it was not markedly observable either in her modes of speech or in her ideas. It was something assuredly there, but, like many of the things we perceive with life's subtler perceptions, it eluded precise definition. Perhaps the nearest approach to an illustration of my meaning would be to say that the effect produced was as though a highly educated foreigner, thoroughly acquainted with the grammar and the vocabulary of the English language, were to speak English, and continue to do so for years, although English was not his mother tongue. No one, I think, can fully understand Christina's many-sided personality without taking into account that foreign origin, and there can be no doubt that under some circumstances the blending of races has much to do with the possession of certain gifts.

Demurely attired in a black silk dress she wore no ornaments of any sort, and the prevailing sombre tint was only relieved by some simple white frilling at the throat and wrists. Her hair, still abundant, had by this time a hue which was almost black, and the intermingled gray strands, though visible, were not conspicuous. Her cap, of some dark material, was extremely plain and unobtrusive.

It has often struck me that one of the great tests of genius is whether the writer or speaker deals with ordinary subjects in such a manner as to reveal his or her own personality. For both in literature and conversation the manner is much. And if this be true, then both on the day to which I am at present alluding, and on every subsequent occasion when I saw her, Christina Rossetti talked like a woman of genius. Naturally at our first meeting the conversation was on ordinary subjects. Yet it lives with me still, because of her incomparable manner and the distinction of her phraseology. I may add that she conversed in that calm measured way which, I fancy, often conceals real shyness. In Mr. Sharp's able article before referred to he describes vividly his first meeting with her at an earlier date than that to which I allude:

"In some ways she reminded me of Mrs. Craik, the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*; that is, in the Quaker-like simplicity of her dress, and the extreme and almost demure plainness of the material, with, in her mien, something of that serene passivity which has always a charm of its own. She was so pale as to suggest anæmia, though there was a bright and alert look in her large and expressive azure-gray eyes, a color which often deepened to a dark, shadowy, velvety gray; and though many lines were imprinted on her features, the contours were smooth and young. Her hair, once a rich brown, now looked dark, and was thickly threaded with solitary white hairs, rather than sheaves of gray. She was about the medium height of women, though at the time I thought her considerably shorter. With all her quietude of manner and self-possession there was a certain perturbation from this meeting with a stranger, though one so young and unknown. I noted the quick, alighting glance, its swift withdrawal; also the restless, intermittent fingering of the long, thin double watch-guard of linked gold which hung from below the one piece of color she wore, a quaint, old-fashioned bow of mauve or pale purple ribbon, fastening a white frill at the neck."

Hall Caine writes of Dante Gabriel:

It was in the autumn of 1880 that I saw Rossetti for the first time. Being then rather reduced in health I contemplated a visit to the seaside and wrote saying that in passing through London I should avail myself of his oft-repeated invitation to visit him. I gave him this warning of my intention, remembering his declared dread of being taken unawares, but I came to know at a subsequent period that for one who was within the inner circle of his friends the necessity to advise him of a visit was by no means binding. His reception of my intimation of an intention to call upon him was received with an amount of epistolary ceremony which I recognize now by the light of further acquaintance as eminently characteristic of the man, although curiously contradictory of his unceremonious habits of daily life. The fact is that Rossetti was of an excessively nervous temperament and rarely if ever underwent an ordeal more trying than a first meeting with any one to whom for some time previously he had looked forward with interest. Hence by return of the post that bore him my missive came two letters, the one obviously written and posted within an hour or two of the other. In the first of these he expressed courteously his pleasure at the prospect of seeing me, and appointed 8.30 P. M. the following evening as his dinner hour at his house in Cheyne Walk. The second letter begged me to come at 5.30 or 6 P. M., so that we might have a long evening. "You will, I repeat," he says, "recognize the hole-and-cornerest of all existences in this big barn of mine; but come early and I shall read you some ballads, and we can talk of many things." An hour later than the arrival of these letters came a third epistle, which ran: "Of course, when I speak of your dining with me, I mean 'tête-à-tête' and without ceremony of any kind. I usually dine in my studio and in my painting coat." I had before me a five-hours' journey to London, so that in order to reach Chelsea at 6 P. M., I must needs set out at midday, but oblivious of this necessity, Rossetti had actually posted a fourth letter on the morning of the day on which we were to meet, begging me not, on any account, to talk, in the course of our interview, of a certain personal matter upon which we had corresponded. This fourth and final message came to hand the morning after the meeting, when I had the satisfaction to reflect that (owing more perhaps to the plethora of other subjects of interest than to any suspicion of its being tabooed) I had luckily eschewed the proscribed topic.

Rossetti came to me through the doorway. . . . Holding forth both hands and crying "Hulloa!" he gave me that cheery, hearty greeting which I came to recognize as his alone, perhaps, in warmth and unfailing geniality among all the men of our circle. It was Italian in its spontaneity, and yet it was English in its manly reserve, and I remember with much tenderness of feeling that never to the last (not even when sickness saddened him, or after an absence of a few days or even hours) did it fail him when meeting with those friends to whom to the last he was really attached. Leading the way into the studio, he introduced me to his brother, who was there upon one of the evening visits, which at

intervals of a week he was at that time making, with unfailing regularity. I should have described Rossetti, at this time, as a man who looked quite ten years older than his actual age, which was fifty-two, of full middle height and inclining to corpulence, with a round face that ought, one thought, to be ruddy but was pale, large gray eyes with a steady introspecting look, surmounted by broad protrusive brows, but a clearly-penciled ridge over the nose, which was well cut and had large breathing nostrils. The mouth and chin were hidden beneath a heavy mustache and abundant beard, which grew up to the ears, and had been of a mixed black-brown and auburn, and were now streaked with gray. The forehead was large, round, without protuberances, and very gently receding to where thin black curls, that had once been redundant, began to tumble down to the ears. The entire configuration of the head and face seemed to me singularly noble, and from the eyes upwards, full of beauty. He wore a pair of spectacles, and, in reading, a second pair over the first; but these took little from the sense of power conveyed by those steady eyes, and that "bar of Michael Angelo." His dress was not conspicuous, being, however, rather negligent than otherwise, and noticeable, if at all, only for a straight sack-coat buttoned at the throat, descending at least to the knees, and having large pockets cut into it perpendicularly at the sides. This garment was, I afterwards found, one of the articles of various kinds made to the author's own design. When he spoke, even in exchanging the preliminary courtesies of an opening conversation, I thought his voice the richest I had ever known any one to possess. It was a full, deep baritone, capable of easy modulation, and with undertones of infinite softness and sweetness, yet, as I afterwards found, with almost illimitable compass, and with every gradation of tone at command, for the recitation or reading of poetry.

Dropping down on the sofa with his head laid low and his feet thrown up in a favorite attitude on the back, which must, I imagine, have been at least as easy as it was elegant, he began the conversation by bantering me upon what he called my "robustious" appearance compared with what he had been led to expect from gloomy reports of uncertain health. After a series of playful touches (all done in the easiest conceivable way, and conveying any impression on earth save the right one, that a first meeting with any man, however young and harmless, was little less than a tragic event to Rossetti) he glanced one by one at certain of the topics that had arisen in the course of our correspondence. I perceived that he was a ready, fluent, and graceful talker, with a remarkable incisiveness of speech, and a trick of dignifying ordinary topics in words which, without rising above conversation, were so exactly, though freely, enunciated, as would have admitted of their being reported exactly as they fell from his lips. In some of these respects I found his brother William resemble him, though, if I may describe the talk of a dead friend by contrasting it with that of a living one bearing a natural affinity to it, I will say that Gabriel's conversation was perhaps more spontaneous, and had more variety of tone with less ranger of subject, together with the same

precision and perspicuity. Very soon the talk became general, and then Rossetti spoke without appearance of reserve of his two or three intimate friends, telling me, among other things, of Theodore Watts, that he "had a head exactly like that of Napoleon I., whom Watts," he said, with a chuckle, "detests more than any character in history; depend upon it," he added, "such a head was not given to him for nothing"; that Frederick Shields was as emotional as Shelley, and Ford Madox Brown, whom I had met, as sententious as Dr. Johnson. I kept no sort of record of what passed upon the occasion in question, but I remember that Rossetti seemed to be playfully battering his friends in their absence in the assured consciousness that he was doing so in the presence of a well-wisher; and it was amusing to observe that, after any particularly lively sally, he would pause to say something in a sobered tone that was meant to convey the idea that he was really very jealous of his friends' reputation, and was merely for the sake of amusement giving rein to a sportive fancy. . . .

Dinner being now over, I asked Rossetti to redeem his promise to read one of his new ballads; and, as his brother, who had often heard it before, expressed his readiness to hear it again, he responded readily, and, taking a small manuscript volume out of a section of the bookcase that had been locked, read us *The White Ship*. I have spoken of the ballad as a poem at an earlier stage, but it remains to me, in this place, to describe the effect produced upon me by the author's reading. It seemed to me that I never heard anything at all matchable with Rossetti's elocution; his rich, deep voice lent an added music to the music of the verse; it rose and fell in the passages descriptive of the wreck with something of the surge and sibilation of the sea itself; in the tenderer passages it was soft as a woman's, and in the pathetic stanzas with which the ballad closes it was profoundly moving. Effective as the reading sounded in that studio, I remember at the moment to have doubted if it would prove quite so effective from a public platform. Perhaps there seemed to be so much insistence on the rhythm, and so prolonged a tension of the rhyme sounds, as would run the risk of a charge of monotony if falling on ears less concerned with points of metrical beauty than with fundamental substance. Personally, however, I found the reading in the very highest degree enjoyable and inspiring.

The evening was gone by the time the ballad was ended; and it was arranged that upon my return from the house of a friend at the seaside I should again dine with Rossetti, and sleep the night at Cheyne Walk. I was invited to come early in order to see certain pictures by daylight, and it was then I saw the painter's most important work—the *Dante's Dream*, which finally (and before Rossetti was made aware of any steps being taken to that end) I had prevailed with Alderman Samuelson to purchase for the public gallery at Liverpool. At my request, though only after some importunity, Rossetti read again his *White Ship*, and afterwards *Rose Mary*, the latter of which he told me had been written in the country shortly after the appearance of the first volume of poems. He re-



marked that it had occupied three weeks in the writing, and that the physical prostration ensuing had been more than he would care to go through again. I observed on this head, that though highly finished in every stanza, the ballad had an impetuous rush of emotion, and swift current of diction, suggesting speed in its composition, as contrasted with the labored deliberation which the sonnets, for example, appeared to denote. I asked if his work usually took much out of him in physical energy.

"Not my painting, certainly," he replied, "though in early years it tormented me more than enough."

Reverting to my inquiry as to whether his work took much out of him, he remarked that his poetry usually did. "In that respect," he said, "I am the reverse of Swinburne. For his method of production inspiration is indeed the word. With me the case is different. I lie on the couch, the racked and tortured medium, never permitted an instant's surcease of agony until the thing on hand is finished."

It was obvious that what Rossetti meant by being racked and tortured, was that his subject possessed him; that he was enslaved by his own "shaping imagination." Assuredly he was the reverse of a costive poet; impulse was, to use his own phrase, fully developed in his muse.

"One benefit I do derive," Rossetti added, "as a result of my method of composition; my work becomes condensed. Probably the man does not live who could write what I have written more briefly than I have done."

Emphasis and condensation, I remarked, were indubitably the characteristics of his muse. He then read me a great body of the new sonnets of *The House of Life*. Sitting in that studio listening to his reading and looking up meantime at the chalk-drawings that hung on the walls, I realized how truly he had said, in correspondence, that the feeling pervading his pictures was such as his poetry ought to suggest. The affinity between the two seemed to me at that moment to be complete; the same half-sad, half-resigned view of life, the same glimpses of hope and foreshadowings of gloom.

"You doubtless think it odd," he said at one moment, "to hear an old fellow read such love-poetry as much of this is, but I may tell you that the larger part of it, though still unpublished, was written when I was as young as you are. When I print these sonnets, I shall probably affix a note saying, that though many of them are of recent production, not a few are obviously the work of earlier years."

I expressed admiration of the pathetic sonnet entitled *Without Her*.

"I cannot tell you," he said, "at what terrible moment it was wrung from me."

He had read it with tears of voice, subsiding at length into suppressed sobs and intervals of silence. As though to explain away this emotion he said:

"All poetry, that is really poetry, affects me deeply and often to tears. It does not need to be pathetic or yet tender to produce such a result. I have known in my life two men, and two only, who are similarly sensitive—Tennyson, and my old friend and neighbor, William Bell Scott. I once heard Tennyson read *Maud*, and whilst the fiery

passages were delivered with a voice and vehemence which he alone of living men can compass, the softer passages and the songs made the tears course down his cheeks. Morris is a fine reader, and so, of his kind, though a little prone to sing-song, is Swinburne. Browning both reads and talks well—at least, he did so when I knew him intimately as a young man."

Rossetti went on to say that he had been among Browning's earliest admirers. As a boy he had seen something signed by the then unknown name of the author of *Paracelsus*, and wrote to him. The result was an intimacy. He spoke with warmest admiration of *Child Roland*; and referred to Elizabeth Barrett Browning in terms of regard, and, I think I may say, of reverence.

I asked if he had ever heard Ruskin read.

"I must have done so, but remember nothing clearly. On one occasion, however, I heard him deliver a speech, and that was something never to forget. When we were young, we helped Frederick Denison Maurice by taking classes at the Working Men's College, and there Charles Kingsley and others made speeches and delivered lectures. Ruskin was asked to do something of the kind and at length consented. He made no sort of preparation for the occasion; I know he did not; we were together at his father's house on the whole of the day in question. At night we drove down to the college, and then he made the finest speech I ever heard. I doubted at the time if any written words of his were equal to it! Such flaming diction! Such emphasis! Such appeal! Yet he had written his first and second volumes of *Modern Painters* by that time."

I have reproduced the substance of what Rossetti said on the occasion of my return visit, and, by help of letters written at the time to a friend, I have in many cases recalled his exact words. A certain incisiveness of speech which distinguished his conversation, I confess myself scarcely able to convey more than a suggestion of; as Mr. Watts has said in *The Athenæum*, his talk showed an incisiveness so perfect that it had often the pleasurable surprise of wit. Rossetti had both wit and humor, but these, during the time that I knew him, were only occasionally present in his conversation, while the incisiveness was always conspicuous. A certain quiet play of sportive fancy, developing at intervals into banter, was sometimes observable in his talk with the younger and more familiar of his acquaintances, but for the most part his conversation was serious, and, during the time I knew him, often sad. I speedily observed that he was not of the number of those who lead or sustain conversation. He required to be constantly interrogated, but as a negative talker, if I may so describe him, he was by much the best I had heard. Catching one's drift before one had revealed it, and anticipating one's objections, he would go on from point to point, almost removing the necessity for more than occasional words. Nevertheless, as I say, he was not, in the conversations I have heard, a leading conversationalist; his talk was never more than talk, and in saying that it was uniformly sustained yet never declamatory, I think I convey an idea both of its merits and limitations.



## LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

Shrewsbury: A Romance. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

*Stanley Weyman's New Novel*

"This book is another delicious draught from the the fountain of romantic historical fiction," says the Chicago Record. "In view of the increased element of humor—a quality not conspicuous in the author's earlier works—and of the subtle, delicate and suggestive portraiture of a difficult character—the intelligent man of feeble will—this story may be the ablest effort of Mr. Weyman's which has yet appeared.

"The scenes occur in the years 1695-6, in the middle of the reign of William III. of England. It will be recalled that William was the Dutch prince, a powerful champion of Protestantism and an able warrior, who was invited to the throne at the time of the revulsion of the English people against the autocratic reign of James II. Throughout his reign William had to contend with plots against his life emanating from St. Germain, France, the home of the exiled James, and the details of one of these plots form the framework of the story. The narrative is given in the first person as a reminiscence of those exciting times by an eye-witness, the secretary of the Duke of Shrewsbury, a historical personage who was one of William's secretaries of state. The Duke's secretary describes himself as a humble yeoman by birth, who, having a taste for letters, acquires an excellent education, and details the circumstances which lead to the saving of his life by the Duke. He flees from his country home to London and there falls into the hands of a band of desperate plotters against the life of the King. Being a man of a peculiarly simple, honest nature, and an abject coward, he is subject to the last strong influence brought to bear, and, owing to a singular train of circumstances, is alternately in the clutches of the plotters and in the service of the Duke. He is thus unwittingly the discoverer of the secrets of the assassins. Matters are further complicated by his resemblance to the Duke, which enables the leader of the gang to use him to represent the Duke, in order to secure a private revenge by compromising the Duke with the King. The poor secretary is finally nerved by the woman he loves to a fairly brave act, which exposes the whole plot, saves the honor of his noble master, secures the punishment of his murderous tyrants and acquires for himself a happy marriage and a lifelong position in the service of the Duke.

"The reader is transported to those far-off times; sees the King in his palace, surrounded by pomp and state; becomes familiar with great historical personages as with living men; mingles with the crowds in London streets; sees the customs and habits of an age that is gone, never to return. The nobility, with its oaths, its pleasures, its duels and its high-bred courtesy; the common people, with their lives of drudgery and repression; the conspirators whispering and plotting in their secret haunts—all become real to the reader while he is under the hypnotism of the author's pen. The chief interest, however, is in the delineation of the character of the feeble private secretary. Never does the author forget his point of view—that of this timid, honest,

simple-minded yeoman secretary. His quaint pedantry, as displayed in his constantly interlarding his narrative with scraps of Latin; his pitiful attempts to conceal from the reader and himself his own cowardice; his plaintive plea that he never pretended to being a soldier; his amusing efforts to excuse himself on the ground of reason after each act of contemptible surrender to his fears, gives proof of the author's power of imagination and versatility.

"The story has great merits. The plot is intricate, holds the attention and arrives at an exciting climax. The characters are clearly drawn—the timid secretary; the noble Duke, whose nature is so fine that, brave and true as he is, he sees the good in his humble follower and aids him; the Duchess, his mother, who is the typical imperious, swearing, autocratic great lady, who has survived the dissolute court and reign of the vicious Charles II; Marlborough, the famous warrior and traitor, who appears incidentally, whose Blenheim is yet to come; the thrilling incidents, the accurate color and scenery, the pure and fluent language, lead one to hope that the author will yet find time to give to literature a masterpiece which—not being confined to the point of view of a single personage—will give a more complete view of some great historical epoch. To all who may wish to supplement their study of history with vivid pictures of ancient life seen through the powerful imagination of an artist, Mr. Weyman's book is invaluable. The book is tastefully bound and ornamented, and the illustrations are good.

American Book Clubs; Their Beginnings and History, and a Bibliography of their Publications. By A. Growoll. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$7.50.

*A History of American Book Clubs*

"Among some of the rarest and most beautiful productions of the American press," says The Nation, "are the issues of book-clubs composed of a very limited membership, and printing (but not publishing) an edition sufficient only to supply their own members with one or two copies. So small have been these editions, and so hidden in private libraries, that the collector is at a loss to discover what has been thus given out—a knowledge that would in part compensate for his inability to secure the book. Occasionally, they may be found in the auction room, rarely in full sets, and are eagerly purchased at prices that are really fancy, by no means indicating the intrinsic value of the volumes, but fully proving their rarity. The collector need no longer be ignorant of what book-clubs exist or have existed in the United States, for Mr. Growoll has laboriously compiled a list of them and their issues, with historical sketches of their activity. Such clubs have properly existed only since 1854, and their formation naturally coincides with the eras of prosperity. Eleven clubs were instituted between 1860 and 1869, compared with four in the previous decade, and one in the succeeding ten years. Between 1880 and 1889, seven clubs are recorded, and since 1890 another seven have come into being.

"It is not without interest to note that of the clubs established before 1880 only two have survived—

the Prince Society of Boston and the Historical Printing Club of Brooklyn, each of which issued a volume in 1897. All the others endured for a few years, printed matter of more or less value, and passed out of existence. Nor is the reason far to seek. They owed their origin to one or more active minds—as a rule, book collectors or book lovers or printers—who had a true interest in the undertaking, and succeeded for a time in inspiring others with their enthusiasm. To the death of one man most of the clubs owed their failure. Another cause hindered their growth—the want of a sufficiently large class of purchasers for these somewhat peculiar volumes. The book collectors were few in number and by no means wealthy; and a sumptuous edition of a small number of copies cost much money, and the prices to others than members made them a luxury. Even thirty years ago the originals were not valued much above the reprints, and there was not enough judgment shown in the use of manuscript material. Besides, advantage was taken of the limited popularity to be obtained. The speculator came in and created a fictitious demand, leading to ill-considered and even dishonest ventures. Says Mr. Growoll: 'The passion for "club" publications about this time (roughly speaking, from 1863 to 1870) had passed from a dignified mania to very idiocy. No venture was so absurd, no price was so extravagant, that it failed to find shoals of gudgeons eager to swallow the bait.'

"The clubs of to-day are very different. They appeal to a large number of rich collectors and well-endowed libraries, and the taste for historical or typographically remarkable books, known to be rare from the date of issue, is steadily growing. To compare the modest and quite ordinary issues of the Seventy-six Society with the brilliant achievements of the Grolier Club, gives a better idea of the change that has come over this form of printing activity than could any words. American history has been the favorite subject, and still occupies the attention of the more serious clubs—like the Prince, the Filson, the Gorges, the Parkman, and the Historical Printing Clubs. In other instances not a few extravagances may be found. The Cadmus issued a single copy of a collection of wedding songs, and the Duodecimos prides itself on genuine eighteenth-century paper and an old hand-press.

"Mr. Growoll might have supplemented his account of these clubs by pointing out more in detail the rise and decline of the 'large-paper' issues, for which these clubs were largely responsible. The printer's art could not endow them with any beauty. The type was generally antique, the paper of the heaviest ribbed quality, and the size of the page was magnificent, with a small square of printing somewhere in the ample surface. The 'barn-door' size was the largest folios, very costly to bind, more costly to keep unbound (for dust and handling easily ruined them), and entire monuments of folly, bad taste, and extravagance. It was this that brought some of the clubs to an untimely end, for the size and cost at war prices for paper and printing meant ruin.

"The bibliographical work of this volume deserves high praise. It presented great difficulties, but we have detected no slip or omission in the titles. The

typography is worthy of the subject, and the volume, of which only 330 copies are printed, is one more evidence of a wholesome increase of interest in American bibliography."

Audubon and His Journals. By Maria R. Audubon. With zoölogical and other notes by Elliott Coues, and many illustrations, including three new bird drawings. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York: 2 vols., 8vo, \$7.50.

*The Journals of Audubon*

"The winter's books have offered no surprise so complete and none so delightful," says Mr. Francis W. Halsey, in *The Book Buyer*, "as these journals of the great naturalist who 'loved all things from God to foam bells dancing down a stream.' We must go back several years to find rivals of them. There was one in the *Journal of Scott*, and perhaps another in the autobiographies and letters of Gibbon. With Audubon, as with Scott and Gibbon, some small part of the material had before been printed; but the new matter is so large in extent that the complete work takes on wholly fresh and permanent interest. Very important additions have been made to our knowledge. Each one of these publications has constituted an event in literature and biography. But there are differences. Scott's *Journal* had already been wisely used by Lockhart, and Lord Sheffield had given us the best of Gibbon's several autobiographies. With Audubon, the hands which formerly had dealt with the journals, or with some parts of them, had manifested the very poorest judgment of values, nothing whatever that could be called literary sense.

"Strange has been the history of these journals since that January day, forty-seven years ago, when, in that part of Manhattan Island since called after Audubon, the fires of life went out of this man of nature—this gifted and devoted historian of the four-footed and winged creatures of the earth. A part of each of these volumes is taken up by a journal of Audubon's tour of the Missouri River in 1843—a journal which had been 'lost in the back of an old secretary' until August, 1896, when found by two of his granddaughters. An autobiography which Audubon wrote for his children was found 'in a barn on Staten Island,' where it had been hidden away for many years. About fifteen years ago some of the journals—there are nine in all—came into Miss Audubon's possession; others have since been added; but all had been 'virtually lost for years.' Researches have been made meanwhile in San Domingo, France, and New Orleans, the material collected making a mass perhaps five times as great as these two volumes contain—and yet other journals that Audubon wrote have been destroyed by fire in Kentucky. In the light of this ample store, the marvel is that Buchanan made so poor a book—'practically useless to the world and very unpleasant for the Audubon family.'

"Audubon's life is in itself a romance. He was truly a citizen of the world; he knew many lands, but never lived long in any one. He was everywhere at home. The freedom and soaring instincts of birds seem to have been Audubon's. And indeed there was something in the very soul of him that partook not of material things. He was strikingly unworldly in all his ambitions and tastes. He



dwelt in the finer upper air. His most marked earthly attachments were domestic. The more sordid things never entered his heart. He recalls Wordsworth's lines:

"Type of the wise who soar but never roam,  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

"What a record of travel and adventure these journals disclose! Born on the Lake Ponchartrain, in a house lent to his father for the occasion, a house in which a future King of France, Louis Philippe, found refuge, he went with his parents to San Domingo as a child, only to escape the death that overtook his mother during an uprising of negroes. Going to France with his father, he was left alone with his second mother while his father returned to America to serve against England under Rochambeau and Lafayette. With his home in France during the most of Napoleon's wars, he was sent out of that country when there was danger of his being drafted into military service, and then settled in Pennsylvania near the Schuylkill. Here in the adjoining mansion home of her father, an Englishman, he met the woman whom he married. His children having been born, he found himself ruined in fortune, and turned to portrait-painting in Louisville and dancing lessons in New Orleans as a means of livelihood. Out of his very misfortunes, however, eventually came the circumstances which led to his world-wide fame. We are told, in a Scriptural sense, that he who loses his life shall gain it; but with Audubon the saying was true as applied to an earthly career. Audubon had loved birds and beasts from his youth. He would always have been a hunter, a lover of forest shades and running brooks. But he scarcely ever would have done the world the magnificent service he did had trade prospered with him in Kentucky.

"The eminent men of his time whom Audubon knew strike the reader quite as forcibly as does the wide range of his travels. He not only knew the streams and forests of his own country from Maine to Florida, from the Ohio Valley to the mouth of the Mississippi; he not only explored the valley of the Missouri and the barren regions of Labrador, but he knew Daniel Boone and Dr. Parkman; in Edinburgh he met Scott while Scott was writing the life of Napoleon, Jeffrey while he was editing the great organ of literary criticism of that time; in England, Bewick and Sir Thomas Lawrence; in France, Cuvier and the Duc d'Orleans. Wherever Audubon went, he found his way. Jeffrey alone appears to have regarded him distantly: 'He never came near me, and I never went near him, for if he was Jeffrey, I was Audubon.'

"Miss Audubon has published these choice memorials out of love for her father, and as a tribute to the love her father bore her grandfather. Seldom has any among the daughters of men had a rarer privilege than this, and few are they who would have performed the task with the same abounding love, joined to such sanity of judgment and such gentleness of touch. Handsome as the volumes are in point of manufacture, there is something here that is finer still—the beauty of honorable pride and affection joined to the beauty of knowledge and good sense."

*Eighty Years and More (1815-1897).* By Elizabeth Cady Stanton. New York: The European Publishing Co., 135 Wall Street. 12mo. \$2.00.

*Elizabeth Cady Stanton's  
Reminiscences*

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's reminiscences, printed in a volume of 468 pages, not counting the index of names, under the title *Eighty Years and More*, says the N. Y. Sun, combine several kinds of charm. First, it has the supreme merit of this kind of writing, that it is frankly personal. Next, it responds in an altogether exceptional degree to Mr. Weller's definition of the great art o' letter-writin', "she'll wish there was more of it." Chapter I., for example, is entitled "Childhood"; Chapter II., "School Days"; Chapter III., "Girlhood," and it is impossible not to wish that there had been very much more of each. The character of every human being appeals to all of the rest under at least one aspect—that of being accounted for. Even the unlovely and the antipathetic offer this point of interest—how they are accounted for. One of Mrs. Stanton's pages, among many, creates a specially vivid impression in this sense. She was 11 years old when on one occasion her father "heaved a deep sigh and said, 'O, my daughter, I wish you were a boy.' Throwing my arms about his neck, I replied, 'I will try to be all my brother was.' Then and there I resolved that I would not give so much time to play, but would study and try to be at the head of all my classes, and thus delight my father's heart. All that day and far into the night I pondered the problem of boyhood. I thought that the chief thing to be done in order to equal boys was to be learned and courageous. So I decided to study Greek and learn to manage a horse. Having formed this conclusion I fell asleep. My resolutions, unlike many such made at night, did not vanish with the coming light. I arose early and hastened to put them into execution. They were resolutions never to be forgotten—destined to mold my character anew. As soon as I was dressed I hastened to our good pastor, Rev. Simon Hosack, who was always early at work in his garden.

"'Doctor,' said I, 'which do you like best, boys or girls?'

"'Why, girls, to be sure. I would not give you for all the boys in Christendom.'

"'My father,' I replied, 'prefers boys; he wishes I was one, and I intend to be as near like one as possible. I am going to ride on horseback and study Greek. Will you give me a Greek lesson now, doctor? I want to begin at once.'

"'Yes, child,' said he, throwing down his hoe; 'come into my library and we will begin without delay.'"

We have no intention of telling here the story of Mrs. Stanton's life; on its public side it is a part of the social history of the American people, and though far enough from being accurately known to any large number of them, a general acquaintance with its drift is a common possession. No recent contribution to the materials for a better acquaintance with it has appeared than these retrospections, possessing as they do, the advantage of entertaining, while their information is from the very inside of a remarkable social movement. The most we can do is so to sample the book as to afford the reader a taste of its quality. From the titles of Chapters IV. to XII. inclu-



sive he will perceive what point of Mrs. Stanton's life he is to take for granted. Those titles are, "Life at Peterboro," "Our Wedding Journey," "Homeward Bound," "Motherhood," "Boston and Chelsea," "The First Woman's Rights Convention," "Susan B. Anthony," and "My First Speech Before a Legislature."

It will be remembered that the child Elizabeth Cady decided that "boy" meant Greek *plus* courage. She had now reached a point in her career where the second of these accomplishments was called for. In the winter of 1860-61, just after the election of Lincoln, the abolitionists decided to hold a series of conventions in the chief cities of the North. Mrs. Stanton was invited to accompany Miss Anthony and Beriah Green to a few points in Central New York. They soon found, she writes, by the concerted action of Republicans all over the country, that anti-slavery conventions would not be tolerated. The John Brown raid the year before had intimidated Northern politicians as much as Southern slaveholders. But "thirty years of education had somewhat changed the character of Northern mobs. They no longer dragged men through the streets with ropes around their necks, nor broke up women's prayer meetings; they no longer threw eggs and brickbats at the apostles of reform nor dipped them in barrels of tar and feathers; they simply crowded the halls, and, with laughing, groaning, clapping and cheering, effectually interrupted the proceedings. Such was our experience during the two days we attempted to hold a convention in St. James's Hall, Buffalo. As we paid for the hall, the mob enjoyed themselves at our expense in more ways than one. . . . These Buffalo rowdies were headed by ex-Justice Hinson, aided by younger members of the Fillmore and Seymour families, and the Chief of Police and fifty subordinates, who were admitted to the hall free for the express purpose of protecting our rights of free speech, but who, in defiance of the Mayor's orders, made not the slightest effort in our defence." At Lockport there was a feeble attempt in the same direction. At Albion, neither hall, church nor schoolhouse could be obtained. At Port Byron a sprinkling of cayenne pepper on the stove cut proceedings short. And so it was all the way to Albany. From Boston and various points in other States the same news reached them. "Happily," continues Mrs. Stanton, "Albany could then boast of a Democratic Mayor, a man of courage and conscience, who said the right of free speech should never be trodden under foot where he had the right to prevent it." Mayor Thatcher sat on the platform, his police promptly threw out all interrupters, and with an armed detachment he escorted the speakers every time to and from the Delevan House.

"While all this was going on publicly, an equally trying experience was progressing, day by day, behind the scenes. Miss Anthony had been instrumental in helping a much-abused mother, with her child, to escape from a husband who had immured her in an insane asylum. The wife belonged to one of the first families of New York, her brother being a United States Senator, and the husband, too, a man of position; a large circle of friends and acquaintances was interested in the result. Though

she was incarcerated in an insane asylum for eighteen months, members of her own family testified again and again that she was not insane. Miss Anthony, knowing that she was not, and believing fully that the unhappy mother was the victim of a conspiracy, would not reveal her hiding place.

"Knowing the confidence Miss Anthony felt in the wisdom of Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips, they were implored to use their influence with her to give up the fugitives. Letters and telegrams, persuasions, arguments and warnings from Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips and the Senator on one side, and from Lydia Mott, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellet and Abby Hooper Gibbons on the other, poured in upon her day after day; but Miss Anthony remained immovable, although she knew she was breaking the law and might be arrested any moment on the platform. We had known so many aggravated cases of this kind that in daily counsels we resolved that this woman should not be recaptured if we could help it." In short, they viewed the case much as they did that of helping a runaway slave to Canada. "In both cases," is Mrs. Stanton's comment, "an unjust law was violated; in both cases the supposed owners of the victims were defied; hence, in point of law and morals, the act was the same in both cases." And she adds: "Could the dark secrets of insane asylums be brought to light, we should be shocked to know the great number of rebellious wives, sisters and daughters who are thus sacrificed to false customs and barbarous laws made by men for women."

These, perhaps, may be taken for samples of Mrs. Stanton's many adventures. Turning the pages, one finds a sympathetic account of Mrs. Bloomer and her "idea." Of Mrs. Stanton's own propaganda by the distribution of woman suffrage literature, she writes (on p. 296): "It requires great discretion in sowing leaflets, lest you expose yourself to a rebuff. I never offer one to a man with a small head and high heels on his boots, with his chin in the air, because I know in the nature of things that he will be jealous of a superior woman, nor to a woman whose mouth has the 'prune and prisms' expression, for I know she will say, 'I have all the rights I want.'" There are glimpses of the oddities who attach themselves to all "movements." Thus, in the abolition times, there was one old man dressed in white carrying a scythe, who imagined himself the personification of "Time," though called "Father Lampson." Occasionally he would bubble over with some prophetic vision, and, as he could not be silenced, he was carried out. He usually made himself as limp as possible, which added to the difficulty of his exit and the amusement of the audience. A ripple of merriment would upset even the dignity of the platform when Abigail ["Abby"] Folsom, another crank, would shout from the gallery: "Stop not, my brother, on the order of your going, but go." Mrs. Stanton's reminiscences of her visit as a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, held in London in 1840, are vivid.

"Women" (we quote), "according to English prejudices at that time, were excluded by scriptural texts from sharing equal dignity and authority with men in all reform associations; hence it was to English minds preëminently unfitting that women should be admitted as equal members to a World's

Convention. The question was hotly debated through an entire day. . . . The clerical portion of the convention was most violent in its opposition. The clergymen seemed to have God and his angels especially in their care and keeping and were in agony lest the women should do or say something to shock the heavenly hosts. . . . Deborah, Huldah, Vashti and Esther might have questioned the propriety of calling it a World's Convention, when only half of humanity was represented there; but what were their opinions worth compared with those of the Rev. A. Harvey, the Rev. C. Stout, or the Rev. J. Burnet, who, Bible in hand, argued woman's subjection, divinely decreed when Eve was created."

Turning back to page 21, we read again that turning point in the formation of childish character, "Throwing my arms about his neck, I replied: 'I will try to be all my brother was.'"

—Stories of Famous Songs, by S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald (J. B. Lippincott & Co., \$2.00), is an interesting and exhaustive volume, which gives the story of nearly every song of note, not only British, but French, German, Hungarian, Swedish, and American. The romantic histories attached to such songs as Home, Sweet Home, Auld Lang Syne, The Mistletoe Bough, God Save the Queen, La Marseillaise, Die Wacht am Rhein, The Star-Spangled Banner, Kathleen Mavourneen, and Auld Robin Gray, are well and succinctly told. A chapter is devoted to Henry Russell's songs, a fact which will be appreciated to the full by all who have played and sung such favorites as Woodman, Spare that Tree, Cheer, Boys, Cheer, A Life on the Ocean Wave, and Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming. "Mr. Fitz-Gerald's work," says the London Publishers' Chronicle, "will appeal to many classes of readers, for he gives items of information likely to prove useful to biographers, historians, and specialists in several branches of other sciences, as well as to those who are interested in matters musical and literary. As he observes: 'It is certain that our songs have not only made history of themselves, but for those who have sung and listened to them.' The author has aimed at producing not so much a pedantic reference guide or dictionary for the library as an entertaining, amusing, and instructive work, that appeals to the hearts and sympathies of all true lovers of songs with music. At the same time he has aimed at accuracy and truth as to the development of the world's famous ballads, many of the particulars he gives as to the origin, authorship, and outcome of several songs appearing in print for the first time. The work has a rare value and fascination."

—Cary's translation of the Divine Comedy, first issued in 1812, has held its own with remarkable success in both England and America. Here it has been published at least three times, as early as 1822, and as late as 1889, and there have been many reprintings of these editions. The continued popularity of this translation has led to the publication of a new, well-made edition (T. Y. Crowell & Co., \$2.00), prepared by Prof. L. Oscar Kuhns. Included with it is Rossetti's translation of the New Life, which has also recently appeared in two

American editions. Prof. Kuhns contributes a short introduction to the volume and a new set of notes to the Divine Comedy. Rossetti's notes are retained, though others are added. Prof. Norton's translation of the New Life excepted, Rossetti's is the best known, and Cary's version of the Divine Comedy, whatever may be its defects, remains the easiest of all to understand. "The reprint," says The Nation, "is likely to meet with some measure of popular favor, particularly as it is illustrated, and as Prof. Kuhns' introduction and notes, though not impeccable, are interesting and sensible. An ideal popular commentary, indeed, for students of the poem could be made by combining Prof. Kuhns' plan with that of Longfellow—that is, by adding to simple comments on different passages a whole set of delightful and enlightening extracts from contemporary historians and chroniclers."

—"Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish a magnificent addition to our historical literature," says the Mail and Express, "in the Critical Review of American History, by John Fiske, a beautiful octavo, which differs from its original edition, published nine years ago, in that it is profusely illustrated with portraits, maps, fac-similes, contemporary views, prints and other reproductions of historic materials, the pictorial reality of which adds to the vitality of Mr. Fiske's spirited text, and quickens the imaginative vision of his readers until they see the persons and the events of which it treats. 'No illustrations have been admitted,' he assures us in his preface, 'save such as seem to possess real historical value.' And this value is increased, so far as his readers are concerned, by his notes on the illustrations themselves, specifying the sources from which they were derived, their claims to authenticity, the circumstances under which they were produced, their present whereabouts and other facts of the kind that it is well to know while we read. Such, for instance, as that the portrait of James Madison, which forms the frontispiece, is from the original painting by Gilbert Stuart, which is at Bowdoin College, and that the autograph which accompanies it is from Lenox Library; that the portrait of John Adams, in the first chapter, is from the painting of C. W. Peale, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, and the autograph from the collection of Hon. Mellen Chamberlain; that the print of Washington resigning his commission at Annapolis is from the painting by Trumbull, in the art gallery at Yale University; that the view from the Battery, a site endeared from early associations to elderly residents of Greater New York, is from Drayton's Tour Through the Northern and Eastern States of America (1791), and so on through the scores of rare and curious prints, which elucidate and people the critical period from 1783 to 1789. This thoroughly enjoyable volume, the text of which has been carefully revised and added to from the original edition, is the third and concluding volume of Mr. Fiske's History of the American Revolution, the work of his lifetime and the imperishable monument of the great event which it commemorates. It deserves the reputation it has achieved; it deserves the splendid edition in which it now comes to us, and it deserves, and is certain to have, more thousands and thousands of admiring, intelligent, thoughtful readers."



## CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

*Barrios, Guatemala's Assassinated President.....Pittsburg Dispatch*

The assassination of President Jose Maria Reina Barrios of Guatemala ends a notable career. President Barrios was born in 1830. He was the nephew of Rufino Barrios, who so long held power in Guatemala, and who was killed while fighting to unify Central America. When only ten years old he went with his uncle in the disastrous campaign in which Rufino Barrios first tried to seize the Guatemalan Government. The then President, Carna, defeated the rebels. Reina Barrios fled to Mexico, whence later he led several expeditions against Carna and fought bravely. Reina went to the military school in Guatemala City and then traveled and studied the military systems of Europe. But he was soon recalled, for Rufino Barrios was ambitious to become dictator of all Central America. Occasionally there was a little revolution in which Reina Barrios distinguished himself, becoming chief of artillery in the army.

In 1885, after having won over Salvador and Honduras, he determined to secure Costa Rica and Nicaragua by force. But at the last moment Dr. Zaldiva, President of Salvador, sulked. Infuriated, Rufino Barrios marched against him with an army of 20,000 men, well armed and equipped. They met at Chalcuapa. The Salvadorians fled. Then Rufino Barrios was shot dead by a Salvadorian sharpshooter. Panic seized the Guatemalans and they were chased in their turn. Reina Barrios, with great gallantry, rallied them and checked the Salvadorians' further advance. But the dream of unification was dissipated for the time.

Barillas, Vice-President, succeeded Rufino Barrios. During this period the subject of this sketch married Miss Algeria Benton, of New Orleans. Beautiful and ambitious, she had as many enemies as her husband, and these enemies called her the "interloping American."

In 1892 Barrios was elected President to succeed Barillas. A year later Macedonio Gomez tried to assassinate him, but this was a personal and not a political feud. Barrios constantly feared poison and suspected his cooks. In 1893 a plot to assassinate him while on a trip to Port Barrios and Livingston was discovered in time to thwart it. The unification of Central America, with himself as dictator, was the ambition of Barrios, as it was of his uncle. He formed a secret alliance with Costa Rica, and schemed to make Marco Soto President of Honduras in place of Bonilla. But the diplomacy of Reina Barrios failed, as had the arms of Rufino Barrios.

Last year Barrios proclaimed himself dictator of Guatemala. Congress obediently extended his term four years. His declaration as dictator aroused intense feeling against him, and last September a formidable revolution broke out. The rebels began by assassinating Barrios' brother. For a while they were successful.

Barrios was in constant fear of assassination. Two hundred soldiers were in his palace day and night, and he was attended by a guard of five picked men, who never left him. In his palace there

is said to be a secret staircase, the entrance to which is concealed by a mirror, which was guarded by a chosen body of men whom Barrios attached to himself by paying them large sums of money. Villa Algeria, Madame Barrios' residence, was guarded by a large force of police, for its inmates were in fear of dynamite.

The revolution was put down, but Barrios was accused of cruelly killing many citizens who would not support him morally and financially. Barrios was one of the richest men in Central America. He owned the Hacienda of Elsalto, valued at more than half a million. His wife's diamonds are famous. She traveled in this country attended by a retinue of twenty-five servants.

*Inventor Elisha Gray.....New York Herald*

Professor Elisha Gray, the inventor of the telephone and the owner of a brain which has been the means of making millionaires of twenty men, is spending the evening of his eventful life in poverty. This genius, who is one of the three greatest inventors of the century, finds himself a poor man at sixty-three. . . . He first met hard luck in 1875. He had spent years in his laboratory improving his plan of the speaking telephone. He had the thing perfected and sent the caveat to Washington. There was a leak in the patent office. A man who had filed his application some months before called and withdrew it. He said he wanted to make some modifications in his specifications. The very plans in Professor Gray's papers were incorporated in his own. A law suit followed between the two patentees. Professor Gray was defeated, despite the best he could do. All he got was a right to collect royalties on certain parts. He profited by this for a time and was then fooled out of it.

His present plan of invention embraces a conviction that electricity can be produced without extraneous aid, such as steam. He insists that the energy obtained from coal through steam will be turned directly into electricity. He claims that too much of the latent energy is lost in the roundabout transformation, and that the direct results will be sooner or later obtained without the waste of force. Time and time again he has tried to utilize the electrical currents in the air. He has abandoned that theory. He says that the force manifested in the air is the result of a conflict of natural force, and exists in the air as a form of energy. It may have been light or heat before it was changed to electricity. He does not think it can ever be turned back into electricity for the generation of power.

. . . His first work was as a farm boy. His father and mother were Quaker farmers in Belmont county, Ohio. David Gray, the father, died when Elisha was twelve years old. The best work the boy could get was as apprentice to the village blacksmith.

It did not take him long to master this trade, but he found his arms were not big enough to stand the swing of the hammer from early morning until late at night. He thought he would make better suc-



cess as a carpenter. A friend of the family at Brownsville, Pa., consented to take the youngster as a joiner. This sort of work pleased him until he became of age and began to think. He had always been a close reader. The desire for an education led him to change his plans. He saw not much of a future as a carpenter. Some circumstance or other brought his attention to Oberlin College, where a young man without money was as welcome as the son of a millionaire. He landed in Oberlin with nothing left after paying his car fare. He managed to matriculate, and then went over town looking for a master carpenter who would be willing to employ him at odd hours. This programme lasted for five years. When Elisha Gray came up for his diploma he got it with the highest honors in his class, and had earned his way by dint of hammer and saw. He had also invented about half the new appliances that were of use in the laboratory and class room.

Mr. Gray then had a narrow escape from being a minister or a farmer. He liked either calling. He planned to go into theology, when his doctor said it would be suicidal. He then determined to follow the work of his parents and be a farmer. He went upon a rented farm, and about that time married Miss M. Delia Shepard, of Oberlin. The farming venture did not prove a success, the genius spending more time in rigging out new machines than he did in planting his crops. He planned many improvements for reaping, and spent so much time in doing it that he never had anything to reap. It was a season of clouds and failure, but he managed to get some sunshine by dabbling in electricity in an upper room of the farmhouse. This was the scene of his first invention. He managed to devise a self-adjusting telegraphy relay, and wrote of his discovery to Anson Stager, who was then superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph office at Cleveland. General Stager saw genius in the young farmer, and at once sent for him to come and use the company's wires for his experiments. This was the beginning.

Mr. Gray came, and at once began to improve the service. In a short time he had perfected the typewriting telegraph, telegraphic switch, the annunciator, and many other appliances which still bear his name. He fell in with E. M. Barton, who has since moved to Chicago, and organized the Western Electric Manufacturing Company, which now employs more than 1,500 men.

Professor Gray lacked foresight, as usual in such cases. He retired, or was retired, from the big company. The retirement was a matter of absolute indifference to him, although the company is now an enormous concern. He went back to his laboratory. The first thing he did—in 1874—was to rig up a machine by which sound—musical tones—could be transmitted by wire. The discovery so delighted him that he called in his friends to show them the machine. He displayed the invention to every one who called and went abroad in that year to make a study of acoustics. His queer little appliance was exhibited on the other side of the ocean. It took the scientific world by storm, and in recognition of the merit of the queer little machine he was made a chevalier in the Legion of Honor.

The machine which carried musical sound suggested to him that he could make a speaking telephone. He worked on the idea in 1875 and 1876, and succeeded in getting his plan into working order. He thought this was a practical thing and filed his papers at Washington. A man of the same bent of mind filed papers for the same thing about the same time. It was never contested that the two were very different. In the papers of the man who won the long series of law suits, it was evident that some of the appliances could not have been described had not some one seen Professor Gray's specifications. The suits went against Professor Gray, but all the scientific world and all the scientists to-day give him the credit of having invented the telephone.

Professor Gray insists there is not a man drawing a dividend from the modern telephone that does not owe him something. There is not a millionaire from this source that is not his debtor. It was enough to discourage the average man, but Professor Gray just let it go. He never thinks of it any more, unless asked about it. He went to work after the decisions and has done much more besides. He designed the first system of underground conduits for telegraph, telephone and electric light wires. He got practically nothing for this. He was content in having benefitted the human race. He added from time to time an instrument or two, and then made a hit with mining machinery. This earned him the biggest money he ever had, \$60,000. He spent it as quickly as he could.

There have been six years of the hardest and closest work on the telautograph. He thinks it is eventually to be the real thing in telegraphy. This invention, the gray-haired, absent-minded, neglected, needy member of the trio to which Edison and Tesla belong, has managed to hold.

*Frances E. Willard and Her Work.....The Outlook*

It is doubtful whether the death of any woman, save possibly Victoria, Queen of England, could have produced so widespread and so profound a sorrow as has been produced by the death of Miss Frances E. Willard. The Outlook has differed radically with her on two important points. We do not believe in prohibition by the State, and she has been its most eloquent advocate; we do not believe in woman suffrage, and she has done more to overcome woman's instinctive aversion to the ballot than any other representative of that cause. But these differences of judgment disappear before the purity of her character, the self-sacrificing devotion of her life, and the splendor of her achievements.

The cause of temperance and the cause of prohibition are not identical, and Miss Willard has done more than any woman has ever done to promote the cause of temperance. She was perhaps the first to see, certainly the first to make others see, the inherent and unappeasable hostility of the home to the saloon, and of the saloon to the home. She was the first to organize the homes of America in a life-and-death struggle with the saloon. The results of that struggle we do not believe will be doubtful, though the method of the campaign may be widely different in the future from that of the past. The home is more essential than either State

or Church. Whatever assails the home threatens life at its source. Whenever the homes recognize their enemies and unite in a determination to destroy them, the end cannot be far off.

But Miss Willard has done more than unite the homes against the saloon. She has been a recognized leader in that movement, the effect of which has been to make total abstinence respectable. A new and important victory for liberty was won when the liberty of the guest was secured to turn down the wine-glass at the dinner-table, as well as the liberty of the host to omit the wine-glasses altogether, without incurring social obloquy. It is no longer socially disreputable to drink water, and it is no longer socially reputable to urge wine upon a reluctant guest. In our judgment, this social revolution has accomplished more for the cause of temperance than all the prohibitory laws which were ever enacted, and no one has done more to accomplish this social revolution than Miss Willard.

But even this does not seem to us to have been her chief service. She saw clearly, what other women also have seen, that many of her sisters were letting their activities rust from disuse, and others were frittering them away by misuse in trivialities. More perhaps than any other one person has she opened to her sisters the vision of that large activity in Christian and philanthropic work upon which woman has been entering during the last quarter-century. The rush of women into industrial pursuits may be looked upon by the conservative with suspicion and distrust, and certainly it is not unaccompanied with some industrial evils. But only good has come from the enlarged activity of woman in spheres of unpurchased and unpaid industry devoted to beneficent service in schools, hospitals, asylums, and churches. Of this movement we know of no apostle who has been more eloquent in speech, or in those deeds which speak louder than words, than Miss Willard. The saint of mediæval Christianity retired from the world to keep herself pure; Miss Willard went out from coveted retirement to purify the world. She thus set an example which many women have followed who never belonged to the organization of which she was president. And both she and they have shown that the grace of womanhood need not be sacrificed in order to accomplish beneficent results in world activities. We are far from intimating that Miss Willard has been the only leader in this great movement. Generosity to her memory does not require what she would be the first to condemn, injustice to others. But greatness is shown perhaps in nothing more than in a clear perception of a great providential tendency in the midst of which one is living, so that one can perceive neither its historical source nor its ultimate issue. To perceive such a tendency, to avail one's self of it, and to guide it in noble and right directions, is the function of the prophet; such a prophet we count Miss Willard.

Frances E. Willard was born of New England ancestry near Rochester, N. Y., on September 29, 1839, but moved while a girl with her family to Wisconsin, and thence a second time, in 1858, to Evanston, Ill. There is situated the Northwestern University, from which she was graduated, and

where later she was a teacher. After several years of educational work there and elsewhere, Miss Willard traveled abroad for nearly two years, studying also in Paris for some time, and writing much for American journals. Miss Willard has herself written of this period of her life that she then had a moderate taste of worldly pleasures, and when later on she renounced on principle the theatre and the social glass of wine, it was not without a personal appreciation of their attractiveness when not abused.

It was not until the year 1874 that Miss Willard definitely abandoned teaching and began to lecture on temperance; four years later she became a secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the power and membership of which she was to so widely extend. In 1879 she was first chosen president of the National organization; in 1888 of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In the former office she is temporarily succeeded by Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, in the latter by Lady Henry Somerset. Of Miss Willard's activity in temperance work and in all efforts for the elevation of woman and the good of mankind we need not now speak in detail. The founding of the White Cross movement within the general organization was wholly her own idea; of late years she had been strongly interested in the attempt to make the "Temple" at Chicago self-sustaining, and a centre of work. In 1892 Miss Willard visited England as the guest of Lady Henry Somerset, and her address at the great meeting in Exeter Hall in that year was called by many the finest ever heard in that building. Among Miss Willard's best-known books are *Nineteen Beautiful Years*, *Woman and Temperance*, and *Glimpses of Fifty Years*. The constant devotion of her energies to the cause she had at heart is illustrated by the fact that for ten years she averaged one public meeting a day, writing letters and articles and planning work while in transit between towns at which she spoke. Personally, Miss Willard was absolutely free from any asperity, intolerance, or phariseism. Her manner was cordial and winning, her sense of humor considerable, and her temper sweet and womanly.

*About the Prince of Wales.....New York Journal*

He is 5 feet 6 inches high and weighs 180 pounds. He has light gray eyes, a gray beard, a brown complexion and a bald head. His hands and feet are small and neat. He is 57 years old and has four grandchildren. His favorite wine is champagne of 1889, and his favorite liquor a cognac 40 years old. He is a first-class judge of horses and dogs. He is said to be one of the best shots in England. He sets the fashions in clothes for the whole world. He is a D. C. L. of Oxford, and LL.D. of Cambridge and a barrister. He has 13 university degrees. He has laid 73 large and important foundation stones. He opened part of the Suez Canal. He owns the deepest mine in England. He was the first Christian to dine with the Sultan of Turkey. He never allows a typewriter in his house. He spends \$5,000 a year for telegrams. He is a colonel eight times over. He has every order of knighthood in Europe. His uniforms are worth \$75,000.



## THE VINDICATION OF THE DUKE\*

[The scene of the following is seventeenth century, England. Sir John Fenwick, upon whose head a price has been set, has been taken prisoner. His confession implicates the Duke of Shrewsbury, privy councillor to William of Orange, but the King refuses to believe in the guilt of his favorite minister, who is indeed innocent; the suspicion of his connection with a treasonable plot having arisen through the personation of his character at a place of secret meeting by the narrator of the following, a young man in his service, who, bearing an extraordinary resemblance to the Duke, has been forced to assume his part by a tool of the Jacobites, in order to create the impression that the privy councillor secretly favors the cause of King James.]

About ten on the morning of the 3d of November of that year eight gentlemen of the first rank in England were assembled in the gallery at Kensington, awaiting a summons to the King's closet. With the exception of Lord Godolphin, who had resigned his office three days earlier, all belonged to the party in power, notwithstanding which, a curious observer might have detected in their manner and intercourse an air of reserve and constraint, unusual among men at once so highly placed, and of the same opinions. A little thought, however, and a knowledge of the business which brought them together, would have explained the cause of this.

While the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Dorset, and Lord Portland formed a group apart, it was to be noticed that Lords Marlborough and Godolphin and Admiral Russell, who seemed to fall naturally into a second group—and though the movements of the company constantly left them together—never suffered this arrangement to last; but either effected a temporary change, by accosting the Lord Keeper or Mr. Secretary Trumbull, or through the medium of Sir Edward Russell's loud voice and boisterous manners, wrought a momentary fusion of the company.

At length the door of the royal closet was thrown open, and a gentleman usher appeared, inviting them to enter. "My lords and gentlemen," he said, "His Majesty desires you to be seated, as at the Council. He will be presently here."

The movement into the next room being made, the conversation took a lower tone, each speaking only to his neighbor; one, discussing the King's crossing and the speed of his new yacht, another the excellent health and spirits in which His Majesty had returned; until a door at the lower end of the room being opened, a murmur of voices, and stir of feet were heard, and after a moment's delay Sir John Fenwick entered, a prisoner, and with a somewhat dazed air advanced to the foot of the table.

The Lord Steward rose and gravely bowed to him; and this courtesy, in which he was followed by all except the Admiral, was returned by the prisoner.

"Sir John," said the Duke of Devonshire, "the King will be presently here."

"I am obliged to your Grace," Fenwick answered and stood waiting.

His gaunt form, clothed in black, his face always stern and now haggard, his eyes—in which pride and fanaticism, at one moment overcame and at another gave place to the look of a hunted beast—these things would have made him a pathetic figure at any time and under any circumstances. How much more when those who gazed on him knew that he stood on the brink of death! and knew, too, that within a few moments he must meet the prince who for years he had insulted and defied, and in whose hands his fate now lay!

That some, less interested in the matter than others, harbored such thoughts, the looks of grave compassion which Lords Devonshire and Dorset cast on him seemed to prove. But their reflections—which, doubtless, carried them back to a time when the most brilliant and cynical of courtiers played the foremost part in the Whitehall of the Restoration—these, no less than the mutterings and restless movements of Russell, who, in his enemy's presence, could scarcely control himself, were cut short by the King's entrance.

He came in unannounced, and very quietly, at a door behind the Lord Steward; and, all rising to their feet, he bade them in a foreign accent, "Good day," adding immediately, "Be seated, my lords. My Lord Steward, we will proceed."

His entrance and words, abrupt, if not awkward, lacked alike the grace which all remembered in Charles, and the gloomy majesty which the second James had at his command. And men felt the lack. Yet, as he took his stand, one hand lightly resting on the back of the Lord Steward's chair, the stooping sombre figure and fallow, withered face staring out of its great peruke, had a dignity of their own. For it could not be forgotten that he was that which no Stuart King of England had ever been—a soldier and a commander from boyhood, at home in all the camps of Flanders and the Rhine, familiar with every peril of battle and breach; at his ease anywhere, where other men blanched and drew back. And the knowledge that this was so invested him with a certain awe and grandeur even in the eyes of courtiers. On this day he wore a black suit, relieved only by the ribbon of the Garter; and as he stood he let his chin sink so low on his breast that his eyes, which could on occasion shine with a keen and almost baleful light, were hidden.

The Lord Steward, in obedience to his command, was about to address Sir John, when the King, with a brusqueness characteristic of him, intervened. "Sir John," he said, in a harsh, dry voice, and speaking partly in French, partly in English, "your papers are altogether unsatisfactory. Instead of giving us an account of the plots formed by you and your accomplices, plots of which all the details must be exactly known to you, you tell us stories without authority, without date, without place, about noblemen and gentlemen, with whom you do not pretend to have any intercourse. In short, your confession appears to be a contrivance, intended to

\* A selected reading from *Shrewsbury*, by Stanley J. Weyman. Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y., publishers; cloth \$1.50.



screen those who are really engaged in designs against us, and to make me suspect and discard those in whom I have good reason to place confidence. If you look for any favor from me, therefore, you will give me this moment, and on this spot, a full and straightforward account of what you know of your own knowledge. And—but do you tell him the rest, my lord.”

“Sir John,” said the Lord Steward in a tone serious and compassionate, “His Majesty invites your confidence, and will for good reasons show you his favor. But you must deserve it. And it is his particular desire that you conclude nothing from the fact that you are admitted to see him.”

“On the contrary,” said the King, dryly, “I see you, sir, for the sake of my friends. If, therefore, you can substantiate the charges you have made, it behooves you to do it. Otherwise, to make a full and free confession of what you do know.”

“Sir,” said Sir John hoarsely, speaking for the first time, “I stand here worse placed than any man ever was. For I am tried by those whom I accuse.”

The King slightly shrugged his shoulders. “*Fallait penser là,* when you accuse them,” he muttered.

Sir John cast a fierce despairing glance along the table, and seemed to control himself with difficulty. At length, “I can substantiate nothing against three of those persons,” he said; whereon some of those who listened breathed more freely.

“And that is all, sir, that you have to say?” said the King, ungraciously; and as if he desired only to cut short the scene.

“All,” said Sir John firmly, “against those three persons. But as to the fourth, the Duke of Shrewsbury, who is not here——”

The King could not suppress an exclamation of contempt. “You may spare us that fable, sir,” he said. “It would not deceive a child, much less one who holds the Duke high in his esteem.”

Sir John drew himself to his full height, and looked along the table, his gloomy eyes threatening. “And yet that fable I can prove, sir,” he said. “That I can substantiate, sir. To that I have a witness, and a witness above suspicion! If I prove that, sir, shall I have your Majesty’s favor?”

“Perfectly,” said the King, shrugging his shoulders, amid a general thrill and movement; for though rumors had gone abroad, by no means the whole of Sir John’s case was known, even to some at the table. “Prove it! Prove that, sir, and not a hair of your head shall fall. You have my promise.”

However, before Sir John could answer, Mr. Secretary Trumball rose in his place and intervened. “I crave your indulgence, sir,” he said, “while, with your Majesty’s permission, I call in the Duke of Shrewsbury, who is in waiting.”

“In waiting,” said the King, in a voice of surprise; nor was the surprise confined to him. “I thought that he was ill, Mr. Secretary.”

“He is so ill, sir, as to be very unfit to be abroad,” the Secretary answered. “Yet he came to be in readiness, if your Majesty needed him. Sir John Fenwick persisting, I ask your Majesty’s indulgence while I fetch him.”

The King nodded, but with a pinched and dissatisfied face; and Sir William retiring, in a mo-

ment returned with the Duke. At his entrance, His Majesty greeted him dryly, and with a hint of displeasure in his manner; thinking probably that this savored too much of a “*coup de théâtre*,” a thing he hated. But seeing the next instant, and before the Secretary took his seat, how ill the Duke looked, his face betrayed signs of disturbance; after which, his eyelids drooping, it fell into the dull and Sphinx-like mould which it assumed when he did not wish his thoughts to be read by those about him.

“Now, sir,” said the King impatiently, when all was quiet again, “the Duke is here. Proceed.”

“I will,” Sir John answered with greater hardness than he had yet used, “I have simply to repeat to his face what I have said behind his back: That on the 10th of last June, in the evening, he met me at Ashford, in Kent, and gave me a ring and a message, bidding me carry both with me to St. Germain’s.”

My lord looked slowly round the table; then at Sir John. And it startled some to see that he had compassion in his face.

“Sir John,” he said, after, as it seemed, weighing the words he was about to speak, “you are in such a position, it were barbarous to insult you. But you must needs, as you have accused me before His Majesty and these gentlemen, hear me state, also before them, that there is not a word of truth in what you say.”

Sir John stared at him and breathed hard. “*Mon Dieu!*” he exclaimed at length. And his voice sounded sincere.

“I was not at Ashford on the 10th of June,” the Duke continued with dignity, “or on any day in that month. I never saw you there, and I gave you no ring.”

“*Mon Dieu!*” Sir John muttered again; and, his gaze fallen, he seemed to be unable to take his eyes off the other.

Now it is certain that whatever the majority of those present thought of this—and the demeanor of the two men was so steadfast that even Lord Marlborough’s acumen was at fault—the King’s main anxiety was to be rid of the matter, and with some impatience he tried to put a stop to it at this point. “Is it worth while to carry this farther, my lords?” he said, fretfully. “We know our friends. We know our enemies also. This is a story ‘pour rire,’ and deserving only of contempt.”

But Sir John at that cried out, protesting bitterly and fiercely, and recalling the King’s promise, and the Duke being no less urgent—though, as some thought, a little unseasonably for his own interests—that the matter be sifted to the bottom, the King had no option but to let it go on. “Very well,” he said ungraciously, “if he will have his witness let him.” And then, with one of those spirits of peevishness, which stood in strange contrast with his wonted magnanimity, he added to the Duke of Shrewsbury, “It is your own choice, my lord. Don’t blame me.”

The querulous words bore a meaning which all recognized; and some at the table started, and resumed the calculation how they should trim their sails in a certain event. But nothing ever became the Duke better than the manner in which he re-

ceived that insinuation. "Be it so, sir," he said with spirit. "My choice and desire is that Sir John have as full a share of justice as I claim for myself, and as fair a hearing. Less than that were inconsistent with your Majesty's prerogative and my honor."

The King's only answer was a sulky and careless nod. On which Sir William Trumball, after whispering to the prisoner, went out, and after a brief delay, which seemed to many at the table long enough, returned with Matthew Smith.

That the villain expected nothing so little as to see the man he was preparing to ruin, I can well believe; and equally that the ordeal, sudden and unforeseen, tried even his iron composure. I have heard that after glancing once at the Duke he averted his eyes; and thenceforth looked and addressed himself entirely to the end of the table, where the King stood. But, this apart, it could not be denied that he played his part to a marvel. Known to more than one as a ruffling blade about town, who had grown sober but not less dangerous with age and the change of times, he had still saved some rags and tatters of a gentleman's reputation; and he dressed himself accordingly, inasmuch that, as he stood beside Sir John, his stern set face, and steadfast bearing, made an impression not unfavorable at the set out.

Nor when bidden by the King to speak and say what he knew did he fall below the expectations which his appearance had created, though this was probably due in some measure to my lord's self-control, who neither by word nor sign betrayed the astonishment he felt, when a man to whom, for years past, he had only spoken casually, and once in six months as it were, proceeded to recount with the utmost fullness and particularity every detail of the journey, which, as he said, they two had taken together to Ashford. At what time they started, where they lay, by what road they traveled—at all Smith was pat. Nor did he stop there; but went on to relate with the same ease and exactness the heads of talk that had passed between Sir John and his companion at the inn.

Nor was it possible that a story so told, with a minutiae, with date, and place, and circumstances, should fall on ears totally deaf. The men who listened were statesmen, versed in deceptions and acquainted with affairs—men who knew Oates and had heard Dangerfield; yet, as they listened, they shut their eyes and reopened them, to assure themselves that this was not a dream! Before his appearance, even Lord Portland, whose distrust of English loyalty was notorious, had been inclined to ridicule Sir John's story as a desperate card played for life; and this, even in the teeth of my lord's disorder, so incredible did it appear that one of the King's principal ministers should stoop to a thing so foolish. Now, it was a sign pregnant of meaning that no one looked at his neighbor, but all gazed either at the witness or at the table before them. And some who knew my lord best, and had the most affection for him, felt the air heavy, and the stillness of the room oppressive.

Suddenly the current of the story was broken by the King's harsh accent: "What was the date?" he asked, "on which you reached Ashford?"

"The 10th of June, sir."

"Where was the Duke on that day?" William continued; and he turned to the Lord Steward. His tone and question, implying the most perfect contempt for the tale to which he was listening, to an extent broke the spell; and had the reply been satisfactory all would have been over. But the Duke of Devonshire, turning to my lord for the answer, got only that he lay those two nights at his mother's, in the suburbs; and thereon a blank look fell on more than one face. The King, indeed, sniffed and muttered, "Then twenty witnesses can confute this!" as if the answer satisfied, and was all he had expected; but that others were at gaze, and in doubt, was as noticeable, as that those who looked most solemn and thoughtful, were the three who had themselves stood in danger that day.

At a nod from the King, Smith resumed his tale; but in a moment he was pulled up short by Lord Dorset, who requested His Majesty's leave to put a question. Having got permission: "How do you say that the Duke came to take *you* with him?" the Marquis asked sharply.

"To take me, my lord?"

"Yes."

"Must I answer that question?"

"Yes," said Lord Dorset, with grave dignity.

"Well, simply because I had been the medium of communication between his Grace and Sir John," Smith answered dryly. "Even as on former occasions I had acted as agent between his Grace and Lord Middleton."

My lord started violently and half rose.

Then, as he fell back into his seat, "That, sir, is the first word of truth this person has spoken," he said, with dignity. "It is a fact that in the year '92 he twice brought me a note from Lord Middleton and arranged a meeting between us."

"Precisely," Smith answered with effrontery, "as I arranged this meeting."

On that, for the first time, my lord's self-control abandoned him. He started to his feet. "You lie!" he cried vehemently. "You lie in your teeth, you scoundrel! Sir—pardon me, but this is—this is too much! I cannot sit by and hear it!"

By a gesture not lacking in kindness, the King bade him resume his seat. Then, "'Peste,'" he said, taking snuff with a droll expression of chagrin. "Will anyone else ask a question? My Lord Dorset has not been fortunate. As the '*Advocatus Diaboli*,' perhaps, he may one day shine."

"If your Majesty pleases," Lord Marlborough said, "I will ask one. But I will put it to Sir John, and he can answer it or not, as he likes. How did you know, Sir John, that it was the Duke of Shrewsbury who met you at Ashford, and conferred with you there?"

"I knew the Duke," Sir John answered clearly. "I had seen him often, and spoken with him occasionally."

"How often had you spoken to him before this meeting?"

"Possibly on a dozen occasions."

"You had not had any long conversation with him?"

"No; but I could not be mistaken. I know him," Sir John added, with a flash of bitter meaning, "as well as I know you, Lord Marlborough!"



"He gave his title?"

"No; he did not," Sir John answered. "He gave the name of Colonel Talbot."

Someone at the table—it was Lord Portland—drew his breath sharply through his teeth; nor could the impression made by a statement that at first blush seemed harmless, and even favorable to the Duke, be ignored or mistaken. Three out of four who sat there were aware that my lord had used that name in his wild and boyish days, when he would be "incognito"; and, moreover, the use of even that flimsy disguise cast a sort of decent probability over a story, which at its barest seemed credible. For the first time the balance of credit and probability swung against my lord; a fact subtly indicated by the silence which followed the statement and lasted a brief while; no one at the table speaking or volunteering a farther question. For the time Matthew Smith was forgotten—or the gleam of insolent triumph in his eye might have said somewhat. For the time Sir John took a lower seat. Men's minds were busy with the Duke, and the Duke only; busy with what the result would be to him, and to the party, were this proved; while most perceiving dully and by instinct that they touched upon a great tragedy, shrank from the "dénouement."

At last, in the silence, the Duke rose; and swaying blindly on his feet, caught at the table to steady himself. For two nights he had not slept.

"Duke," said the King suddenly, "you had better speak sitting."

The words were meant in kindness, but they indicated a subtle change of attitude—they indicated that even the King now felt the need of explanation and a defense; and my lord, seeing this, and acknowledging the invitation to be seated only by a slight reverence, continued to stand, though the effort made his weakness evident. Yet when he had cleared his throat and spoke, his voice had the old ring of authority—with a touch of pathos added, as of a dying king from whose hand the sceptre was passing.

"Sir," he said, "the sins of Colonel Talbot were not few. But this, to which this fellow speaks, is not of the number. Nor have you, or my lords, to do with them. Doubtless, with my fellows, I shall have to give an account of them one day. But as to the present, and the Duke of Shrewsbury—with whom alone you have to deal—I will make a plain tale. This man has said that in '92 he was a go-between, for me and Lord Middleton. It is true, as you, sir, know, and my lords if they know it not already, must now know, to my shame. For the fact, Lord Middleton and I were relations, we met more than once at that time, we supped together before he went to France. I promised on my part to take care of his interests here, he in return offered to do me good offices there. As to the latter I told him I had offended too deeply to be forgiven; yet tacitly I left him to make my peace with the late King if he could. It was a folly and a poltroonery," the Duke continued, holding out his hands with a pathetic gesture. "It was, my lords, to take a lower place than the meanest Nonjuror who honorably gives up his cure. I see that, my lords, and have known it, and it has weighed on me for years. And

now I pay for it. But for this"—and with the word my lord's voice grew full and round, and he stood erect, one hand among the lace of his steinkirk tie and his eyes turned steadfastly on his accuser—"for this which that man, presuming on an old fault and using his knowledge of it, would foist on me, I know nothing of it! I know nothing of it! It is some base and damnable practice. At this moment and here I cannot refute it; but at the proper time and in another place I shall refute it; and now and here I say that as to it, I am not guilty—on my honor!"

As the last word rang through the room he sat down, looking round him with a kind of vague defiance. There was a silence, broken pleasantly by the Lord Steward, who rose, his voice and manner betraying no little emotion. "His Grace is right, sir, I think," he said. "I believe with him that this is some evil practice; but it is plain that it has gone so far that it cannot stop here. I would suggest therefore that if your Majesty sees fit——"

A knock at the door interrupted him, and he turned that way impatiently, and paused. The King, too, glanced round with a gesture of annoyance. "See what it is," he said.

Sir William Trumball rose and went; and after a brief conference, during which the lords at the table continued to cast impatient glances towards the door, he returned. "If it please you, sir," he said, "a witness desires to be heard." And with that his face expressed so much surprise that the King stared at him in wonder.

"A witness?" said the King, and pished and fidgeted in his chair. Then, "This is not a court of justice," he continued, peevishly. "We shall have all the world here presently. But—well, let him in."

Sir William obeyed, and went and returned under the eyes of the Council; nor will the reader who has perused with attention the earlier part of this history be greatly surprised to hear that when he returned, I, Richard Price, was with him.

I am not going to dwell on the misery through which I had gone in anticipation of that appearance; the fears which I had been forced to combat, or the night watches, through which I had lain, sweating and awake. Suffice it that I stood there at last, seeing in a kind of maze the sober lights and dark rich colors of the room, and the faces at the table all turned towards me; and stood there, not in the humble guise befitting my station, but in velvet and ruffles, sword and peruke, the very double, as the mirror before which I had dressed had assured me, of my noble patron. This, at Mr. Vernon's suggestion and by his contrivance.

While I had lived in my lord's house, and moved to and fro soberly garbed, in a big wig or my own hair, the likeness had been no more than ground for a nudge and a joke among the servants. Now, dressed once more, as Smith had dressed me, in a suit of the Duke's clothes, and one of his perukes, and trimmed and combed by one who knew him, the resemblance I presented was so remarkable that none of the lords at the table could be blind to it. One or two, in sheer wonder, exclaimed on it; while Sir John, who, poor gentleman, was more concerned than any, fairly gasped with dismay.

It was left to the Duke of Devonshire to break



the spell. "What is this? Who is this?" he said, in the utmost astonishment. "What does it mean?"

The King, who had noted on an occasion that very likeness, which all now saw, and was the first to read the riddle, laughed dryly. "Two very common things, my lord," he said, "a rogue and a fool. Speak, man," he continued, addressing me. "You were in the Duke's household awhile ago? 'N'est-ce pas ça?' I saw you here?"

"Yes, your Majesty," I said, hardly keeping my fears within bounds.

"And you have been playing his part, I suppose? Eh? At—how do you call the place—Ashford?"

"Yes, your Majesty—under compulsion," I said, trembling.

"Aye! Compulsion of that good gentleman at the foot of the table, I suppose?"

The words of assent were on my lips, when a cry, and an exceeding bitter cry, stayed their utterance. It came from Sir John. Dumbfounded for a time, between astonishment and suspicion, between wonder what this travesty was and wonder why it was assumed, he had at length discerned its full scope and meaning, and where it touched him. With a cry of rage he threw up his hands in protest against the fraud; then in a flash he turned on the villain by his side. "You d—d scoundrel!" he cried. "You have destroyed me! You have murdered me!"

Before he could be held off his fingers were in Smith's neckcloth, and clutching his throat; and so staunch was his hold that Admiral Russell and Sir William Trumbull had to rise and drag him away by force.

Sir John's rage and disappointment were painful to witness, and trying even to men of the world. But what shall I say of the fury of the man at bay, who denounced and convicted in his moment of triumph saw, white-faced, his long-spun web swept easily aside? Doubtless he knew, as soon as he saw me, that the game was lost, and could have slain me with a look. And most men without more ado would have been on their knees. But he possessed, God knows, a courage as rare and perfect as the cause in which he displayed it was vile and abominable; and in a twinkling he recovered himself, and was Matthew Smith once more. While the room rang with congratulations, questions, answers and exclamations, and I had much ado to answer one-half of the noble lords who would examine me, his voice, raised and strident, was heard above the tumult.

"Your Majesty is easily deceived!" he cried, his very tone flouting the presence in which he stood; yet partly out of curiosity, partly in sheer astonishment at his audacity, they turned to listen. "Do you think it is for nothing his Grace keeps a double in his house? Or that it boots much whether he or his secretary went to meet Sir John? But enough! I have here, here!" he continued, tapping his breast and throwing back his head, "that, that shall out-face him; be he never so clever! Does his double write his hand, too? Read that, sir. Read that, my lords, and say what you think of your Whig leader!"

And with a reckless gesture, he flung a letter on the table. But the action and words were so lack-

ing in respect for royal chambers that for a moment no one took it up, the English lords who sat within reach disdaining to touch it. Then Lord Portland made a long arm, and taking the paper with Dutch phlegm and deliberation, opened it.

"Have I your Majesty's leave?" he said, and the King nodding peevishly, "This is not his Grace's handwriting," the Dutch lord continued, pursing up his lips, and looking dubiously at the script before him.

"No; but it is his signature!" Smith retorted, fiercely. And so set was he on this last card he was playing, that his eyes started from his head, and the veins rose thick on his hands where they clutched the table before him. "It is his hand at foot. That I swear!"

"Truly, my man, I think it is," Lord Portland answered, coolly. "Shall I read the letter, sir?"

"What is it?" asked the King, with irritation.

"It appears to be a letter to the Duke of Berwick, at the late Bishop of Chester's house in Hogsdens Gardens, bidding him look to himself, as his lodging was known," Lord Portland answered leisurely, running his eye down the lines as he spoke.

It was wonderful to see what a sudden gravity fell on the faces at the table. This touched some home. This was a hundred times more likely as a charge than that which had fallen through. Could it be that after all the man had his Grace on the hip?

Then—"In whose hand is the body of the paper?" the King asked.

"Your Majesty's," Lord Portland answered, with a grim chuckle, and after a pause long enough to accentuate the answer.

"I thought so," said the King. "It was the Friday the plot was discovered. I remember it. I am afraid that if you impeach the Duke, you must impeach me with him."

At that there was a great roar of laughter, which had not worn itself out before one and another began to press their congratulations on the Duke. He, for his part, sat as if stunned; answering with a forced smile where it was necessary, more often keeping silence. He had escaped the pit dug for him, and the net so skillfully laid. But his face betrayed no triumph.

Matthew Smith, on the other hand, brought up short by that answer, could not believe it. He stood awhile, like a man in a fit; then, the sweat standing on his brow, he cried that they were all leagued against him; that it was a plot; that it was not his Majesty's hand, and so on, and so on; with oaths and curses, and other things very unfit for His Majesty's ears, or the place in which he stood.

Under these circumstances, for a minute no one knew what to do, each looking at his neighbor, until the Lord Steward, rising from his chair, cried in a voice of thunder: "Take that man away, Mr. Secretary; this is your business! Out with him, sir!" On which Sir William called in the messengers, and they laid hands on him. By that time, however, he had recovered the will and grim composure which were the man's best characteristics; and with a last malign and despairing look at my lord, he suffered them to lead him out.

## IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

*Ah, Tell Me Not.....Lloyd Miffin....At the Gates of Song (Estes & Lauriat)*

Ah, tell me not that passionate words of mine  
Shall vanish from the world and pass away;  
That these strong dreams which haunt me night and  
day  
Wrought into song, shall with my sun decline.  
Shall not some poet, pacing by the brine,  
Repeat these words to keep them from decay?  
Or but a tone of one elusive lay  
That I have sung, deep in his heart enshrine?—  
Some lover, who to-day is yet unborn,  
Wandering about the reaches of the sea,  
Sick of the world, and filled with softened scorn,—  
Shall he not read one line and think of me  
And softly say, What hidden grief had he—  
This Poet dead—whose soul was so forlorn?

*The Old Maid.....Dora Sigerson Shorter.....Cassell's Family Magazine*

She walks in a lonely garden  
On the path her feet have made,  
With high-heeled shoes, gold-buckled,  
And gown of a flowered brocade.  
  
And hair that falls on her shoulders,  
Half-held with a ribbon tie,  
Once glowed like the wheat in autumn,  
Now gray as a winter sky.

Time marks with no gentle fingers  
Her forehead, pensive and low;  
And her mind, like a golden timepiece,  
He stopped forty years ago.

At the foot of the lonely garden,  
When she comes to the trysting-place  
She knew of old, there she lingers,  
With a blush on her withered face.

The children out on the common  
They climb to the garden wall,  
And laugh, "He will come to-morrow!"  
Who never will come at all.

And often over our sewing,  
As I and my neighbor sit  
To gossip over this story  
That has never an end to it,

"He is dead," I would say, "that lover  
Who left her so long ago."  
But my neighbor would rest her needle  
To answer, "He's false, I know."

"For could it be he were sleeping,  
With a love that were such as this  
He'd have burst through the gates of silence  
And flown to meet her kiss."

Is she best worth tears or laughter,  
This dame in her old brocade?  
My neighbor says she is holy,  
With a faith that will not fade.

But the children out on the common  
They answer her dreary call,  
And say, "He will come to-morrow!"  
Who never will come at all.

*Eothen....Frederick George Scott....The Unnamed Lake and Other Poems\**

The immortal spirit hath no bars  
To circumscribe its dwelling place;  
My soul hath pastured with the stars  
Upon the meadow-lands of space.

\*William Briggs, Toronto.

My mind and ear at times have caught,  
From realms beyond our mortal reach,  
The utterance of Eternal Thought,  
Of which all nature is the speech.

And high above the seas and lands,  
On peaks just tipped with morning light,  
My dauntless spirit mutely stands  
With eagle wings outspread for flight.

*Wait.....Addison Ballard.....N. Y. Observer*

Nay, mock me not with words of cheer,  
Love's blossoming joy is fled;  
Winter's stern sceptre rules the year,  
His white hearse holds my dead.

Yet all's not desolate,  
For, lo! Life whispers from the sod,  
And bright with buds the tyrant's rod:  
Spring's promise, trust, and wait.

*The Samisen.....Mary M. Fenollosa.....Cosmopolitan*

Pensive she marks them as they go  
Her mother, sisters—all  
With merry heart and voice to join  
The village festival.  
Meek were the looks Okoyo wore  
At time of starting, when  
She sued to stay, that she might play  
Her little samisen—  
Plink—plunk—  
Her little samisen.

Alone within the quiet home,  
Her samisen on knees,  
She bends a tiny, listeping ear  
To tune its vibrant keys.  
She sings a lay of chivalry,  
Of spring, of flowers, and then  
A song of love she breathes above  
Her quivering samisen—  
Plink—plunk—  
Her little samisen.

The bamboo fence is thick and tall,  
The gates are all of stone;  
Besides, how could young Tora know  
That she sang there alone?  
Oh, wondrous are the ways of maids,  
And stranger those of men.  
In little space, a boyish face  
Bends o'er that samisen—  
Plink—plunk—  
Her little samisen.

And life is vibrant harmony  
Until the scrape and clack  
Of sandals at the outer door  
Proclaim the revelers back.  
Within the lighted room they find,  
As modest as a wren,  
Okoyo fair, a-playing there  
Her lonely samisen—  
Plink—plunk—  
Her little samisen.

*In Life and Death.....Kate Louise Wheeler.....Home Poems\**

I see her smile in sleep  
And to her crib I creep  
To kiss the baby face where dimples play;  
I smooth her sunny hair  
And breathe to God a prayer  
That He will teach me how to lead the way.

\*Telegraph Publishing Co., Nashua, N. H.

I see her smile in sleep  
And to her couch I creep  
To kiss the saintly face where peace doth stay;  
I smooth her silvery hair  
And breathe to God a prayer  
That He will teach me how to find the way.

*The Violet.....Margaret E. Sangster.....Harper's*

Here she is again, the dear,  
Sweetest vestal of the year,  
In her little purple hood  
Brightening the lonesome wood.  
We who, something worn with care,  
Take the road, find unaware  
Joy that heartens, hope that thrills,  
Love our cup of life that fills,  
Since in Spring's remembered nooks,  
Lifting fain familiar looks,  
Once again with curtsying grace,  
In the same dear lowly place,  
God His manual sign hath set  
In the tender violet.

*Down in the Valley of Pain.....Emma C. Dowd.....New England Magazine*

My road lay over the Hills of Joy,  
Where the springs of laughter flow;  
And I sang and I danced in my careless glee,  
And I ate of the feasts that were spread for me,  
In the sunshine's wonderful glow.

O, the beautiful, beautiful Hills of Joy,  
Where pleasure and happiness reign!  
The sojourners there give scarce a sigh  
To those who live down in the vale hard by—  
Down in the Valley of Pain.

My road led over the Hills of Joy  
And—down to the barren plain!  
But flowers and fruits grew thick in the way,  
And I never knew, till, alack, one day,  
I was down in the Valley of Pain!

O, the hunger of hearts in that desolate vale,  
Whose hours are a tortuous chain!  
The days are lonely, the nights are long;  
There is so little sunshine, so little song,  
Down in the Valley of Pain!

And ever I looked toward the Hills of Joy  
For a word or a token of cheer;  
But they said—who dwelt in the Valley of Pain,—  
"You will listen and watch and wait in vain;  
They forget that we live so near."

A few who had lodged in the shadowy vale  
Bade us to hope and be brave;  
But stout hearts sicken amid the breath  
Of doubt and darkness, despair and death,  
In the face of an open grave.

And I said, as I traversed that horrible place,  
"If those heights I should ever regain,  
Comfort and beauty and song and flowers  
Shall grace and gladden the weary hours  
Down in this Valley of Pain."

Again I am climbing the Hills of Joy,  
And this terrible truth grows plain:  
Sympathy dies when we near our goals;  
For I am forgetting those suffering souls  
Down in the Valley of Pain!

*My Companion.....Tom Hall.....When Love Laughs (E. R. Herrick & Co.)*

Weary, O Father, weary and long,  
And steep and stony was the way,  
Without a sound of happy song  
To cheer me through the dreary day!

Until You sent this weakling maid  
To journey upward by my side—  
So fair, so frail and so afraid,  
This maid You sent to be my bride.

Now have I lost all sense of fear,  
In guarding her up to the height;  
And all the way seems broad and clear,  
And all the woods are full of light.

And, though I perish by the way,  
She yet will win the height alone  
To hail the everlasting day,  
And pray for me before Thy throne.

*A Little While.....Harrison Conrard.....Idle Songs and Idle Sonnets\**

A little while, and then my toil is ended;  
And when my task seems long, the pathway steep,  
I think of one who has before ascended  
And on the quiet summit lies asleep.

A little way—and lo, the end is nighing!  
Heartaches shall cease, heart-chords shall bind anew;  
Two heads shall rest where now but one is lying,  
Four hands shall clasp where now there are but two.

*God's Little Girl.....Bertha Gerneaux Davis.....Independent*

She left her home in the starry ways,  
And reached our arms in the April days.  
We thought to keep her and hold her here,  
And our little girl we called the dear.

One pleasant eve when the sun had dipped  
Out of our sight and the stars had slipped  
Silently back to their wonted ways,  
She turned her face with a wistful gaze

Up to the blue of the arching skies;  
We knew by the look in her pretty eyes  
And the smile that brightened her small face so,  
It was time for God's little girl to go.

A kiss we dropped on her curly head.  
"Sweet little heart, good-by," we said,  
Then unafraid, tho' the way was dim,  
God's little girl went back to him.

*At Last.....Albion Fellows Bacon.....Songs Ysams(L. C. Page & Co.)*

What will you give me, O, World! O, World!  
If I run in the race and win?  
Will you give me a fame that can never fade,  
Will you give me a crown that will never rust,  
Can you save my soul from the pall of sin,  
Can you keep my heart from the dust?

What will you give me, O, Earth! O, Earth!  
If I fight in the fray and win?  
More than you gave those kings, who lay  
Ages past in forgotten clay?  
Can you give me more than the grave shuts in,  
Or the years can bear away?

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,  
Fame will fade and crowns will rust.

Give me, O, Earth, but your true embrace,  
When the battle is lost or won.  
Hide me away from the day's white face,  
From the eye of the dazzling sun.  
So I may lay my head on your breast,  
Forget the struggle and be at rest;  
Forget the laurels that fade away,  
The love that lasts but a wild, brief day;  
Forget it all, on your bosom pressed,  
Forever at rest—at rest!

\*The Editor Publishing Co.; Cincinnati, O.



## STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

*An Old-Time Naval Tragedy.....Boston Transcript*

The destruction of the warship *Maine* recalls a fearful tragedy in United States naval history, in which the Secretaries of State and the Navy and other persons were instantly killed, many were wounded, and the President and several prominent statesmen and high officials had extremely narrow escapes from death.

This catastrophe occurred fifty-four years ago, on the afternoon of February 28, 1844, on board the United States war steamer *Princeton*, Commodore Stockton, on the Potomac River, about fifteen miles below Washington. It was the *Peacemaker*, one of the larger guns of the ship's armament, a new, and, to the commander, a favorite piece of ordnance. The steamer itself had just been constructed at Philadelphia, according to improved plans enthusiastically advocated by Commodore Stockton, who had also superintended the casting of the guns—on a new principle and of great size and power.

These guns had been thoroughly tested for several days previously, and so far proved all that was claimed for them.

To exhibit the superiority of these new and formidable cannon, Commodore Stockton had invited and received on board a large and brilliant company of both sexes for an excursion down the river. In the party were included President Tyler, Mrs. Robert Tyler, Miss Cooper, John Tyler, Jr., from the White House; a large number of officers, in full uniform; all the members of the Cabinet, except Mr. Spencer; many other persons of high official rank, Senators and Representatives, attachés and Secretaries of Legation; General Almonte, Minister from Mexico, etc., in all about 400 persons.

When the *Princeton* had fairly passed Fort Washington, the *Peacemaker* was shotted and fired, the effect of which proved its remarkable power, and won the admiration of all on board. An hour afterward, by request, the piece was loaded for firing the second time. The gun was now pointed to leeward, and behind it stood Commodore Stockton; a little to the left of him, Mr. J. Stockton Tyson, Assistant Postmaster-General. By the side of the latter, a little behind him, stood Mr. Strickland, of Philadelphia, and a little to the right of, but behind him, Colonel Benton, of Missouri, who had a lady at his arm, and Judge S. S. Phelps, Senator from Vermont. To the leeward of the gun stood Judge Upshur, the Secretary of State, and Governor Gilmer, the Secretary of the Navy; and a short distance behind them Mr. Maxey, the late Chargé d'Affaires to Belgium. By the side of him stood the Hon. Mr. Gardiner, of New York, and Commodore Kennon, chief of the Navy Bureau.

On firing the gun a murderous blast succeeded—the whole ship shook and reeled—and a dense cloud of smoke enveloped the entire group on the fore-castle; but when this blew away an awful and heartrending scene presented itself to the view of the hushed and agonized spectators. The gun had burst at a point three or four feet from the breech, and scattered death and destruction all around!

The lower part of the gun, from the trunnions to the breech, was blown off. Secretary Upshur was badly cut over the eye and in his legs, and expired in a very few minutes. Mr. Gilmer, of Virginia—under whose official direction, as Secretary of the Navy, the power of this great gun was tested—was likewise mortally wounded and soon breathed his last. Mr. Maxey had his arms and one of his legs cut off. Mr. Gardiner, of New York—the future father-in-law of President Tyler—and Commodore Kennon, died in about half an hour.

About a dozen sailors were badly wounded; one was dead, and behind him, Colonel Benton, Judge Phelps and Mr. Strickland, as if dead, were extended on the deck. Mr. Tyson, of Philadelphia, near by, was unhurt, although a piece of the gun had passed through his hat about two inches from his skull. President Tyler escaped by a close margin, he having been called back from where he stood just a moment before.

Commodore Stockton, knocked down and somewhat injured, all the hair of his head and face burned off, rose at once to his feet, mounted the wooden carriage and surveyed the scene. Shrieks of woe were heard from every quarter—death and desolation, blood and mangled remains were all around. Mayor Seaton, of Washington, had nearly as narrow an escape as did the President; he had started to accompany Mr. Gilmer to see the cannon fired, but was delayed by a difficulty in finding his cloak and hat.

The funeral procession, a few days afterward, was one of the most sad and imposing ever seen in Washington. It was led by Generals Scott and Jones, with a splendid military escort. Among the distinguished pall-bearers were Messrs. Archer, Morgan, Bolton, Totten, Worth, Gibson, Aulick, Shubrick, Crane, Towson, Kennedy, Hunt, Bernard, Fish and Kendall. All departments of the Government, legislative, executive, judicial, military and naval, were largely represented in the vast and magnificent procession; and minute guns and tolling bells added their voices to the general requiem.

Colonel Thomas Hart Benton, author of *My Thirty Years in the Senate*, the father-in-law of General Fremont, and one of the most noted men of the old régime, gives an interesting account of his own experience at the time of the explosion. Among other things, he says:

"Lieutenant Hunt caused the gun to be worked, to show the ease and precision with which her direction could be changed, and then pointed down the river to make the fire, himself and the gunners standing near the breach, on the right. I opened my mouth wide to receive the concussion in the inside, as well as on the outside, so as to lessen the force of the external shock. I saw the hammer pulled back, heard a tap, saw a flash, felt a blast in the face, and knew that my hat was gone; and that was the last that I knew of the world or of myself for a time, of which I could give no account.

"The first that I knew of myself or of anything afterward was of rising up at the breach of the gun,

seeing the gun itself split open; two seamen, the blood oozing from their ears and nostrils, rising and reeling near me, and Commodore Stockton, hat gone and face blackened, standing bolt upright, staring fixedly upon the shattered gun. I had heard no noise, no more than the dead. I only knew that the gun had burst from seeing its fragments. I had gone through the experience of a sudden death, as if from lightning, which extinguishes knowledge and sensation, and takes one out of the world without thought or feeling. I think I know what it is to die without knowing it, and that such a death is nothing to him that revives."

*Legends of the Holy Grail. .H. G. Guerber. .Legends of the Virgin and Christ\**

One of the most important mediæval legends, that of the Holy Grail, is intimately connected with the Last Supper, to which, as a rule, tradition has ventured to make very few additions. The above mentioned legend relates either to the dish in which Our Lord dipped the sop which He handed to Judas, or to the cup in which He gave His disciples the sacramental wine.

Tradition relates that long before the creation of Adam and Eve, God once forsook His throne to view the earth, His new creation, and pronounce it good. Lucifer, one of the highest among His angels, seeing the heavenly throne temporarily vacant, ventured to seat himself upon it, and to claim the worship of the angels, some of whom did homage to him. To show their reverence for Lucifer, these subservient creatures further tendered him a marvelous crown, studded with countless stones of great price, which they set upon his head, calling him their king. Such insolence on the part of the angel and his adherents was, however, soon to be punished; for, although the rebels banded their forces together, they could not resist the onslaught of the celestial host, led by Michael, and the war in heaven ended with the downfall of the insurgents.

Lucifer and all his crew were then hurled headlong out of heaven, and in the fall one of the precious stones, detached from the crown, dropped down upon the earth unnoticed.

It was one of the direct descendants of Adam and Eve who found the precious stone which had fallen from Lucifer's crown, and fashioned from it a priceless cup. After many centuries this vessel came into the hands of Joseph of Arimathea, in whose house Christ kept the feast of the Passover with His disciples. When the Crucifixion followed so closely upon the Last Supper, Joseph took this cup, and standing beneath the Cross, received into it a few drops of the blood of Our Lord. It was owing to this circumstance that the vessel was called Sangraal, Sangreal, or Holy Grail, for the divine blood had not only sanctified it, but had given it miraculous powers, which soon became manifest.

The Jews, afraid lest Cæsar should claim the body of Christ—which they could not produce—resolved to kill Joseph of Arimathea immediately after the Resurrection, and then to accuse him of having stolen and concealed the body of Our Lord,

To keep this murder a secret, Joseph was taken by night, and placed in a sealed prison cell, where the Jews fancied he would soon die. But here he was marvelously fed and sustained by the Holy Grail, which filled his prison with beams of refulgent, life-giving light.

The mediæval legend, regardless of such trifling matters as history, chronology, or even probability, now goes on to relate that a knight, returning from Palestine, related the Passion of Our Lord to the Emperor Vespasian.

Vespasian set out for Palestine at the head of a large army. Thus, in mediæval literature, the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans, is made to appear as a Holy War, and is called the First Crusade!

When Jerusalem had been taken, Vespasian and Titus vainly tried to make the Jews give up the body of Christ, which they wanted to secure as a most precious relic. But all the Jews insisted that Joseph had stolen it, and Vespasian put one of their number under torture to discover the truth.

This man remained silent as long as he could, but finally confessed that Joseph had been secretly walled up in a prison-cell about a year before. To ascertain the truth of this confession, Vespasian had the wall torn down, and he was surprised to see Joseph of Arimathea come out alive and well, and to hear him greet him by his imperial title and name. Although delivered from prison by miracle Joseph of Arimathea feared further persecutions on the part of the Jews. So he left Jerusalem, went to Joppa, and there embarked on a waiting vessel with his sister and brother-in-law. They sailed away, and after a long journey landed at Marseilles, in France, still bearing with them the Holy Grail, which continued to provide for all their wants.

Besides supplying them with the food and drink they liked best, the Holy Grail, whose beneficent powers were renewed every Good Friday—because a dove then came down from heaven bearing a consecrated wafer which was deposited in the cup—cured them when they were ill, and served as an oracle. When Joseph and his friends did not know what to do, they spent a certain time in preparation and prayer before they uncovered the Holy Grail. Upon its luminous edge they could then read, in letters of flame, commands which none of them ever ventured to disobey.

Joseph of Arimathea, and his little band of faithful followers, were perfectly happy in France, until one of their number committed a secret but grievous sin. Plague and famine broke out in the country, and Joseph, hoping to discover and punish the sinner, consulted the Holy Grail. By its orders he built a Round Table, and made a supper, to which all were invited. Then, warned by the Holy Grail that the culprit would be designated by a miracle, Joseph watched each guest closely as he took his seat. When it came to the turn of Moses, the sinner, to take his place at the board, the ground opened, and swallowed him up, and the prediction was made that the seat which he had occupied should be called the "Siege Perilous," because it would be fatal to all sinners who ventured to sit in it.

Shortly after this event, Joseph of Arimathea was warned in a vision that the Siege Perilous would

\*Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y., publishers; 12mo, cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.



be worthily occupied by one of his own descendants, a stainless knight. Then, after sojourning for some time in France with the Holy Grail, Joseph carried it to Glastonbury, in England. Reaching this point, which tradition identifies with the spot where Alfred watched the cakes in the herdsman's hut, and with the fabled land of Avalon, "where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow," Joseph of Arimathea, weary of wandering, thrust his staff of hawthorn deep in the ground, where it miraculously took root and bloomed at Christmas time. The thorn tree thus planted still exists, and on this spot was built the first Christian Church in England, if tradition is to be believed.

Joseph of Arimathea and his few followers established the first monastery at Glastonbury, and they mounted guard over the Holy Grail, while preaching the gospel to all the people around them, and converting many by the miracles they wrought. Years passed on, and the sacred vessel remained visible to all the good; but sin having at last appeared even among its chosen guardians, the Holy Grail was carried away by the angels. It had sojourned so long in England, however, that the monarchs of that country were given the highest seat at religious councils in the Middle Ages, and could claim precedence over even the French kings, the avowed champions of the Virgin Mary.

From time to time, some specially favored mortal was permitted to view the Holy Grail, which plays such an important part in the legends of King Arthur, of Parzival and of Lohengrin, and, as the Holy Grail legend was incorporated in these chivalric romances, it became the theme of poets and minstrels, and was soon familiar to all. In modern times the old legend has been used by Tennyson, in his *Idylls of the King*, and by Wagner in his last great opera. Mr. Abbey has also availed himself of it for the series of paintings with which he has so beautifully decorated the Boston Public Library.

*The First Sea-Fight of the Revolution, John R. Spears, History of Our Navy\**

It was through the empowering of naval officers to enforce the acts of trade and navigation that the first sea-fight of the Revolution occurred. A vessel of war—presumably a ship—had been stationed in the waters of Rhode Island, with a schooner of 102 tons burden, called the "Gaspé," armed with six three-pounders, to serve as a tender. The "Gaspé" was under the command of Lieutenant William Duddingstone. Duddingstone was particularly offensive in his treatment of the coasting vessels, every one of which was, in his view, a smuggler. He had a crew of twenty-seven men.

On June 17, 1772, a Providence packet, named the "Hannah" and commanded by Captain Linzee, came in sight of these two war vessels while she was on her regular passage from New York to Providence. As the "Hannah" ranged up near the war vessels she was ordered to heave to in order that her papers might be examined, but Captain Linzee being favored by a smart southerly wind that was rapidly carrying him out of range of the man-of-war guns, held fast on his course.

At this the schooner "Gaspé" was ordered to follow and bring back the offending sloop, and with all sail drawing, she obeyed the order, for a matter of twenty-five miles that was as eager and as even a race as any sailorman would care to see; but when that length of course had been sailed over the racers found themselves close up at the Providence bar. The Yankee knew his ground as well as he knew the deck of his sloop, but the captain of the "Gaspé" was unfamiliar with it. A few minutes later the shoal-draft "Hannah" was crossing the bar at a point where she could barely scrape over, and the deeper-draft "Gaspé," in trying to follow at full speed, was grounded hard and fast.

To make matters still worse for the "Gaspé," the tide had just begun to run ebb; nor for many hours could her crew hope to float her.

Leaving the stranded schooner to heel with the falling tide, Captain Linzee drove on with the wind to Providence, where he landed at the wharf and spread the story of his trouble with the coast guard. Had it happened in the days before the French war, or before the persistent efforts of the British ministry to levy unjust taxes on the colonies had roused such intense opposition in New England, this affair would have been considered as a good joke on a revenue cutter, and that would have been the end of it so far as the people of Providence were concerned.

Now, however, the matter was taken in a most serious light. As the sun went down, the town drummer appeared on the streets, and with the long roll and tattoo by which public meetings were called he gathered the men of the town under a horse-shed that stood near one of the larger stores overlooking the water. While yet the people were coming to the rendezvous, a man disguised as an Indian appeared on the roof and invited all "stout hearts" to meet him on the wharf at nine o'clock disguised as he was.

As one may readily believe, nearly every man of Providence came to the pier at the appointed hour. From this crowd sixty-four men were selected. They chose as their commander, so tradition asserts, Abraham Whipple, who, later on, became one of the first-made captains of the American navy, and then all embarked in eight long-boats gathered from the different vessels lying at the wharves, and pulled away for the "Gaspé."

That was a most remarkable expedition in the matter of armament, for, although there were a few firearms in the boats, the crews depended for the most part on a liberal supply of round paving-stones that they carried for weapons of offense.

It was at two o'clock in the morning when this galley-fleet arrived in sight of the stranded "Gaspé." The tide had turned by this time, and the schooner had begun to right herself somewhat. A sentinel, pacing to and fro with some difficulty, saw the approaching boats and hailed them. A shower of paving-stones was the most effective if not the only reply he received, and he tumbled down below precipitately. The rattle and crash of the paving-stones on the deck routed the crew from their berths, and, running hastily on deck, the captain of the "Gaspé" fired a pistol point-blank at his assailants.

\*Chas. Scribner's Sons; 4 vols., \$8.00.



At that a single musket was fired from the boats, by whom will never be told, and the captain dropped with a bullet in his thigh. Then the boats closed about the stranded vessel and their crews swarmed over the rails. The sailors of the "Gaspé" strove to resist the onslaught, but they were quickly knocked down and secured.

As soon as this was done the schooner was effectually fired, and her captors, with their prisoners, pulled away; but they remained within sight until the early dawn appeared, when the schooner blew up and the boats were rowed hastily home with the tide.

The indignation of the British officials over this assault on a naval vessel was so great that a reward of £1,000 was offered for the leader of the expedition, with £500 more and a free pardon to any one of the offenders who would turn informer. But, "notwithstanding a commission of inquiry, under the great seal of England, sat with that object, from January to June, during the year 1773," not enough evidence was obtained to warrant the arrest of a single man.

*A Slavery-Day Ceremony.....Ruth McEnery Stuart.....St. Nicholas*

Mimi was white, and Yuyu was black, and they belonged to each other. Of course, these were not their real names; Mimi was christened Euphemia, and Yuyu's name was Julia.

The little girls were the same age, exactly; and on the very day they were born they were presented to each other. Of course, the babies knew nothing about it at the time, as they were both asleep; and even if they had been awake, they would not have understood, as they had had no experience in the ways of the great world into which they had just come.

The presentation was a very pretty ceremony, although it was very slight.

It all happened in the old slavery days, on a Louisiana plantation.

When the mistress of the place heard that a little black daughter had come to one of her favorite slaves at the same hour that her own wee babe was laid in her arms, she sent for her husband and whispered something to him, and he smiled delightedly and called the black fellow Tom from the dining-room, and gave an order that sent him grinning out to the quarters. Then, presently, old Granny Milly came trudging into the great house, with a big gray bundle in her arms.

It was Christmas morning, but there were late honeysuckles in bloom and humming-birds at large. Still, it was thought prudent to wrap the new Christmas baby snugly in a soft wool shawl for her first little journey in the world.

Old Granny Milly was so fat that she could hardly walk, but she bore herself proudly as she carried the little slave-baby across the narrow field and through the garden up to the great house. The "boy" Tom had told everybody he had met on the way out, and by the time Granny had started there were many spectators at the cabin doors, and a flock of barefoot black children followed her even to the very limit of their range in the campus of the quarters.

It was a fine thing in those days for a slave-born

baby to be chosen as a maid to a young white mistress, and the old women who stood with their turbaned heads together watching, all agreed that "Sabina's chile" was "sho' born into luck."

When old Milly, short of breath from fat and importance, finally approached the great bed upon which the white mother and pink baby lay, the master of the house bade her place the children side by side, and then he gently opened their tiny right hands, and laying them one within the other, closed them for a moment. Then he lifted the white hand and placed it on the black baby's *uncle*. This last was of a double significance and meant obedience on one side and protection on the other.

The joining hands meant simply that the children were pledged to lifelong friendship, and that they should stand by each other as long as they both should live.

The servants who had tiptoed into the room to see the presentation all declared that while they held hands both babes had smiled in their sleep, and it was considered a good omen.

The ceremony closed with a short thanksgiving and prayer, and the servants standing about the bed and out in the hall all bent their heads while the master asked that Heaven would bless the children to each other.

This was all. And then old Milly proudly took her tiny charge, wrapped again until it looked like a gray cocoon, back to its mother in the cabin.

The babies did not meet again until the Sunday, a few weeks later, when they were both baptized in the great square parlor. They were to have six years to sleep and play and grow in before they should assume their relations. On every birthday there was a formal visit, when the little Mimi put into the growing Julia's hands a great bundle, so big and heavy that a strong hand had to support it during its passage.

This contained clothing enough for the coming year—a few new things, and such of milady's dainty cast-offs as the black baby could use.

The children often met in the intervals, naturally, as when Yuyu's mother, Sabina, would come to the house on an errand, bearing Yuyu astride her hip, or sending her toddling on before her, as she grew older; and when Sabina would go in to confer with her mistress, she would send Yuyu to the nursery, saying, "Run along an' see yo' little mistus."

*Statistics of Slaughter.....Denver Republican*

An idea of the fearful slaughter of birds that is steadily going on to meet the demands of fashion in feminine adornment, may be had from the fact that on the 13th of last April nearly half a million birds were sold at an auction in London. These details of the consignment were given the Selborne Society by Mrs. Edward Phillips: Osprey plumes, 11,352 ounces; vulture plumes, 186½ pounds; peacock feathers, 215,051 bundles; birds of paradise, 2,362; Indian parrots, 228,289; bronze pigeons, including the goura, 1,677; tanagers and sundry birds, 38,198; humming birds, 116,490; jays and kingfishers, 48,759; impeyan and other pheasant and jungle birds, 4,952; owls and hawks, 7,163. There was a similar sale in February, with others to follow in July and October.

## THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

*The Dry Tortugas.....Providence Journal*

At the western extremity of the long chain of keys reaching out into the Gulf of Mexico from the southern end of Florida, is the group known as the Tortugas. This cluster of sunken reefs and shoals with perhaps ten small keys that are dry, *i. e.*, that rise above the surface of the sea, extends some ten miles in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction, and is about six miles across. It encloses in its midst a deep, secure and commodious harbor, where the North Atlantic squadron, under Admiral Sicard, has recently rendezvoused for its winter manœuvres in the Gulf. The Tortugas are about seventy miles west of Key West, and about 110 miles north of Havana. Like Florida itself they are of coral formation overlaid with sand, and the dry keys are generally well covered with mangrove bushes and small cedar trees. There are three entrances to the harbor, called the Northwest, Southwest and Southeast Channels. At the western edge of the group stands Loggerhead Key lighthouse, rising 152 feet above the sea and visible at the distance of eighteen and one-half nautical miles; it has been described as of great architectural beauty, having more resemblance to a monument than a lighthouse. Another lighthouse is on Garden Key, between the two southern entrances, and stands inside of Fort Jefferson. It is sixty-five feet above the level of the sea.

Florida was purchased from Spain by the United States in 1819 for \$5,000,000. The Tortugas had been for a long time past a resort of buccaneers and pirates, the scourge of those seas, and the advisability of building a fort on some one of the keys was early discussed by our officials, with the object rather of preventing a foreign power from seizing a harbor so near our coast, where a naval station could be established, than from any great value in itself to us. Nothing definite was done, however, until President Polk's administration, when, in 1847, while Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, work was begun on Garden Key on the fort, afterwards named Jefferson. Millions of money were spent on its construction, but it never was entirely finished, and has now been allowed to fall into a very dilapidated condition. All the building material as well as the supplies for the laborers had to be brought by sea. Garden Key on which Fort Jefferson stands has an area of about thirteen acres. The fort itself is hexagonal in shape, and covers about nine acres of ground, at each angle is a bastion, the curtain walls have a double tier of casemates, and the whole work, if fully armed, would have mounted nearly 500 of the heavy guns of that day. A low wall surrounding the fort forms a moat sixty feet in width. A channel among the reefs and islets lying about Garden Key furnishes a small but secure inner harbor, having a depth of from three and one-quarter to seven and one-half fathoms of water; its entrances are from the larger harbor. Many relics of the old buccaneering and piratical days have been found here in the form of ship's guns of both iron and brass, and many coins of all countries, both silver and gold.

We are all more or less familiar with the old masonry forts constructed at that period of our history on the Atlantic coast, but Fort Jefferson is described as having a particularly interesting appearance. Rising as it does directly from the sea, it looks like a floating castle. It is further said: "A heavy cornice or castellated battlement gives a noble and picturesque feature, and at each bastion the round towers furnish fine stairways of granite and are surmounted with pointed roofs, which, with the modern traverse magazines on the top of the parapet, some sixty feet from the base, give more the effect of some ancient castle than is seen in other works of this country. The sally-port is the only entrance, and here is a drawbridge and heavy gates." This, it is hardly necessary to add, was on the harbor side of the fort. Inside is a large parade ground, once covered with a fine growth of Bermuda grass, and there were also a number of large groups of evergreen mangroves and buttonwoods, while above all rose the tall cocoanut palm. Many varieties of flowers grew there, and the banana plant also flourished and bore fruit.

The officers' quarters were in a three-story brick building 400 feet long. The rooms were large and handsomely finished, while broad verandas ran around the outside. Opposite to this were the soldiers' barracks, a building similar in appearance and of the same dimensions, but when garrisoned during the Rebellion the casemates were largely used for this purpose. The other buildings, chapel, commandant's quarters, storehouse and hospital were commodious and built on the same scale of expenditure.

As first planned it is said that Fort Jefferson was to be the centre or citadel of an extensive system of strong fortifications embracing the whole of the Tortugas group, so as to effectually guard all the entrances to the harbor. The Government has a quarantine station here and there is a hospital on Bird Key about three-quarters of a mile southwest of the fort. It has several times been recommended that the Government repair this fort and again garrison it, but it is very doubtful if it is ever done. It is too distant from the mainland to have any importance except as a naval station, and Key West at present serves this purpose fairly well. The powerful guns now carried by men-of-war also make a complete change in the system of fortification necessary, and the battlemented walls of Fort Jefferson are more likely to be left to moulder away like the feudal castles of the middle ages than ever again to take a share in the defense of our coast.

*At Karlsbad.....Cy Warman.....McClure's*

Karlsbad in winter-time is bleak and desolate. The place is not dead; no more than the flowers are dead that are sleeping under the snow that has drifted deep in the Böhmerwald. With the first bluebird comes the man burdened with a bad liver, and the first patient is followed closely by merchants and shopkeepers, hotel men, and waiters. There are merchant-tailors from Vienna, china



merchants from Dresden, and clockmakers from Switzerland.

All through the month of April the signs of life are daily increasing. The walks that wind about the many hills are being swept clean of dead leaves; houses are repainted; and the rooms of hundreds of hotels and pensions are thrown open to admit the health-giving winds that come down from the low mountains laden with the scent of pine. The streets are reasonably clean, for few people live here in winter; but they are being made cleaner day by day, until the last day of April, when they are all flooded and washed clean. The iron fences and railings are actually scrubbed by an army of women with buckets of water and rags. Other women are digging in the ditches, sawing wood, or drawing wagons through the streets.

On the first day of May there is a grand opening. This year it was of especial importance, as it opened to the public the new bathhouse Kaiserbad, which cost this enterprising municipality 1,250,000 florins, and is the finest bath-house in the whole wide world, I am told. This marvelous celebration, which began with a military parade on the first day of the month, ended on the fifth with a banquet in the city park café, at which Monsieur Ludwig Schäffer, der Bürgermeister, presided. . . .

On the morning of the tenth of May, when we went down to the Brunn to drink, a thousand people were standing in line. . . .

It is a great show; men and woman from everywhere, with every disease that can possibly be charged to the liver, stomach, or gall. Even nervous people come here for the baths; and get well, or think they do, which is the same thing. There are men whose skin and eyes are yellow; and others green as olives; German dandies who walk like pacing greyhounds; fat young Germans who seem to be walking on eggs; and old, gouty Germans who do not walk at all, but shuffle. There are big, bony Britons in knickerbockers, and elderly Englishmen whose love of plaids is largely responsible for the daily rains that come to this otherwise delightful region. There are modest Americans, with their pretty wives and daughters; and other Americans, who talk loud in the lobbies and cafés; Tyrolese, in green hats trimmed in feathers; and Polish Jews, with little corkscrew curls hanging down by their ears, such as we see in Jerusalem. Then there are a few stray Frenchmen, walking alone; and once—but not more than once—in a while a Parisian lady, and you know her by the charming cut of her skirt and the way she holds it up and the beautiful dream of a petticoat the act discloses. There are Austrian soldiers in long coats, and officers in pale-blue uniforms, spurred and cinched like the corset-wearers of France.

In a solid mass the crowd of cupbearers move up and down in the great colonnade, keeping time with their feet or hands or heads to the strains of the band, which begins to play at 6.45 in the morning.

By nine o'clock the springs are deserted and the multitude has distributed itself among the many restaurants and cafés in the cañon. An hour later, having breakfasted lightly on toast and coffee—on such toast and such coffee as can be had only in

Karlsbad—the great array of healthy-looking invalids lose themselves in the hills.

Here comes an old, old woman, bearing a load that would bend the back of a Turkish hamal, followed by a landau, wherein loll the fairest dames of Saxony; then a sausage-man, whose garlic-flavored viands freight the whole gulch with their fumes; and just behind him a wagon laden with flowers and shrubs for the new gardens of the Grand Hotel Pupp, and their opening leaves fling such a fragrance out upon the still air that it follows and trails far behind, as the smoke of a locomotive follows a freight train. Women with baskets on their backs, filled with empty milk cans, are climbing the trails that lead back to their respective ranches, which they must have left, their cans laden, at early dawn.

The men are most polite to each other, and always take off their hats as they meet and pass. The employés in the hotels do this, from the manager down. Indeed, all these people are almost tiresome with their politeness. A table-girl who serves you at a wayside café to-day will rush out to the middle of the street to-morrow and say good-morning, and ask you how you feel. She is honestly endeavoring to make it pleasant, and is unconsciously making it unpleasant for you. If you speak English she argues that you may be a lord, or, what to her and for her is better still, an American—grand, rich, and awful; and she is proud to show the proprietor or manager that she knows you. But we should not complain, for nowhere are visitors treated so respectfully and decently as at Karlsbad. I remember that the Bürgermeister left his place at the head of the table at the banquet, crossed the room, introduced himself, touched glasses, bade him welcome to the city, and caused a little municipal check-book to be placed at the visitor's elbow, so that for that day and date he could order what he craved and it was all "on" the town. Last year, when the five hundred rooms of the largest hotel in the place were occupied, four hundred of the guests were Americans or English. So you see they can afford to like us, and they do.

One can live here as one chooses—for one dollar or ten a day; but two people can live comfortably for five dollars a day. The hotels are good, and the service almost perfect so far as it relates to the hotel; but the service in the dining-rooms, cafés, and restaurants is bad. Many of these are so poorly arranged. It is a common thing to see a waiter freighting your breakfast or dinner—which is at midday here—a half block in a pouring rain. The great trouble is to get things hot; it is next to impossible. What Karlsbad needs is a sanitarium, where people can have delicate dishes prepared and served hot. The stoves are too far from the tables in most places.

Americans will find many funny little things, even in the best hotels. You can go up in the elevator, but you cannot come down. You can have writing paper free in the writing room, but not in your apartments. You can get hot milk or warm milk—but they will put butter in it. You can have boiled potatoes, but only with caraway seeds and a fine flavor of alfalfa in them; or poached eggs, but you must have them poached in bouillon.



After a while you will get used to all this, and give up trying to say "sehr heiss," and go way. Forty thousand people do this every year. This establishment alone feeds two thousand people a day; and most of them, I fancy, go away feeling very kindly toward the place and the people. The Germans predominate in the month of May, the Austrians in June, and in July the French come. This is a safe sandwich, with Austria in the middle; it keeps France and Germany from touching. The English and Americans (but not the poor) they have all the season.

The sad-faced consumptives who swarm round the health resorts of Western America are not seen here; on the whole, the people who come here look healthy. The dreadful army of miseries who haunt the grotto at Lourdes are also not to be seen here. True, the priests go at the head of the procession on the first of May from spring to spring, blessing the water and thanking God for the goodness of these wondrous founts. But they look not for a miracle.

Some things appear a little inconsistent, and trying on the waters; and yet I know not that the visitors go away disappointed. For example, you will see a very happy married woman, fat and forty or forty-five, and a long, lank, lingering maiden, the two quaffing at the same well, and the one hoping to gain what the other longs to lose.

When you have taken rooms at a hotel, one of the employés will bring you a long printed form, which, if you will fill out, will give the sheriff or any one interested in you a fair history, the length of your intended stay, your nationality and business. This form goes to the office of the Bürgermeister, and from it you are "sized up" and assessed in whatever class you appear to belong. Third-class visitors pay between one and two dollars the season; second, between two and three dollars; and first class, from three to four. Only Americans are always rated first class. They do not insist upon your staying there. By filing a personal protest you can have yourself placed in whatever class you claim to belong in.

And what becomes of this tax?

First, you have the use of the water for three weeks or six months, and have also the pleasure of hearing good music while you take your medicine every morning. Part of this money goes to make and keep up the miles and miles of beautiful walks, to plant rare shrubs in the very forest, and to put boxes in the trees for the birds to build in, whose music cheers the thousands of strollers who throng these winding ways.

So, after all, the tax one pays to the municipality is very little, even if you are first class; and, as nearly every one leaves the place feeling better than when he arrived, there is no complaint.

"Are all the people cured who come, here?" I asked Dr. Grünberger, who was medical inspector in the district for twenty years.

"Not all," he said. "But all who take the cure"—for the doctor who examines the patient will not allow him to take the water unless he has a disease curable by the Karlsbad treatment.

There are many doctors in Karlsbad, and they are largely responsible for the splendid reputation

of the place. They are honest enough to tell the patient to go away if they believe his disease incurable by the use of the waters. . . .

Now, like many others, I am going away; and I have tried to find one man or woman among the thousands here now who is without faith in the cure, or without hope of being cured. The water won't cure a stone-bruise or a broken heart, perhaps; but it will brace you up, give you an appetite that will help your heart to heal, and the stone-bruise will get well of its own accord.

*Idiosyncrasies of Falcon Island.....San Francisco Chronicle*

Far away out in the deep Pacific Ocean exists a small strip of land which shows that it has a decided spirit and sweet little will of its own, for it will not undergo allegiance to any country. Governments often experience considerable trouble in preserving the allegiance of people they have conquered, but as a rule a piece of property or real estate has been looked upon as likely to remain in the same place for a considerable period of time.

This little island, which has received the name of Falcon Island, proves an exception to the rule, however. No sooner has it been annexed than it disappears off the face of the globe, leaving only a dangerous reef to indicate its former whereabouts, and coming up in a few years' time, when the country which has performed the annexation has given up all claim.

Our old friend John Bull, always on the watch to increase his imperial empire, was the first to encounter it. In 1889 the British corvette *Egeria* was sent on a cruise among the South Sea Islands, with orders from the British Admiralty to seize upon any islands or coral reefs that had hitherto been unclaimed, and to take possession in the name of the Queen. Cruising around she noted from afar off a prominent island, toward which she sailed. Tall palm trees were growing on its southern extremity, which was a commanding bluff, rising 150 feet above the sea.

Having reported the results of his voyage to the Admiralty, next year they sent out a transport ship, with orders to make further discoveries and reports. What was the dismay of the captain of the *Egeria*, who happened to be in command of the transport, on arriving at the place where he had the year before left the island sporting the Union Jack, to find that it had disappeared from view. Instead of the beautiful island standing out so prominently from the ocean was a low and dangerous coral reef with the sea beating and surging up against it.

Two years later France, also seized with the inordinate desire of annexing new territory, sent the cruiser *Duchaffault* to the Pacific. Cruising around she found her way to Falcon. There, instead of finding a sunken reef, whitened with the foam of the breakers, the vessel's crew discovered an island the exact shape of the island found by the English corvette in 1889.

Scarcely two years had passed away when a brig sent out by France to revisit her possessions found her way to Falcon Island. It had again disappeared, it being simply a reef dangerous to navigation, whereupon France was obliged to give up all rights of possession.

## SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

*The City of the Future.....E. H. Mullin.....Cassier's*

Electricity, unlike steam, can be distributed over a wide area from the point of its production, with comparatively little loss; unlike steam, it can be stored up for an indefinite length of time, ready for instant use; unlike steam, it can be economically subdivided into units small enough to run a sewing machine. Thus electricity, as a motive power, permits dispersion of the industrial population where the defects of steam made concentration an absolute economic necessity. Moreover, so far as the waterfalls of the world are to be utilized for the production of electricity, they will invite the establishment of industrial works under new conditions and with new surroundings.

Lord Kelvin, on the occasion of his recent visit to the United States, spoke of the economical industrial radius of the electricity produced by the Falls of Niagara as forty miles. While the limit of the concession of the Cataract Construction Company was 450,000 horse-power, Lord Kelvin said he hoped that our children's children would see no Falls at all, all the water—equal to 7,000,000 horse-power, according to Professor Unwin—being applied to industrial uses. But a radius of forty miles is equal to an area two hundred and thirty-three times the size of Manhattan Island, for example, on which the city of New York now stands, so that the Niagara Falls industrial district is capable of supporting a population of 58,000,000 before reaching half the density of the population on Manhattan Island. And if the whole 7,000,000 horse-power of the Falls be taken, a previous calculation, made by Lord Kelvin, shows that the electricity thus produced could be distributed over a radius of 150 miles at a pressure of 80,000 volts, with a transmission loss of only twenty per cent. But the area of 150 miles radius is to the area of forty miles radius in about the proportion of 14 to 1; therefore the larger circle would support, at the rate of half the density of Manhattan Island, the almost incredible population of 812,000,000, or about two-thirds the population of the entire globe.

Were Niagara the only great waterfall in the world, it is quite possible that these figures, or something like them, might be realized, because long before the world's coal supply is exhausted, its price for steam-raising will be prohibitive, while as long as the sun shines the waters which fall into the ocean will be lifted up and carried back to the Great American Lakes. But between Niagara Falls and tide water, there are now under construction works to take 150,000 horse-power from the St. Lawrence River at the Long Sault rapids, without perceptible diminution of the river's flow through the main channel. The city of Montreal is now getting light and power from the Lachine Rapids, also on the St. Lawrence River, and it may be that the same particle of water will help first to turn the turbine at Niagara, then the turbine at Massena, near the Long Sault, then the turbine at Lachine, while a pound of coal burned at Niagara is gone forever.

It has already been remarked that the modern industrial city has been dependent for its rapid expansion upon its superior advantages with respect to coal—that is, it must have either a navigable water front, or be a natural railway receiving and distributing centre, or be the natural focus of a coal and iron region. All this will be changed in the great electrical waterfall cities of the future. The power, as a rule, will be produced in the mountains, while the cities will be scattered far and wide over the foothills. There will be better air, more room, better drainage, more civilized conditions of living than is the case with the present overcrowded industrial bee-hives, built, for the most part, on the swampy deltas or in the valleys of great rivers.

Under the pressure of dear coal and with the attraction of cheap water power, the face of Europe will be changed. The Highlands of Scotland will become industrially more important to Great Britain than the comparatively flat Midlands. Switzerland, Norway and Sweden, the Austrian Tyrol, and Transylvania may become the industrial centres of Europe owing to their superiority in water power. For the rest, the course of manufactures will seek the sources of the great rivers, or of rivers not great which have a very rapid fall.

Thus, in the United States, Montana, containing, as it does, the stormy beginnings of the Missouri, is already developing as the greatest ore-refining region in the world. Utah and California, in both of which coal is \$5 a ton and upwards, have now horse-power to spare for industrial purposes from the waterfall electric plants which they already have in operation. Portland, the capital of Oregon, now gets its light and power from turbines on the Columbia River. Colorado, a year ago, had seventeen different electric plants, driven by water power, used exclusively for mining purposes. The State of Washington and the whole Dominion of Canada have waterfalls without end which have as yet hardly had their possibilities of creating electrical energy estimated.

In more distant lands we find English engineers already making plans for saving the energy of the falls of the Nile fifteen miles below Cairo, and it is well within the bounds of probability that the Nile cataracts will some day supply the power necessary for running trains of cars from Alexandria to Khartoum. Not only are there magnificent falls on the Zambesi itself, in South Central Africa, but many of its branches in the Shiré Highlands have rapid descents in level, admirably suited for the development of electricity by turbine wheels.

We too often think of Hindustan as a great plain, forgetting that the Himalaya Mountains, the highest on the globe, give birth to the Ganges, the Indus, the Brahmaputra and the Oxus, all of which, with their mountain tributaries, reach the plains after taking innumerable giant leaps down the mountain sides. It is nonsense to say that the development of this water power is visionary; the Falls of the Zambesi are much more within the range of civilization to-day than any part of Mon-



tana, for example, in the United States, was thirty years ago.

There are bankers in Bombay, Parsees at that, who have as much capital and as much nerve in investing it as the greatest men in the financial centres of Europe and America. The cheapness of ocean freights has equalized the price of wheat and beef at every seaport in the world; the invention of automatic, labor saving machinery has made the Hindoo or Japanese, standing at a loom, very nearly the equal of the American or Englishman doing the same work. And as invention along the older lines of human effort makes progress in machinery from less automatic to more automatic, so will the natives of Hindustan and Africa be able, under Caucasian direction, to utilize all the natural and local sources of power which Providence, through the sun's evaporative agency, has provided for them.

*Effect of Climate on Mind.....Leslie R. Mutch.....Denver Times*

The past four years of a life given to scientific investigation have been devoted to determining the influence of climate as touching mental and moral energy. Of these last, the first two years were spent in California, Arizona, Texas and the Mexicos, while the two just past have been occupied with investigations in Kansas, the Lake States and Colorado.

The capacity of the people in each section above mentioned has been found to depend greatly upon the frequency of rainfall in the midsummer months.

A few primal facts were first gleaned from most reliable sources. These conditions were in all cases demonstrated by extended observations. Some of these facts are: The mental processes of students in Michigan public schools were found to be the more profound, deliberate, and therefore slow, than those of states west of the Father of Waters. The like conditions exist also in Florida, but in lesser degree. In contrast with these vicinity facts, it is noted that in Kansas, Nebraska, Texas, California and neighboring regions the mental processes are more instantaneous. Here the student mind is more suited to such studies as can be memorized. There is also a corresponding lack of capacity for protracted logical effort.

Scores of investigating educators in California and Kansas have noted the fact that pupils, at time of entrance to high schools, are weaker in mathematical and logical studies than pupils two years younger in the North Central States. Also that studies not requiring deep thought are much more easily mastered in the "land of sunshine." California's children think quickly, but not profoundly. The first theory presented in explanation of this condition was that the lack of the bracing cold of wintry seasons resulted in enervation. But the fact that Florida has absence of such winter, without this cerebral weakness, set aside this supposition as untenable. So also did the fact that Kansas, with wintry months, has a like logical deficiency in the important item of power to continue in profound cerebral effort. Temperature alone, as touching change of seasons, fails to explain.

Thorough investigation as to the essential differences in the staple food products revealed a

marked variance as to proportions of phosphates, albuminoids and carbo-hydrates in these varied localities. Extended testimony taken from those who have personally learned, and applied to their own need, that secret of adaptation: "Life is power to fit harmoniously to the contact points of environment," showed that the problem is solvable only with relation to the character of the food supply. By departing from the more common dietary customs the climatic effects of Kansas, California and their vicinities can be entirely corrected—the "modus operandi" of this is left for future consideration. The known fact that the mass of staple products, for the nutritive needs of man, mature in the midsummer months, throughout the north temperate zone, is vital to the problem in question. This proved, upon investigation, to be the explanation sought. Rainfall at the maturing stage of growth is a necessary accompaniment of properly constituted foods. Many of the plants yielding food staples, though bathed in an air made up largely of nitrogen, receive this basis of all muscular tissue only in the form of volatile ammonia. This element rises in gaseous form from the disorganizing remains of other life. It has a marked affinity for water drops, and is returned to hungry plant life in the falling raindrops. This is especially the fact with all the breadstuff grains. These plants must receive rainfall at or near the time of building and maturing the seed plant—the portion used as food. If not, then the nitrogenous and albuminoid elements are wanting in them. Such lack will then render the use of nitrogenous meats so necessary as to result in excessive use of animal foods, entailing many mental and moral disorders—an item not to be considered here for want of space.

The foregoing conditions of the proper constituency of foods dependent upon summer rains apply even more surely to the supply of the volatile phosphates, so essential to nervous energy. The most important of these, phosphorus, is volatile as is ammonia in nature's laboratory. In all life these are all in very unstable state. This and other elements are absolutely essential to normal nutrition of those tissues that put forth the energy of mental and physical life. Too well has the medical profession demonstrated that these cannot be taken in chemical form, but in nature's forms.

It is a known fact that such fruits as do not owe flavor to citrous acid and saccharine (carbon) are in California and Kansas, almost valueless as a food. They are pulpy, watery and insipid. This is especially true of apples, berries, peaches, etc. Also of potatoes and the grains used for bread, as these are excessively starchy in the above States. In Colorado this condition does not obtain, especially in the higher valleys and on the plateaus. Here comparatively frequent and brisk summer showers occur, as needed by plant life. To the mental depth characteristic of Michigan, the higher altitude of Colorado adds the availability seen in California, thus giving to the Centennial State all of the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the other favored States.

The pupils of the Colorado schools are easily able to master the same amount of grade studies with less effort than that required elsewhere. This,

when undertaken in Michigan to a like degree, exhausts both teacher and pupil because of lack of availability resultant from the more sluggish physical functions. Her children must think with more deliberation or there will result greater "wear and tear." A very prominent California professor says of the pupils under his instruction (public schools): "Although we devote large time to arithmetical studies, the work of the average boy or girl in this branch shows neither accuracy nor thought." This lack of logical endurance, also true of Kansas, explains why so many pupils drop out of school simply because of inability to do the work.

*The Secret of the Eels.....The Problem Solved at Last.....N. Y. Sun*

"For hundreds of years naturalists have been seeking in vain to find out how eels are propagated. The eel problem worried hundreds of generations, and now at last the secret is out. It has been discovered by two Italian zoölogists, Professor Grassi and his pupil, Signor Calandruccio. In order to reach the source of this discovery we must go back to 1763. At that time the naturalist Pennant called attention to a singular little fish that was then utterly unknown, and which is still found at several points in the Atlantic Ocean and especially in the Mediterranean Sea. It is a little creature as transparent as glass, with a flat body and very small fins. It is almost entirely formed of a gelatinous tissue. It has no eyes and its blood is colorless. For a long time it was thought that it was a species in itself, but nobody knew where to place it in the family of creatures. In 1864 an American scientist, Mr. Gill, stated that these singular little fishes were the larvæ of conger eels, and in 1866 Professor of the Sorbonne, M. Yves Delage, confirmed the statement of Mr. Gill and proved by experiments that the little creature was a larva. He put one of them into an aquarium, where he witnessed its transformation into a young conger eel.

"Now the larvæ in question are plentiful in Sicily, and particularly in the Straits of Messina. Professor Grassi procured a number of them and kept them for a long time in an aquarium. With Signor Calandruccio he witnessed the metamorphosis of these larvæ. They all became eels, some of them congers and others of a different species. But there was one particularly small species, which attracted their attention. They watched it closely, and one day they found it transformed into a common eel. The greater portion of the larvæ collected by Signors Grassi and Calandruccio came from great depths, 500 metres at least. These larvæ come to the surface by accident when torn from their retreats by the currents and the commotions so frequent in the Straits of Messina. The conclusion, therefore, is that the production of the eels is brought about very far from the surface of the sea. The larva of the eel is about seven or eight centimetres long, and the young eel, the result of the transformation, is always shorter.

"We are now, therefore, in a position to explain the enigma that baffled the world from the time of Aristotle. Reversing the habit of the salmon, the eel comes down from the rivers to reach the sea from October until January. In the deep water it

undergoes important changes, according to the specimens observed by the two Italian scientists. Its eyes especially acquire dimensions that they never attain in fresh water. The color also changes. The eggs begin to float upon the surface of the sea in the month of January; but the first larvæ do not make their appearance until the following spring. These larvæ are found in the stomachs of fishes that are known to live in very deep water. They are developed in the sea, and it is believed that it requires at least a month before they are transformed into little eels. The reproduction in the different species is slow. It is estimated that there is an interval of two years between the descent of the adults from the rivers to the sea and the return of their progeny. After remaining for a certain time in salt water the young eel seeks the estuaries, and at last takes the road to the rivers. As for the old eel, it remains in the sea, and it is the general opinion that it dies very soon after reproduction. Consequently, it never returns to the fresh water. Such, in brief, is the mystery of the eels, which Professors Grassi and Calandruccio have elucidated. There remain now only a few details to study. It took a long time to make the discovery, but all's well that ends well.

"HENRI DE PARVILLE."

Now, if Professors Grassi and Calandruccio will tell us how eels grow in lakes and duck ponds far from the sea, it might be interesting reading. It is also strange that in artificial ponds in which fish have never been placed, it takes little more than two years to find them well stocked with various members of the finny tribe, big and little.

*Movements of Tall Towers.....Pittsburg Leader*

It is announced that the Eiffel Tower has been vibrating to such an extent that many of the excitable Parisian public have become alarmed lest it come about their ears. Colonel Bassot has found that the expansion and contraction of the iron in the tower causes it to describe a torsion movement between sunrise and sunset, which traverses a curve of four inches. A backward movement equally as great occurs during the night. But in spite of this movement the tower could not fall. It is quite as rigid as though constructed of a solid piece of steel, and, if anything, more so. Our own Washington Monument moves backward and forward several inches every day, yet nothing short of a convulsion of nature could displace it. The tall tower on the Philadelphia City Hall is also noted for its capacity to lean to one side. The great dome on the Capitol building in Washington, D. C., moves quite a distance every day, and in this connection a curious experiment was tried to show how far out of plumb it usually goes. A thin wire was hung from the inner topmost point of the dome. On the lower end of the wire was a plumb-bob, in the lower point of which was inserted a lead pencil. It just touched the floor of the rotunda, on which a large sheet of white paper was laid. As the dome moved it dragged the pencil with it, and consequently left the tracing of its course on the paper. An oval fully a foot in length was marked out every day, showing that the apex of the dome of the Capitol moves that much in twenty-four hours.

# SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

*Love and the Bee.....Laurence Nelson.....Macon Telegraph*

(From Anacreon.)

Love was picking roses and did not see the bee;  
Its sting was in his finger, ending all his glee.  
Wing and foot away he went, scared by his mishap,  
Tumbling with his troubles into Mother Venus' lap.  
"Oh, Mother, I am perishing, I perish and I die!"  
So Love, who maketh all to moan, lifted up his cry.  
"Look how it has bitten me, a little snake with wings,  
Bees, I think, the husbandmen call the fearful things."  
"Now, Cupid," said Love's mother, "you at last may  
learn  
How you hurt other people, now smarting in your  
turn."

*Absorption.....John Kendrick Bangs.....Harper's*

We sat upon the golf links  
Together, she and I,  
And talked of love and happiness  
As hours sped them by;

And so absorbed were we twain  
With what each other said  
We noticed not the flying balls  
That whistled overhead.

We noticed not the Silverdale  
That dropped by Phyllis' back,  
Nor him who lofted over us  
With a resounding thwack.

We noticed not the long drive  
That landed at my side,  
For I was asking Phyllis if  
She would not be my bride.

I noticed not the brassie stroke  
That scarred my head for life,  
For at that moment Phyllis said  
That she would be my wife.

The niblicks thundered round us,  
The baffies rent the air;  
The mashies mashed on their way;  
The cleek was everywhere.

But I looked into Phyllis' eyes,  
And Phyllis looked in mine,  
And golf was purely mortal, where-  
As love was still divine.

Green was the turf beside us;  
The skies were blue above;  
We never dreamed that any one  
Was stymied by our love.

And now in after-days I sit  
And conjure up the winks  
Those golfers made at Cupid  
And his bunker on the links.

And one and all I honor them:  
Not one of all the score  
Broke in upon our happiness,  
Or even whispered, "Fore!"

*That's Who!.....Denver Post*

Who hypnotized me with her ways  
Until my heart was all ablaze  
With love, and every nerve appeared  
To be, like lightning, double geared?  
Lucinda.

Who listened to my earnest pleas,  
And warmed toward me by degrees  
Until she called me Sam, and said  
I'd sort o' turned her little head?  
My sweetheart.

Who let me kiss her one sweet night,  
Beneath the moon's white metal light,  
And said she'd ever cling to me  
As clings the bark unto the tree?  
My betrothed.

Who left the altar at my side,  
Dressed in the trappings of a bride,  
And said again and yet again  
I was the king of all the men?  
My wife.

And now who often calls me down,  
Upon her face a vicious frown,  
And if to answer her I dare  
Entwines her fingers in my hair?  
Same girl.

*At Trinity.....M. E. W.....Life*

A burst of airy wings outspread,  
Rosettes (she calls them choux),  
A bit of lace, a fluff of tulle,  
An artful bud or two  
To match the pinky bloom that sweeps  
Across her cheek, and that,  
The essence of simplicity,  
By Peggy's Sunday hat.

When bravely down the aisle it goes  
In time for morning prayer,  
What envy pouts upon the lips  
Of every rival fair!  
And who can wonder that the chants  
Are sung a trifle flat,  
With all the choir looking straight  
At Peggy's Sunday hat?

I, sitting in the pew behind,  
Through sermon, psalm and hymn,  
Am baffled by the curve and droop  
Of that provoking brim,  
I long to brush my finger-tips,  
In one audacious pat,  
Across the rippled hair half-hid  
By Peggy's Sunday hat.

But patience! When the bells ring out  
To set the crowd astir,  
And in the porch a flock of lads  
Waits for a smile from her,  
For me she has a glance so shy  
My heart grows warm thereat,  
And homeward walks my London tile  
With Peggy's Sunday hat.

*The Threatened Rain.....Lee Fairchild.....Judge*

I kissed her and two roses red  
O'er her white cheeks their crimson spread,  
As spreads the rosy light of dawn  
The snowy hills of winter on.

And then I saw her soft blue eyes  
Begin to cloud as April skies;  
And so, to stop the threatened rain,  
I kissed the trembling thing again.



## VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS.

*The Feet of Chinese Women.....J. I. Matignon....."La Nature"*

The small foot of the Chinese woman, which the Celestials call by a name signifying "golden lily," has always excited the curiosity of Europeans. I have no intention of passing in review all the motives that have been adduced in order to explain why the Chinese have for ages past mutilated the feet of women, since one is just as unlikely as the other.

It is not until about the age of four or five years that they begin to produce this distortion. The result is gradually obtained by the use of tighter and tighter bandages that produce in the organ a double movement of antero-posterior flexion upon itself and of the rotation of the last four toes and their metatarsal bone around the first metatarsal.

The effect of this first movement is to break the foot into two parts—one of them anterior, comprising the toes and their metatarsal, the other posterior and comprising the calcaneum. The scaphoid bone, which in this work plays the part of a hinge, is entirely put out of joint. It is always more or less displaced and raises the skin of the foot, which, at this level, sometimes ulcerates. After the foot has attained a sufficient degree of atrophy, and at the cost of considerable pain, the young Chinese woman has not yet finished suffering. She has to keep her feet constantly bandaged in order to be able to walk, and even then a long walk is impossible. The atrophy of the foot brings about an atrophy of the leg, which is reduced to the state of a skeleton, the muscles disappearing and hardly anything remaining but the skin and bone. This atrophy of the leg contributes in a great measure toward increasing the trouble of walking and balancing.

The Chinese woman can walk only with a shoe made to fit the form of her foot. This is provided with a flat heel which alone serves as a point of support for the entire body. The point of the foot does not touch the ground, and the women walk somewhat like club-footed persons. They are not very steady upon their feet, and when they become aged have to use a cane. They walk with their arms slightly extended and performing the office of a balance-pole; and with the pelvis thrown back and the breast slightly forward, they seem to be endeavoring to preserve their centre of gravity. When their heels are close together, the slightest push may upset them. A foot is so much the more appreciated in proportion as it is smaller.

The Chinese woman is very modest when it is a question of her feet. I have several times attended mandarins' wives who were afflicted with foot troubles, and who consented only with great hesitation, and in blushing, to allow themselves to be examined; and even then they so arranged themselves as to expose only the ailing part.

It may not be generally known that all Chinese women do not have deformed feet. This mutilation is more frequent in the south than in the north, and in cities than in the rural districts. The Manchoo women are not authorized to bandage

their feet; and on this subject there are very formal imperial orders.

Some of the missionary societies, and especially some of the female missionaries, have for some time past been waging a war against this so-called barbarous custom. They even addressed Tsoung li-James, beseeching that minister to transmit their request to the Emperor; but he answered them that the Son of Heaven gave his subjects the right to do as they pleased. The Chinese regard a deformed foot as a thing of beauty. What would Queen Victoria say were she to receive a petition signed by numerous Celestials asking her to forbid the English damsels to wear corsets?

*A Heartless Fashion.....New York Herald*

The fashion of wearing an overabundance of birds, wings, aigrettes, plumes and every conceivable thing in which birds' plumage may be used has called the attention of scientists to the fact that this wholesale slaughter of birds is rapidly exterminating not only those valued for the beauty of their plumage, but those whose value to the agriculturist is inestimable.

Ornithologists of both England and this country have been agitating the question for some time. In our own State the Audubon Society has sent forth many appeals to women to desist from the habit of loading down their hats with masses of wings, and even whole birds, as has been the fashion this past winter. They assert that did women really know how cruel this pampering of their vanity was they would be loath to add to the wholesale destruction of birds. They do not say, "Wear no feathers," but they say, "Wear the feathers of domestic birds, or of birds shot during the time allotted to the sportsman," and according to their showing the variety of beautiful millinery trimmings to be obtained from this limited number is very great, though thus restricted the supply might not meet the demand.

A prominent ornithologist of this city connected with the Museum of Natural History, said to me:

"There are 20,000,000 women in America. We will say that every woman wears bird feathers of some kind in her hat. I say every woman, because I average my statement in this manner, for this reason. Some women have as many as ten wings in their hats, and that means five birds to get those ten wings. You can see that I am not exaggerating when I say that more than thirty-five million birds are killed every year. Now, if these birds were killed during the season set apart by law there would be no harm done. The game laws provide a certain limit, during which time it is permissible to shoot certain birds. At that time they have hatched their young and for those killed there are others to take their places. No sportsman who has been watching a covey of quail is going to allow any one to come in and shoot over his land."

As an offset to the points advanced by the ornithologist, feather merchants declare that even now they cannot supply the demand for birds for millinery purposes, and if they were restricted to a

limited time and to a few species of domestic or wild birds they might as well go out of business.

According to the opinion of ornithologists of this country and England, the greatest danger is threatened to the various species of "egrets" or "white herons," from whose tail feathers are procured the ever-popular fashionable "aigrette." The average woman who buys an aigrette knows nothing of how these feathers are obtained. She has no idea what they are, where they come from, how they are procured, or, in fact, anything in relation to them, beyond the fact that they are stylish, graceful and in every case expensive, and therefore more desirable.

In a paper read recently before a meeting of the Audubon Society, Mr. Frank M. Chapman said:

"Aigrette plumes constitute the wedding dress of the several species of white herons or egrets, and are worn only during the nesting season. These birds are exceedingly sociable in disposition, and when breeding gather in large colonies or rookeries, often containing hundreds of pairs. The plume hunter having discovered a rookery by watching the birds as they fly to and from their nests, surveys the ground, learns the lines of flight followed by the birds and the perches or lookout stations they usually frequent when returning to their homes. Armed, preferably with a small rifle, he then secretes himself in a favorable position. The birds now have families to provide for and are active throughout the day. As they return with food for their young they rest a moment on the lookout perch, offering an excellent mark to the hunter concealed below. The bird falls, the slight report of the rifle does not alarm others that soon follow, and within a few days most of the parent birds have been killed, while the nestlings, lacking their care, die of starvation. The method is simple—any boy with a gun can become a plume hunter—but so effective that at the present rate of destruction the herons will soon succumb to it. A Florida plume hunter once told the writer that with two or three assistants he had killed three hundred egrets in one afternoon. Another boasted that he and his party had killed one hundred and thirty thousand birds, mostly plume birds, during one season. Having practically exterminated the egrets in Florida plume hunters have turned their attention to other parts of the birds' range, advertising in local papers offering large prices to native hunters, and organizing expeditions to explore the coasts and inland marshes, from our southern boundaries to the Argentine Republic. To prevent the killing of birds throughout this great region is obviously impossible, and laws which alone prohibit their destruction are valueless. Until, therefore, laws are passed forbidding the wearing of aigrettes the salvation of the herons rests solely in woman's hands."

The bird of paradise is also threatened with extinction. The species most in vogue for feminine adornment exists in the Papuan Islands and New Guinea, and here the hunters find it difficult to obtain such perfect specimens as they formerly secured, because the birds are so ruthlessly destroyed that they do not live long enough to reach the full height of their beauty, several years being required for the development of the male bird's plumage.

Some idea of the extent to which the destruction of these birds is going on may be gathered from the fact that at a recent sale in London 6,900 of them were put up at auction. This bird of beautiful plumage, which has been so much seen on women's hats this winter, with the lyre bird of Central and South America, according to the most eminent ornithologists of the day will soon be extinct, and the only specimens to be seen will be those in the glass cases of natural history museums.

The third bird the wholesale destruction of which threatens to soon render it a thing of the past is the graceful tern, which was once so abundant along our own coast line, but which has now become almost exterminated. At least nine-tenths of the destruction is due to the fashion of wearing these birds, or parts of them, as ornaments. The tern is a gray bird, of a dove gray color, with black tipped wings, black throat, head and bill, and is a very familiar and popular bird in the millinery world.

The fourth bird, and the one most useful to the agriculturist, is the owl—the common barn owl, which has been so much in evidence on women's hats this winter. Why they should have become the fad it is hard to determine, as they are anything but beautiful, or even becoming. Owls and hawks are the farmers' best friends, because their food consists of field rats and mice. They will devour all the small rodents within their reach. With two exceptions—the sharp skinned and Cooper's hawk—all our commoner hawks and owls are beneficial. In his exhaustive study of the foods of these birds Dr. A. K. Fisher, assistant ornithologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, has found that ninety per cent. of the food of the red shoulder hawk, commonly called "chicken hawk" or "hen hawk," consists of injurious mammals and insects, while two hundred castings of the barn owl contained the skulls of four hundred and fifty-four small mammals, no less than two hundred and twenty-five of them being skulls of the destructive field or meadow mouse. Still, these birds are not only not protected, but in some States a price is actually set upon their heads! Dr. C. Hart Merriam, ornithologist and mammalogist of the Department of Agriculture, has estimated that in offering a bounty on hawks and owls, which resulted in the killing of more than 100,000 of these birds, the State of Pennsylvania sustained a loss of nearly \$4,000,000 in one year and a half.

A well-known ornithologist said to me:

"An ordinary barn owl will consume a hundred and fifty to two hundred field mice in one night. They swallow the mice whole. The gastric juices in the owl's stomach will turn and turn the mice until all the digestible portions of the body are separated from the bones and skin, which will finally be formed into a pellet and ejected through the mouth of the bird. Walking under trees known to be inhabited by owls, you may pick up these pellets or castings, and upon opening them you will discover them to be filled with these bones."

It can thus be seen how necessary the barn owl is, and the wholesale destruction of this bird for the adornment of women's hats may result in a very serious manner to the American farmer.

Here are some figures, just from London, rela-



tive to the largest auction sale of feathers of the year: Osprey plumes, 11,352 ounces; vulture plumes, 186½ pounds; peacock feathers, 215,051 birds; birds of paradise, 2,362; Indian parrots, 228,289; bronze pigeons, etc., 1,677; tanagers, etc., 38,198; humming birds, 116,490; jays and kingfishers, 48,759; impeyan pheasants, etc., 4,952; owls and hawks, 7,163.

In contemplating this wholesale destruction of birds for the ornamentation of women's hats, the editor of a scientific paper says: "We are willing to leave the irresponsible half of creation all their 'chiffons'—which mean 'rags' or 'women's dress,' as you please—their coal tar dyes and their scrap iron, if they will only leave us our birds. The rate at which some of the rarest and most beautiful birds on our planet are being destroyed to gratify this extraordinary taste can hardly be realized, nor can we overlook the terrible suffering involved by this enormous slaughter—the young osprey, bereft of its parents, left to die in hundreds; the heron, with the plumes torn from its back, writhing into death."

*The Ethics of Hospitality.....New York Home Journal*

Fashion at last has wisely decreed that the guest shall be free. It may be originally the English idea; if so, the English have taught us a very good thing.

The first thing to do in order to make one's guest thoroughly at ease is to make one's self at ease regarding him. Hospitality does not necessarily mean temporary absorption of the guest into the household as an already assimilated factor. One's guest may have pressing business to attend to in the city. It is obviously a good idea to make him feel as much at ease in regard to his incomings and outgoings as if he were in his own house. Of course, this presupposes that he knows the family hours of meals, and of closing the house at bedtime.

If there are to be receptions or visits in common, or even mere formal calls outside, he will want to be advised, and will not derange the machinery of the household life if he can possibly help it. But in its larger and more luxurious sense there is surely no affectation or snobbery, but the most obvious good taste, in placing the house absolutely at the convenience of the guest, at least in the more leisurely life in which conveniences are so ample that the guest can consult his own tastes and the family theirs without fear, on the part of the guest, that he is giving trouble, or, on the part of the host, that the guest himself may have such apprehension.

The true poetry of hospitality is obviously in the pleasure that host and guest receive in each other's society. We are here speaking less of formal interchanges than of unstudied and spontaneous calls for the sharing of leisure days. We might speak on the rather delicate subject of little matters of expense. A guest would not wish his host to provide a sheet of stamps, for instance, for his accommodation, although it would be good taste in him to use them with a simple expression of thanks. But a supply of stationery, laid in view, would surely be appreciated, simply as the evidence of thoughtfulness. There should be no set rule about

these things. Rules in such matters, like books on decorum, savor too much of snobbery. The idea is to make your guest's time pleasant, and, in so doing, have many pleasant hours yourself. In the perfection of hospitality the guest can withdraw at his leisure and inclination into his own apartments, and the host can bid him good-bye for the day and go to his own business without the least anxiety.

Books of decorum do not teach the best manners, for the best manners spring from the heart, and the truest gentlemen are nature's gentlemen. But there is no snobbery in wanting to know what is the right thing to do in untrodden paths. One would not like to see a friend shake the Queen's hand instead of touching her finger-tips with the lips. But, if the mistake was innocently made, her Majesty would probably be highly amused, however horrified the old dowagers and court habitués might be.

We recall here the old story of the American young lady at the court of the Czar. A plate of grapes was one of the courses, and they were grapes of incomparable price and beauty. Each guest took one as a matter of form. The naïve American girl, uninstructed in the awful mysteries of etiquette and totally unobservant, took a whole bunch without a thought. The eyes of the company were instantly riveted on her. Fancy the poor girl's horror when she saw that each other guest had a single grape poised delicately in the thumb and finger! She was ready to sink to the floor with shame and confusion. But the chivalrous Czar, noticing her wretchedness, took the next bunch in the most indifferent way, and, turning to the young lady, addressed her in the most matter-of-fact style, as if he had not given the subject a thought. There were no more stares at the ingenuous American girl! But, if she had "known the ropes" how much misery she would have been spared! There is a golden mean between books of etiquette and unnecessary ignorance.

It is possible to reduce visiting to a fine art. As a recipe, first be glad to see your guest, or else do not invite him. Second, entertain him to the best of your ability, so as to put him at his ease and consult your own ease and comfort also. Third, do not press any one to stay if you do not want him, for this is a lie against hospitality, and hospitality rightly understood is almost a religion. Fourth, let him go and come to suit himself, and do not insist upon his waiting a minute which may be an hour long, or try to coach him as to where he shall go or what he shall do with the day. Many an unhappy guest is, alas! a prisoner in disguise, just as many rough children nearly kill young dogs and cats in fondling them.

Good taste and good feeling, no less than true etiquette, dictate that you always invite a guest for a specified time. What possible slight can it be to him to say a week, when at the end of that week you may have something on your own mind which his presence would interfere with? Insincerity in such matters is real unkindness to the guest. Hospitality as a fine art has a world of suggestiveness in it as a subject, and these stray thoughts may not prove out of place.



## RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

*The Disuse of Laughter*.....Lewis Morris.....Forum

Has laughter gone out? Are we never again to have the honest guffaw—the loud laugh, which, as the poet says, bespeaks the vacant mind? Is this really a true account of the “rationale” of cachinnation? If so, probably it *has* gone out, at any rate in polite circles. Because we are nothing now, if we are not cultured and refined; and to be vulgar and to be ignorant are worse offenses than any more explicitly forbidden in the Decalogue. And yet it almost seems a pity, too. It is not well, surely, to lose any innocent and, happily, infectious expression of pleasure in a world so bedeviled as ours.

In the days of our forefathers, men laughed loud and long out of fulness of heart and of stomach; and nobody was surprised, however old the laughter or loud the laugh. That was the great gain of fox-hunting, of Church and State, of a couple of bowls of punch or two bottles of port per diem. Life, to a sincere believer in these objects of desire, was a distinctly humorous business, if not always at breakfast or lunch time, at any rate, the night before. Long ago the Homeric gods laughed loud and long with inextinguishable laughter. No one thought the worse of them. But we, alas! are a weak and snivelling race, we who live to-day. A little more of this, and it will be the club usage with laughers as it now is with snorers—is snoring, by the way, a way of asserting ourselves, and making a noise, with impunity?—it will be the usage, I say, to let fall a ponderous volume very close indeed to the laugher's head or to send a trembling little page to entreat him to leave off, under pain of being reported to the committee.

For my own part, I like an honest laugh; though when one comes to think of it, it certainly becomes rarer with every day that goes. And it has its inconveniences, no doubt. A literary friend of mine, who lunched daily in public, would crown a long string of witty sayings, which convulsed his friends—and the club waiters, too—with a loud salvo of laughter, like the sudden cry of a hyena. I am told that a sportsman never hears the noise of his own gun; and so it may be that the joker is not deafened by his own laugh. But for those who are not within earshot of the joke, the loud laugh of the narrator—perhaps his audience should laugh and not he—is not by any means an unmixed enjoyment.

I confess I do not like the simper, whether oral or written. When I read the humorous articles—and very humorous indeed many of the hits are—of a well-known contemporary writer of the school of Thackeray, I cannot help wondering how the old lion would have liked to see his mane “en papillotes” and to hear his own roar reproduced, as it were, in “falsetto,” and ending in the polite little snigger which is almost inevitable in these productions. It is Thackeray, no doubt, but with a difference—with quite as much classical learning and power of literary allusion, with much graceful badinage, and not unfrequently a pleasant subacid humor. But anything like a hearty

laugh is not to be got out of it. The utmost it can elicit is a well-bred and somewhat sickly smile. The broad fun of Dickens, of “Mr. Tupman” and “Mr. Winkle,” of “Sam Weller” and “Stiggins,” is probably thoroughly out of fashion for the present, and, perhaps, may never appeal to us again, as it did when we were young.

Of the broader humor of Rabelais, I am happy to think there are now few admirers. The proper medium for grotesque and farcical humor is the modern stage. Some genuine laughter is still to be heard there—loud, uncultured, ignorant, it may be, but genuine, and, let us at once admit it, if not very wise, yet in no degree coarse or gross.

Well, perhaps, after all, there is no help for it; and the tendency of modern civilization is to quietism, both in feeling and expression. The loud shrieks and jabbering of the savage pass, by slow degrees, through the impassioned appeals of the tub-thumper on the platform or in the pulpit, to the calm, common sense of the philosopher in his study. As it is with mirth, so it is with grief, which is not the less sincere, that it does not vent itself in hired howlings and the wake. But, reasonable as this impressive attitude is, it deprives modern life of much of its dramatic charm. You cannot be dramatic unless you are emotional, unless your passions find voice, and your sorrow and mirth also.

*On Leisure, Books, and Reading*....Augustine Birrell....Chambers's Journal

The word “scholar” comes to us from a Greek word which means leisure. It is a significant derivation. A scholarly life is a leisurely life. It may be a life of unceasing toil for all that, and of excruciating self-denial. Browning's “Grammarian” had a tough time of it “settling ‘Hoti's’ business,” and giving us the doctrine of the enclitic “de.” But he was not working down a mine or in a factory, nor was he arguing cases at the bar or superintending a hospital in a crowded city. No—he was sitting alone in some dim corner, grinding at grammar. We no doubt read stories of great scholars who were manufactured as Sir Arthur Helps wrote essays—“in the intervals of business”; but wonderful examples as these gentlemen may be of industry and devotion, as a rule, their scholarship is no great shakes. To become a Scaliger, a Casaubon, a Selden, a Milton, a Gray, a Bentley, a Gibbon, an Acton, or a Jebb, you must have leisure to grow learned.

Busy men, poor men with wives and families, plain men with no great gifts of acquisition or taste for study, vain men who have no fancy to become bleary-eyed, ambitious men who want to ride upon the nation's neck for a brief season, must all forswear scholarship; and if they are honest men will make no pretensions to it. To be a scholar you must have σχολή.

But let us pluck up heart. To forswear scholarship is not to bid farewell to the delights of literature; for literature is the reflection in words of the great pageant of life, a mimic representation or reproduction in language of the movement and the

mystery, the fleeting charms, the recurrent emotions, the gayety and the melancholy of men's days upon earth. One does not need to be a scholar to appreciate these. Open eyes, quick wits, and a lively fancy are man's best endowments. This is the meaning of the old saying, "An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy." Shakespeare once held in his firm hands a copy of North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives*, 1579, a sturdy folio still to be found in the old book shops. There he read as any one else might have done, how Antony, "when Cæsar's body was brought to the place where it should be buried, made a funeral oration in commendation of Cæsar, according to the ancient customs of praising noble men at their funerals. When he saw that the people were very glad, and desirous also to hear Cæsar spoken of and his praises uttered, he mingled his oration with lamentable words, and by amplifying of matters did greatly move their hearts and affections unto pity and compassion. In fine, to conclude his oration, he unfolded before the whole assembly the bloody garments of the dead, thrust through in many places with their swords, and called the malefactors cruel and cursed murderers. With these words he put the people into such a fury that they presently took Cæsar's body and burnt it in the market-place with such tables and forms as they could get together."

Shakespeare turned this over in something we call his mind, and the outcome was the most marvelous speech ever put by poet in the mouth of man. Yet Shakespeare could not have read Plutarch in the original, nor is there any evidence Sir Thomas North could, since he was content to translate Plutarch from the French version. But however that may be, 'twas he set Shakespeare's imagination at work, and therefore he deserves our homage. Our worship we reserve for genius. . . .

When you come to think of it, the two great possessions of a nation are its memories of great actions and the genius of its authors.

To enjoy the latter requires only a moderate amount of *σχολή*, or leisure. Some leisure is necessary; but enforced work, if not too severe, sharpens the literary as well as the bodily appetite. Years in a Library is not so good a title as Hours in a Library.

But two things are necessary: before reading you must learn to read; and, having learned to read, you must be fond of reading. Now, a vast number of people do not care a rap about reading. They may pretend to, but they do not. They say they cannot find time; it is the merest subterfuge. They could easily find time if they chose, but they prefer doing so many other things first. There is no great harm in this; there are other pastimes besides reading. Some people (not many) read a great deal too much, and would be all the better for doing a little observing. Mr. Bagehot said of Shakespeare that if he walked down a street he knew what was in it. One of the wisest men I have ever known could neither read nor write. Still it remains true that unless you are fond of reading you will not read, and yet unless you read you cannot truly appreciate the work of genius.

Nor can you do this unless you have learned to

read. This is by no means so easy as it sounds. There is only one way of reading so as to get pleasure from it, and that is to be able to read without knowing what you are doing. A man or woman who comes home tired after a day's work will either read this way or not at all. It is no use if you have to spell your way and stumble along the printed page like a hobbled pony. If that is your plight you will prefer a game of draughts or dominoes; and who could blame you? . . .

Having learned to read, and being fond of reading, you have entered into your inheritance. It lies before you. Read what you like best; do not be ashamed of your tastes, or be deceived by novelty. If you are fond of fiction, give the best the first chance. Read, for example, Guy Mannering and Hugo's *Les Misérables*. If, having done so, you deliberately prefer East Lynne, it cannot be helped. Mrs. Wood was a voluminous author; and, after all, books were intended to be read. But nobody who is really fond of reading needs to be told what to read. Lists of books are made for the people who do not care about reading, and are a little uneasy because of their indifference. They buy Sir John Lubbock's "Hundred Best Books," chatter about them for a brief while, and then resume the even tenor of their bookless way.

*The Dread of Death* . . . . . *London Spectator*

The dread of death which is experienced by almost all men and women is "per se" a natural and healthy sign. "I am never tired of saying," Dr. Goodhart tells us, "because I am sure it is as true as it is comforting, although in opposition to the general belief, that death has no terrors for the sick man. To the living and healthy man it is quite otherwise, but the sick man upon whom Death lays his hand pales gently and imperceptibly out of life." The man who is well dreads death so keenly, if he is of a nature to reflect on the matter at all, in obedience to a natural physical instinct. It is the very law of his being to live, and in obedience to that law he resists not only death but the very thought of death. He sets himself against it heart and soul and recoils from it by a natural impulse. His power of will, inspired by such emotions as love for others, patriotism, the sense of duty or honor, may overcome the dread of death and triumph over the need to live, but the fact that there are plenty of mental impulses too strong for the dread of death does not alter the fact that as long as we are capable of living we desire to live, and desire it intensely. As a rule, when men do not dread death at all, and quietly resign themselves to it, not in obedience to any higher call, but merely because it has no terrors for them, we may be sure that they are doomed. The Marquesas Islanders, for example, meet death halfway. Their talk is, or was when Mr. Stevenson visited them, of burial and the tomb. Their thoughts were turned to the grave. But the race was rapidly dying out. Their willingness to die and the lack of any dislike to death were signs of the fate that was overtaking them. The man who can say, "Though I dread death like other men, I will not fear to undergo it for a great cause," is a hero. He who says truly, "Death may come when it will, I mind it no more than the thought of entering an-



other room," may not be ill in mind, but he can hardly be sane of body.

It may seem at first sight as if this universal dread of death in healthy and normal human beings living under normal conditions involved a certain divine cruelty. Why should men be tortured by the dread of death since death is inevitable? Could not God have spared us that intolerable and purposeless agony? That is a not unnatural questioning of the rebellious spirit. Yet a little reflection will show that it is a very absurd criticism of the ways of God toward man. Granted that it is the will of God that we shall remain on earth and live our appointed lives there, it is essential that mankind should feel the dread of death. Without that dread the world could hardly remain peopled. The dread of death is to the soul what the law of gravity is to the body; it anchors us to the earth. Without that dread to weigh us down and keep us to the globe, half mankind would be driven by curiosity by the love of change, by the dread of ennui, by what Bacon calls "niceness and satiety," to push open the closed door and see what is beyond. Children and a few very happy and easily pleased people might perhaps say they would not explore further, and that they were perfectly content with things as they are.

"Your chilly stars I can forego,  
This kind warm earth is all I know."

That, however, would only be the aspiration of the few; with the mass of mankind it would certainly be otherwise. We know that among the cultivated men and women of the later Roman Empire suicide became a sort of moral epidemic. The fashionable Stoic doctrines, acting on a race which had begun to degenerate and decline, and to lose its grip on life, killed the dread of death, and men left the world for a whim, "only on the thought to do the same thing over and over again." The Christian doctrine that self-slaughter is a sin did not affect them, and the notion that there is something base in quitting one's post was not yet born. Dryden in one of his dramas contrasts finely the feeling about suicide of the ancient and the modern world. The Romans, he says, might "discharge their souls" and give them leave to enter the other world—

"But we like sentries are compelled to stand  
'Neath starless skies and wait the appointed hour."

The present writer quotes from memory and may have unwittingly injured the pomp and majesty of Dryden's matchless rhythm, but that is the sense of the passage. The Christian feeling about suicide is, in truth, only the translation into the moral law of the behest which is imposed by the physical law of our being. It, as it were, explains and emphasizes the teaching of our instincts. And it was necessary so to emphasize the meaning of the dread of death, for Christianity is perpetually enjoining on us the need for overcoming the animal self, and teaching us how to subdue the bodily instincts. Had we not also been warned not to carry the consequences of victory to all their logical conclusions, we might have felt free to leave the earth at will. But as we have said, we must, if we are not material-

ists, grant that he who placed us here meant us to remain. In thus explaining, and as it were defending, the dread of death, we must not fall into the error of appearing to favor cowardice at the expense of courage. In truth, courage is not the opposite or antithesis of fear. The brave man as often as not dreads death as much as his fellows. He is brave not because he is without their feelings, but because he possesses a higher power, which completely masters and controls the dread of death. Those, indeed, who cannot bring themselves to believe in the existence of danger, and there are a few such men, are certainly not so brave as the men who, realizing and feeling the danger, meet it unflinchingly. In spite of the fact that the dread of death is natural, and in a sense necessary, it is incumbent on all men to learn how to subdue the dread of death not so much by eradicating it as by cultivating stronger and nobler feelings, and feelings capable of holding it, if needful, in check. Impressed by the Christian prohibition of suicide, they will not use the victory over the dread of death to leave their posts, but at the same time they will be able to face the fear of death in order to do their duty. The dread of death is a natural passion, and one which the good citizen will, like other natural passions, hold in check and curb rather than attempt to utterly root up and destroy.

Possibly it will be said that we have made too much of the dread of death, and have treated as universal something which thousands condemn and despise by their very calling. How could there be armies and wars if all men went in the fear of death? Surely there is a fallacy here. The dread of death is, we take it, present in armies as in bodies of civilians. What the men who fight have conquered is not the dread of death, but the dread of the special risks of war. War is not an occupation in which death is certain, but only one in which the percentage of risk is greatly raised. We dread death, yet when we cross a crowded thoroughfare we voluntarily multiply our risks a hundred per cent. The soldier does the same, only on a larger scale. The dread of death in an army is apparent enough when men are asked to do something which is certain death. As long as death is only a risk men do not mind, even though the risk is very high. When death is a certainty they must be great heroes and great patriots to take it. That is the fact viewed in the abstract. In practice, however, soldiers who have become accustomed to going into battle and coming out alive and well get unable to believe in the certainty of death, and hold that though the thing looks impossible, they will come out alive. Nor must we forget the sense of duty, which more quickly and effectively than anything else kills the dread of death. The fact that a soldier is ordered to charge subdues the dread of death, and banishes it until the order has been executed. In truth, the soldier would not merit half the praise and honor he receives if he did not feel the dread of death. It is because he triumphs over it at the call of duty, and not because he does not feel it, that he gains our gratitude and admiration. The man who would as soon be killed as not has sacrificed little to his country in storming the ridge or leading the forlorn hope.



## MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

*The American Singing Voice.....Emma Calve.....Harper's Bazar*

I wish to tell you what I think of Americans as singers and actresses. I really believe that lyric art should rise into greater prominence in this country than any other art. Certainly the number of young American singers who have taken their place among artists of the first order, and of whom all the world is speaking, affords encouragement, and points to a bright promise of future greatness in this field of work. As to defects? Who is without them? I can only reproach American singers in that they have hitherto sacrificed dramatic to vocal art. The reason of this is clear. Americans possess singularly pure and beautiful voices, and it is in the natural order of things that they should be tempted to spend their best efforts in cultivating their especial gifts. However, in the long run a too absorbing regard for vocal effects will cost them distinction in declamation—an indispensable part of modern music. Their defects, which are due to the exaggerated importance they attach to their vocal studies, are easy to correct. The student has but to divide working hours between the two arts, and in this way they will be developed simultaneously. The limpid crystalline quality of American soprano voices renders them superior to all others for operatic purposes, and opens up careers which intelligent, art-loving American singers cannot do better than follow.

*Some Famous Theatres.....K. E. H.....Detroit Free Press*

"One must travel in Europe, or, I might say, in almost any foreign country," remarked Mr. Joseph Jefferson not long since, "to gain some appreciation of the architectural possibilities offered in the building of theatres." Mr. Jefferson's conclusion was the result of travel and observation and his opinion upon all matters in any way pertaining to the drama must needs be accepted as that of a connoisseur, one might say, or, at any rate, the man best fitted by his long experience to pass judgment.

Compared with that offered it by other countries America's encouragement of the drama and all that pertains to the theatre, is meagre indeed. There are no theatres worthy of the name in the United States if one's standard of architecture is based upon the magnificent homes of the play that may be inspected in nearly all foreign countries. The reason is two-fold. The people of these countries are of an older civilization than is ours here in America, where the chase for the dollar has not yet ceased to move men's minds and legs, and where a national drama is still the dream of enthusiasts. And again, here in America the state has not found time to consider the claims, or one might almost say the rights of the drama to governmental support. American theatres in most cases are either the second floors of business blocks or the "back rooms" of stores, entrance to which is gained by a narrow passage-way constructed so as to use as little as possible of "rentable" space. Built purely as speculations and to serve a dozen

different ends, they are necessarily of a temporary nature almost, and it is safe to say that nowhere in America is there a playhouse to which the adjectives "worthy" or "magnificent" may be consistently applied.

In all probability America will never have within its confines a Grand Opera House such as Paris boasts, and for the reason simply that we are not French. The people of this country have not yet reduced pleasure seeking and giving and enjoying to a science or an art, and there is small chance that they ever will, at least to the degree of reduction reached and maintained by the French.

The Grand Opera House of Paris is one of the most sumptuous edifices in the world. Finally conceived after a long period of deliberation and experiment on the part of its architect, it was in process of construction for thirteen years. The structure was begun in 1861, and, before its completion almost every country in Europe had contributed to its building, until now it stands the greatest of temples devoted to the production of opera. Seven million three hundred thousand dollars were spent upon the magnificent edifice before the opening night, the cost of the site alone having been two million one hundred thousand. In order to show the interest manifested in the construction of this grand home of opera, it may be well to state whence came the material that went into its exterior construction and interior decoration. Sweden and Scotland yielded a supply of red granite; from Italy was brought the yellow and white marble; from Finland, red porphyry; from Spain, brocatello, and from other countries other marbles of various colors. The whole of Europe was laid under contribution, and it contributed gladly.

It was in 1860 that competitive plans for the new opera house were sent in by the most expert architects in Europe, to whom it had been explained that no regard was to be paid to cost, but that everything must be done to make the edifice the most magnificent of its kind in the world. The successful artist was Garnier, under whose direction the structure was begun and finished, the architect having, in the building, erected to himself a monument the most gorgeous in the world, and a playhouse with which his name will forever be associated. But if the theatre's exterior is magnificent the interior is dazzling. On the occasion of a "first night" a visit to the place with its accompanying view of the foyer, galleries, auditorium, stage and stairway can never be forgotten. This stairway is possibly the most famous feature of the building's interior. As far as the first landing, which opens into the auditorium and orchestra, it is single, but there it diverges into two flights of steps, each thirty-two feet in width. The steps are of white marble, while the balustrade is of Rosso-antico surmounted with Algerian onyx, which forms the hand rail. Each landing of this famous and magnificent staircase is furnished with balconies from which the visitor may view the passing throng during the intermissions. Above, the ceil-

ing is frescoed with subjects of mythology and the arts, such as God of Olympus, the Triumph of Harmony, the Instructiveness of the Opera and Apollo and His Chariot. The theatre proper is fitted with the most elaborate decorations imaginable, though, being strictly of the modern French school, they might strike an American as partaking in a degree of the quality we speak of as "gaudy." From the last landing of the stairway twenty-four marble columns rise to the roof, and the boxes, of which there are four tiers, are divided into nine bays by magnificent columns of the same stone. The ceiling glows with brilliant frescoes, and all about upon the fine mosaic pavement which forms the floor stand bronze statues bearing globes of light. The foyer is of extraordinary splendor. It is 177 feet long and 60 feet in height, and with its statues, paintings, columns and massive mirrors, presents an appearance that is unequaled by any other public building in the world. The stage is 196 feet in height, 178 feet in width and 74 feet in depth. To support this grand edifice and repay for their services the 2,500 performers who are employed during the season, the French Government contributes, as its share, a subsidy of \$160,000 a year.

What the Grand Opera House is to Paris, the Hof-Burg Theatre is to the Austrian capital, Vienna. A building of exceeding grandeur, viewed exteriorly, it is Austria's chief home of the play, and in point of architectural beauty even excels the opera house of the same city, which, before the building of the Paris structure, was considered the world's greatest and best Temple of Music. The theatre, patronized as it is by the nobility, receives a stipulated annual state support not only to pay the management but to assist in the productions of the country's dramatic classics by some of the best actors in the world. The building is situated in the girdle called "The Ringe Strasse," or circular boulevard, which divides the Austrian capital into two concentric parts. The structure is white, and its interior bears the decorative work of many of Europe's most famous artists. The management of this great theatre, where plays are produced that are in every particular in keeping with the grandeur of the building itself, has ever been the pride not only of Vienna, but of the entire Austrian Government as well. The attendants, ticket-takers and all attachés of the amusement palace are state employees, their salaries and duties being fixed by law.

Another famous European theatre is the Comedy Theatre of Berlin. Situated in the centre of a square built for it in the Schiller Platz, it is one of the objective points all tourists and strangers in the city ever keep in mind. The playhouse is supported by a subsidy levied by the Government and possibly more than any other German theatre, the Comedy is most visited owing to its being what may be called the "evening headquarters" of that portion of the German army stationed at Berlin. Recognizing the educational benefits to be derived from good music and the best class of dramatic performances, the officers of the army are obliged to visit a certain number of times a month some carefully selected playhouses, and the Comedy is the theatre most often chosen, for there the spectator

is sure to witness the best plays in the language, both classic and modern, interpreted by the best comedians of the Empire. A few unusual features incident to attendance upon this theatre are that women are frequently seen there alone, and that in every instance they remove their hats immediately upon entering the auditorium; there is absolutely no show of rich clothing and the applause is reserved until the end of the act, it being a decided breach of etiquette to give expression to one's approval of the actors or the stage manager's art during the action of the piece. The performances often begin as early as 6.30, or, at least, 7 o'clock, in the evening, and are over before 10, so that ample time remains for those of the audience to attend to their social duties in the matter of balls and receptions.

One may travel Europe over, however, without seeing a theatre more beautiful than the National Theatre of Denmark, located at Copenhagen. It is a playhouse of which any of the south Europe countries, more given to amusement and pleasure, might justly boast. It is the one great theatre of the country and as famous for its past associations as its present supremacy. It is frequently visited by the King and royal family, who go there to witness magnificent productions of the best plays that Danish dramatic literature affords. The theatre's chief decoration lies in the statues adorning its portals and standing in the niches of the auditorium. To the right and left of the entrance stand in counterfeit presentment in bronze the figures of the poets Holberg and Oehlenschläger, the former the founder of Danish comedy and the latter the father of the drama of his country and the grandest playwright Denmark has yet produced.

But it is not necessary to go across the Atlantic to find theatres of fame and great architectural beauty. A trip to South and Central America will give us views of at least two that are worth more than passing notice, each being finer in every respect than any similar structures in the United States. There is the theatre of Guatemala, for instance. It is a striking building so far as its exterior appearance is concerned, being built in imitation of the Church of the Madeleine of Paris. It stands in the centre of a beautiful plaza and is surrounded by flowering shrubs and plants growing beneath the spray thrown off by dozens of fountains. The theatre has the usual galleries, though at the rear of each is a long promenade where refreshments are served between the acts. The playhouse is subsidized by the Government in the amount of \$40,000 a year for the encouragement of all the best that dramatic art has to offer and for the engagement of actors, who are thus employed during a season of six months.

The handsomest building in the city of Montevideo, Uruguay, is the Solis Theatre, or Teatro Solis, on the Rio de la Plata. The building is exceedingly large, its seating capacity being 3,000. It was built in 1856 at a cost of nearly half a million dollars. The decorations are in the form of columns of Corinthian marble, which support the ceiling and the five galleries. As in all other South and Central American cities, the pit is for the sole use of the men and refreshments may be



had during the intermissions. The stage is large, in perfect keeping with the other features of the playhouse, and capable of accommodating the most complicated stage settings.

*Rosa Bonheur and Her Work.....Georges Cain.....The International\**

Among the great artistic personalities of our time none is better appreciated or less known than Rosa Bonheur. It is to art that Rosa Bonheur has sacrificed everything, burying herself in the depths of a forest far from the world, and carefully closing her doors against the curious who have sought out her hermitage; a hermitage which is seductive in every detail, however, the château of By being one of the most charming spots one can possibly find. But the sesame which can open its doors is scarcely known, and the famous artist leads an almost claustral life.

Travelers in the George aux Loups and in the valley of Franchard often meet a high tilbury drawn by a spirited horse well under control, the reins in the hands of a rather small woman with a singular head and beautiful white hair, who wears a velvet coat, or a blue blouse fastened at the shoulder, and a battered straw hat. It is Rosa Bonheur, and though one's lips speak the name quickly, the memory retains the picture forever. The wonderful eyes, so clear and limpid, look straight into one's face, and their gaze penetrates to the heart. What a true impression they give of this woman, who is so good, so kind, so genial and so persevering!

Life was hard with her from the very outset; her persistent labors and her faith in the future alone sustained her and permitted her to make for herself that brilliant place in the world of art the final crowning of which was her last exhibition of four large pastels at the Petit Salon.

Rosa Bonheur was born in Bordeaux, March 16, 1822. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was a conscientious, modest artist, who, astonished at the artistic manifestations of his daughter from her infancy, gave her the most careful instruction and advice. But a living was not easily earned, and the family was numerous. Rosa was often obliged to leave her studies and attend to domestic duties, especially after the death of her mother in 1833. Having no other resource than his brush M. Bonheur was compelled to separate from his family and put them to board in the country.

Here in the fields and forest, in direct contact with nature, Rosa's whole personality was completely dominated and transformed by all she saw around her. She worked alone, without counsel or assistance; soon her progress was such that people came from all around to see the pictures of the "wonderful child," and rumors of her prowess at last reached the ears of her surprised and delighted father in Paris.

He, too, wished to see and admire. He recognized the dominant artistic nature which had revealed itself. It would be a crime to oppose such genius. Rosa should come to Paris, there, under

his direction, learn the rudiments of her art, then depend upon the grace of God.

In Paris Rosa worked—and with what courage!—leaving her canvas only to attend to the duties of her household. The little family indeed had need of the help of Providence. M. Bonheur, like so many of the gifted men of this curious epoch, had become a convert to the St. Simonian doctrine, and a concern for the welfare of the human race in general occupied a little too much of his time. Ardent and generous, but rather exalted, he had blindly cast himself into the new religion of which he was one of the strongest proselytes.

Rosa still recalls those famous St. Simonian reunions in the Passage Choiseul, at M. Bazar's, the rival of *Enfantin*. She saw there *Felicien David*, *d'Eichtal*, who later rendered the little family the greatest assistance, *de Lesseps*, *Michel Chevallier*, *Pereire*, with whose son she played hide-and-seek during the assembly. She remembers the weekly calls she made with her mother upon *Menilmontant* at the famous phalanstère where her father had shut himself up.

Nothing could be more curious than this reunion of people of high merit, who on certain points were eccentric to the last degree. Rosa has not forgotten their strange costumes nor the drudgery in which they insisted on taking part. Bonheur had so enthusiastically embraced the new ideas that he mourned much for their non-success.

While devoting herself to the father she so loved, consoling him in his disappointment, attending to the material needs of her brothers and sisters, Rosa still was able amid all these cares to find that ray of joy which illuminated their poverty and gilded their hopes.

Early every morning when only a few workmen were moving about the streets the courageous girl visited the slaughter houses, and there among coarse, sneering men the artist, blind to her repulsive surroundings, worked with such ardor, such courage, that at last she won the respect of even these brutal people. Some of them, more intelligent and kind hearted, protected her, and by their presence prevented the odious jests which had caused her so much suffering at the beginning of her labors. One in particular made himself her faithful *mameluke*, and Rosa often thinks of the brave *Emile Gravelle*, who did not hesitate to use his fists in her behalf.

This was a period of arduous toil and constant suffering. Among the poor animals destined to the knife the young girl worked without relaxation, discovering in death the secrets of life, and having but one thought, one desire, one aim: to compel the respect of all men, and to win the place for which her masterful genius permitted her to hope.

Such courage as hers was sure to have its reward. In 1840 she exhibited for the first time. She was then eighteen years old. Attractive and refined, with a decided, good-humored manner, she looked singularly graceful in the male costume she had adopted in order to be less embarrassed in the more than strange surroundings she was compelled to frequent. *David d'Angers* has represented her in this attire in one of his medallions, not his best, unfortunately.

\* Translated by H. Twitchell, from "La Revue Illustrée," July 1, 1897.



The catalogue of the Salon of 1840 mentions the title of this first work: "Two Hares." Its present whereabouts is unknown. As a means of subsistence, Rosa was obliged to make copies from the Louvre. She worked on unremittingly, and an improvement in her material condition came with success. In 1845 she obtained a medal of the third class, and in 1848, when she was twenty-six years old, one of the first class.

But with this brave heart it seemed as if every joy were to be paid for with a sorrow. In the midst of her success, while all were applauding the artist, a terrible blow fell upon her which well nigh crushed her heart. Her father died in March, 1849.

Before breathing his last, this fond father and master had the supreme joy of seeing the full maturity of the genius which he had directed with so much care and tenderness. Rosa had just finished the "Labourage nivernais," that marvel now in the Luxembourg. The poor man, who had not left his bed for a long time, had himself carried before the picture, and there, deeply affected by the grand work, in presence of the realization of his fondest dreams, took his beloved daughter's hands and kissed them fervently, weeping with joy and happiness. After having helped her cherished father to tide the storms of life Rosa surrounded his death-bed with an aureole of glory.

Her heart was nearly broken by this trouble, and it was months before the poor woman could recover her energy and courage. It was her love of work which at last enabled her to take fresh interest in the life fate had made so difficult for her.

Pictures now followed each other in rapid succession, and Rosa could not fill the orders which came to her from all quarters. From 1841 to 1851 many of her most important works were produced. In 1853 she completed the "Marché aux Chevaux" (The Horse Fair), a painting of great merit and size. The history of this beautiful canvas is interesting, and the figures connected with it furnish a curious progression. Before the Salon Rosa sold the picture to Gambard, the English merchant, for forty thousand francs. He exhibited it to paying audiences in England and America, doing for the work what Sedelmeyer has done for the great picture of Munkacsy. Later he sold the canvas for two hundred and sixty thousand francs. After the death of Vanderbilt, it was bought by his son for three hundred thousand francs and presented to the New York museum, where it is at present.

In 1855 Rosa exhibited "La Fenaison en Auvergne" (Haying in Auvergne), now in the Luxembourg, and her name does not again appear in the catalogues until 1878.

In June, 1867, this brilliant genius received an exceptional reward. She was named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the Empress herself came to decorate the great artist in her studio on the field of battle. The child's beautiful dream of glory was realized, and alone among her sex this great woman wears in her buttonhole the red ribbon so nobly won.

For a long time past, unfortunately for those who have not the privilege of admittance at By, and of admiring the beautiful pictures in the course of progress there, Rosa Bonheur seems to have

deserted the French salons, nearly everything she signs going to England and America. Many persons suppose that she no longer works.

At the present time the great studio at By holds many unfinished marvels. I noticed among others oxen passing a torrent, sheep on the mountain side, and numbers of others. The chief work, however, destined to fame, represents horses trampling on wheat to thresh out the grain. Eight or ten magnificent animals of different colors are snorting and galloping under a sky of fire. In this unfinished picture there is a vigor of touch, a correctness of vision and a masterfulness that excel anything that can be hoped for in this species of composition. This unique work is not for sale; it has already been disposed of for sixty thousand francs to Tedesco Brothers and Knoedler. It is to be hoped it will figure among the masterpieces of French art during the exposition of 1900.

The château of By is the only home of Rosa Bonheur worth mentioning. The greatest part of her life has been passed in this house, whose interior is strikingly bizarre, and arranged to suit her special tastes. In 1850 she bought a piece of ground in the depths of the forest near Thomery, and had her house built there. It is large and original in plan, somewhat after the Dutch style, and is filled with beautiful and curious things. There, too, is the famous cabinet of "études." Rosa has never been willing to part with any of these. Then there is the "capharnaum," a long room containing panels, frames, brushes, old canvases, photographic apparatus, in short, a thousand things. It is here that Rosa planes, hammers, files and saws, a genuine companion of Duty, and so gay, so cheerful withal. And what a good comrade this great artist is, who knows so well the fitting word of consolation or encouragement, uniting with the qualities of an honest man a true woman's heart, simple and loving!

Her tenderness was well shown in the care of her dearest friend, Mlle. Nathalie Micas, her faithful companion for forty-five years. While young they had united their destinies, and had aided each other along life's difficult pathway. Upon Mlle. Nathalie devolved the important duty of superintending the household at By. She watched over and cared for Rosa's "pensionnaires," a numerous family, not easily managed. Mlle. Nathalie died in 1893, and the grief of her adopted sister is of the kind that can never find consolation.

At the present time the artist's menagerie comprises six horses—two of which are absolutely wild, impossible to approach or train, imported from the pampas and presented to the artist by an American admirer—seven wild goats, four mouffons, about a dozen stags and hinds, some dogs, a monkey, two parrots, and last, but not least, Gamine, an insupportable, but adored little dog of an even disposition—always cross.

Though the name of Rosa Bonheur is popular, few have the pleasure of meeting the woman. Her character is on a plane with her genius. When one knows this exceptional nature, he can no longer tell whether it is before the gifted artist or before the noble woman that he should bend the knee in heartfelt homage.

## THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

*A Honeymoon Incident.....Facts and Fiction*

It is told how a happy couple were honeymooning in the country when the first packet of letters from home arrived, and the husband proposed to open one addressed to his wife.

"Certainly not," she said, firmly.

"But, Philippa," he remonstrated, "surely you are not going to have any secrets from me now that we are married?"

"I shall not have any secrets from you, but Phyllis might," his wife said. "That letter is hers, not mine. I shall probably let you read it after I have, but not till I am sure that Phyllis has told me nothing but what she would be willing for you to know."

"Still, doesn't it imply a lack of confidence when a wife won't show her letters to her husband?"

"Not at all. The lack of confidence is shown by the husband when he demands to see his wife's letters."

This was unanswerable, and Mr. Grant sank back in his chair with amused delight in his wife's perfect unconsciousness of having said a "good thing."

Presently she added, "I told you so! Here is something Phyllis wouldn't want you to know."

"Then why are you going to tell me?"

"I'm not going to tell you what it is. You are only to know there is something you can't know—at present."

"Phyllis is engaged," Mr. Grant remarked.

"And what if she is? You are not to know to whom."

"To Radcliff," hazarded her husband.

"I didn't say so."

"But you don't say she isn't."

"How could I say she isn't when she——"

"Is? I really think, my dear, you might as well have let me read that letter."

*Old Letters.....Andre Theuriet\**

In measure as we approach that dreary door which opens on the sixties, the end of each year has something inexpressibly saddening to us. We see it come, with a pang made up of regret for the past, and of fear of the unknown which the new year holds in reserve for us.

Thus reflected Pierre Le Vasseur, as he sat near a desk with open drawers, gloomily stirring his fire, on St. Sylvester's Eve.

Every year, at the same season, he undertook the ransacking and sorting of his correspondence; but this time, the task was attended by a peculiar feeling of dull depression. This was due, doubtless, to the weather. The afternoon was foggy, the sky was overcast, a fine drizzle left tear-drops on the window panes, and the whole city seemed shrouded in mourning crape. It was also particularly due to the fact that he had considerably passed his fiftieth year, that he was a widower, and that the stern solitude of his dwelling contrasted more forcibly than usual with the tumultuous movement of Paris, dur-

ing the busy week between Christmas and the first of January.

While arranging his papers, he was thinking of the far-distant year-endings of his childhood and youth; those seasons of joyous expectation when the first of January came as a liberal visitor, with pockets stuffed with presents, and hands full of promising hopes; and, as he descended, step by step, the winding staircase of memories, his hand rummaged more thoroughly the last drawers of his desk, his fingers fluttered the files of yellowed letters—letters of youth, of love, or of enthusiastic friendship. As he mechanically untied the faded token that bound one of these packets of correspondence, a thin sheet of paper, folded in four, escaped from it and slipped upon the floor. Pierre picked it up, unfolded it, and drew near the window in order to more easily read the faint lines with which it was crossed and recrossed. The hurried and irregular writing had faded in growing old, and an effort of memory was necessary to recall to him from whom had come this letter, conceived in the following words:

"My poor friend; you have wounded me deeply. After reading again and again—heaven knows with what grief—your cold and embarrassed letter, I have at last divined what you did not say, and understand that you wish to be free. A long distance separates us; I cannot go to you, and your new occupations, your new projects, perhaps, do not leave you time to come to me. I fully understand, alas, our mutual situation. You live in Paris; I am condemned to dwell in my little provincial corner hole, and the memory of former happy hours does not sufficiently fill your heart. You require other emotions, other pleasures, other and more palpable demonstrations of love, and it is your secret wish to sever a connection which holds you only by a scruple of conscience. Be free, then, and be so without remorse. As for me, those short moments of my life when I knew you, are those that I shall recall with mingled sadness and joy. I retain your picture. My eyes fill with tears whenever I look at it. Ah! if one could only go back, how it seems to me that I should enjoy with greater ecstasy the happy days gone by! But those days are far from me. You, too, are far away, and your love has grown cold. Adieu, my friend. I embrace you with all my heart in leaving you, and I weep away all my tears, for I truly know that we shall meet no more.

"CLAUDETTE."

As Pierre perused the old, yellowed letter, written on a scrap of thin paper, the image of this Claudette Disallais reappeared with vivid clearness before his eyes. He saw her again, as he had known her at twenty-five, in an obscure little town in Poitou, where he had once spent six months—fresh, dainty, with graceful form, with burning black eyes, brown, curling locks, rosy, tempting lips, and the whitest of teeth. They had met in the little entertainments of provincial society; they had soon become attached; they had loved, and confided that love to one another. Pierre felt his clouded

\*Translated for Current Literature by Mrs. Wm. D. Cabell from "Contes de la Premier," 1897.



brain grow clear, and there returned to him with melancholy charm the memory of the happy days once spent in the society of Claudette. He recalled their meetings—their interviews—certain happy hours when she showed him her candid love, in that little house in the Palatrics, which was then her home—all so long, so long gone by!

As Claudette had foreseen, they had never met again. Thirty years had passed since then. Pierre resided in Paris; he had married there; Parisian life had whirled him in its vortex; he had never set foot again in the little Poitou town; and gradually that episode of love and youth had gone to sleep in his memory, covered deep with the ashes of succeeding years.

Suddenly, he felt inflamed with a desire to know what had become of Claudette. He knew some Poitou people, living in Paris, who had maintained relations with their native province. He began a quiet investigation, and, at the end of a few days, he knew all that he desired to know.

Claudette was still living. She had become a widow, and continued to reside in the little town where Pierre had met her. Then an idea germinated in the brain of Le Vasseur, grew, took root, and became masterful. He determined to revisit the Poitou town where he had lived six months of love, and to see again the woman who had given him, without reserve, the deepest feelings of her heart. Nothing detained him in Paris; his time was his own. Why should he deny himself this whim of a pilgrimage to the scene of his youth?

One fine morning, he took the express at the Orleans Station, and arrived that evening at his destination.

The little city was almost unchanged. Thirty years had passed over it without modifying its drowsy features. The hotel at which Pierre alighted preserved its façade à la Renaissance, and its elliptically arched door. At supper, he adroitly induced the hostess who served him to chatter, and learned that Madame Disallais lived still in the house where her husband died. At night, before going to his room, Pierre Le Vasseur wandered slowly through the town. He recognized the streets with curious names, in which he had formerly aired his illusions and his lovers' joys. At the turning of an alley, he suddenly perceived the windows of the house where he had dwelt for six months. His heart beat faster; for one moment it seemed to him that time had not passed, that he was going to cross the footway with its worn stones and re-enter his bachelor quarters. All his youth revived and smiled to him on the way.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, after having made his toilette with a sort of minute coquetry, he took his way blithely to the quarter of the Palatrics. At the end of an alley of walnut trees, he saw again the old mansion, over which clambered a robust wistaria, and his heart began to beat anew. But that winter month the wistaria was leafless, and its knotty, black branches wrapped themselves gloomily over the darkened façade. He rang and asked for Madame Disallais. The servant stared at him inquisitively, and answered that her mistress had gone to attend morning mass, but would return presently.

"Stay," she added, "indeed, there is Madame returning from church!"

He turned, and with renewed emotion went to meet Claudette Disallais. But as he advanced, his emotion succumbed to an impression of discomfort and disenchantment. Shrunken, muffled in an old black hood, cramped in a pelisse of shabby fur, Madame Disallais walked austere, her prayer book in her hand. Her countenance of waxen whiteness had an indescribable, chilling dryness that repelled approach. Seeing Pierre approach, she gave him a deadened look that made his flesh creep. The lips of his old sweetheart, once so tempting, now thin and sunken, assumed an expression of such distrust that he no longer felt the courage to address her. She passed without recognizing him, and he, repelled by so harsh an exterior, had no longer the smallest impulse to reveal himself. They passed each other silently, gradually drawing farther apart, and disappearing in the fog which gathered like gray smoke under the naked branches of the walnut trees.

That same day, Pierre Le Vasseur took the lightning express back to Paris. As the train was leaving the little Poitou town, he heard the church bells chiming the midday Angelus; gradually the chimes were drowned in the fog and became less and less distinct, and it seemed to him that the last illusions of his youth were mournfully exhaling away, and giving to the wintry wind their sad and dying sighs of adieu.

*After Death in Chinatown.....St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

In a tiny, close room in the rear of a little undertaking shop in Mott street sat a row of Chinamen, their impassive faces and unfathomable eyes turned upon a long, black coffin in the middle of the floor. The shop is next door to a stable. Now and then the silence was broken by the sound of the restless horses attached to the waiting hearse.

The rain was beating ceaselessly on a bit of desolate garden into which the one window of the room looked. The dim light from the patch of sullen sky filtered through this window and disclosed a weird, impressive scene—the sombre coffin, the row of livid, skull-like faces above it; the gorgeous coloring of the silken robes, donned as for a festival.

There were two women in the little death chamber. One, a stout, red-faced, alert Irishwoman, wrapped in a comfortable gray-and-black plaid blanket shawl. She evidently was known to several of the mourners, for she exchanged salutations with some of them. Near the door sat a poor, battered, frowsy girl, a type one sees in Chinatown. She sat as if carved from stone, her bleared eyes fastened on the coffin.

There were no prayers said over the dead; no sermon nor eulogy was delivered. From time to time the mourners burned little bits of colored paper inscribed with black characters and symbols. The strange, sensuous perfumes of the Orient—the mingled odors of memory and oblivion—were wafted through the room.

Woven with the incense of the burning joss sticks came the intoxicating scent of the poppy, suggesting sleep—eternal sleep.

One by one rose and fell in metallic cadence the



monotonous voices of the mourners as each spoke of the future existence.

"I am come to the middle of the stream," said one, and his voice was almost a sob. "My boat is stuck fast in the ice. I cannot go back. I cannot go forward. Mountains of ice are about me. Here I must pause."

He sank into his chair and lighting bits of scarlet paper let them flutter softly to the floor, where they shrivelled to ashes under the long, black coffin.

Presently another mourner rose: "The flowers of the spring are faded," he exclaimed. "We pluck them no more. They are gone. The flowers of the summer will come, but they are not the flowers of the spring."

The girl at the door withdrew her eyes from the coffin and buried her frowsy head in her tattered old shawl. Silence again in the little room, broken only by the dash of the rain against the window-panes.

"The paths divide," chanted another mourner, "one goes on; that is ours. The other leads over the mountain. There is no returning; that is his."

A half sob, instantly and sternly repressed, echoed through the room. It is against all precedent for Chinamen to weep at funerals. Another arose, and burning fresh bits of paper he slowly sifted them through his long, lean, yellow fingers.

"Like the leaves of the autumn," he said, "they are blown hither and thither; and they care not where they rest when the wind has carried them away."

With a voice that sounded like the clashing of chains the last speaker drew a frightful picture of the everlasting punishment of the departed.

The passing souls are met in a dim, shadowy land—a land barren and desolate and awful. They come to the two terrible cities over whose gigantic ramparts lean colossal and terrible phantoms that mock and threaten them on their doleful journey. Untold mental sufferings surround them at every step. Anguish, tears and misery accompany them.

At last, weeping and moaning, the souls come to that dread place where the Book of Judgment is opened, wherein each man's record is faithfully kept.

They are doomed.

The guilty ones are thrust into a vast caldron close by vomiting fire and smoke.

There is no hope.

Should they attempt to escape they are pushed back by devils—pushed back eternally.

The harsh, relentless voice ceased. A groan ran through the row of Chinamen. Some of them clinched their hands in agony and writhed in despair. The big Irishwoman crossed herself hurriedly. "Oh, Mary, mother of Jesus," she murmured brokenly.

The poor, battered, frowsy girl by the door started up. "Gawd!" she gasped, and throwing her ragged shawl over her head, fiercely struck the door open with her fist and staggered across the street into a saloon.

Slowly the Chinamen followed the coffin back through a dim passage-way into the stables. It was lifted into the hearse.

There was the sharp click of a door—the last

door closed upon the dead. The restless horses sprang forward. The mourners leaned from the carriage windows and cast thousands upon thousands of bits of gaudy paper upon the ground. The gay scarlet and yellow trifles fluttered about and covered the slush of the street as with a carpet of autumn leaves.

*He Was Brought Low.....Detroit Free Press*

Away up on the crest of the Cumberland range I sat talking and smoking with a mountaineer in front of his cabin after the humble meal called supper, when a "native" came down the trail on a mule and halted to say:

"Howdy, Dan? Folks all peart?"

"Yes, rather peartish," was the reply.

"Got a Bible yet?"

"Noap."

"I'm a-sellin' Bibles for a dollar now."

"Hain't got no dollar to buy with."

"Shoo! Say, Dan Hawkins, yo' orter hev a Bible in the house. It's monstrous like heathen not to hev a Bible. Yo' jess orter be ashamed of yo'self."

"I reckon I kin git along."

The man on the mule was a combination of preacher, circuit rider and colporteur, and he seemed considerably chagrined at not making a sale. He presently got off his mule and began to take off his coat, and then mine host inquired:

"What yo' gwine to do, Tom?"

"Look-a-yere, Dan Hawkins, yo' has gin out that no man in this country has ever laid yo' on yo'r back!"

"That's true."

"If I lay yo' thar' will yo' buy a Bible?"

"I will."

"Then, with the help o' the Lord, I'm goin' to do it! The Scriptur' says that the stiff-necked and high-headed must be brought low, and that's whar I'm goin' to bring yo'. Come out yere and be laid!"

"Tom, ye can't do it—can't do it nohow!" replied the settler as he rose up and prepared for the conflict.

"I've got to, Dan!" said the preacher as he pulled off his vest. "I'm commanded by the Lord to sell yo' a Bible, and the Lord will strengthen my arms to lay yo' flat!"

They dodged around for a minute looking for an opening, and then the preacher suddenly rushed in and got a back hold and Dan didn't last fifteen seconds under the strain. It was a fair fall, and as he rose up he took a silver dollar from his pocket and handed it out in exchange for a Bible.

"Didn't I say the Lord would help me?" asked the preacher as he mounted his mule to ride on.

"Yes; but it wasn't quite fa'r!" growled Dan as he stood with the Bible in his hands.

"But the stranger says it was. What ar' yo' complainin' of, Dan?"

"Of the Lord. I've lived right yere fur twenty-five y'ars, and this is the fust and only time He has come within twenty miles of this cabin! 'Tain't right to jump right in on a man all of a sudden, and yo' know it hain't, and the fust time I catch yo' without the Lord on yo'r side I'll make all yo'r ribs crack and yo'r heels draw up!"

## IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

*The Wreck of the "Julie Plante" . . . William Henry Drummond . . . The Habitant\**

A Legend of St. Pierre.

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,  
De win' she blow, blow, blow,  
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"  
Got scar't an' run below—  
For de win' she blow lak hurricane  
Bimeby she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre  
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,  
An' walk de hin' deck, too—  
He call de crew from up de hole  
He call de cook also.  
De cook she's name was Rosie,  
She come from Montreal,  
Was chambre maid on lumber barge,  
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas-wes',—  
De sout' win' she blow too,  
W'en Rosie cry "Mon cher captinne,  
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"  
Den de Captinne t'row de big ankerre,  
But still the scow she dreef,  
De crew he can't pass on de shore,  
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak wan black cat,  
De wave run high an' fas',  
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl  
An' tie her to de mas'.  
Den he also tak' de life preserve,  
An' jomp off on de lak',  
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,  
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early  
'Bout ha'f-pas' two—t'ree—four—  
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie  
Was corpses on de shore,  
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane  
Bimeby she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,  
Wan arpent from de shore.

## MORAL.

Now all good wood scow sailor man  
Tak' warning by dat storm  
An' go an' marry some nice French girl  
An' leev on wan beeg farm.  
De win' can blow lak' hurrican  
An' spouse she blow some more,  
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre  
So long you stay on shore.

*Shake Yo' Toe, Mah Honey . . . Birch Arnold . . . Chicago Chronicle*

Go shake yo' toe, mah honey,  
I'se watchin' by de do',  
I neber seed a finer foot  
In all my life befo';  
It's straightah dan de broomstick,  
An' O, dat yallah heel  
Is floatin' roun' yo ankle,  
Like cohn silk in de fiel'!

\*The Habitant and other French Canadian Poems, by William Henry Drummond, M. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y., publishers: cloth, 12mo, \$1.25.

Hippem! hippem! hi!  
Shake yo' toe an' fly;  
Jig yo' eas' an' jig yo' wes',  
An' jig to one yo' lub de bes!

O, shake yo' toe, mah honey,  
An' kick's high's yo' kin,  
Dem lil' laigs is growin' stiff  
Fer sumfin' limberin';  
An scrape de fiddle Epherman,  
So's we kin see,  
De pickananny's whirlumgigs  
Dat's jes' a comin' three!

Hippem! hippem! hi!  
My, but she kin fly!  
Jig it! jig it! see her go!  
Scacely techin' on de flo!

O, shake yo' toe, mah honey,  
An' cut de piging wing,  
An' bulge yo' eyes, yo' niggahs!  
Don' dat beat eberyting?  
I 'clar to gracious! honey,  
Yo's boun' to crambulate,  
To da bery do' ob fortin'  
An' make yo' mammy great.

Hippem! hippem! hi!  
Glory bye an' bye,  
Hallelujah! see dem flings,  
Honey's laigs is growin' wings!

*Wee Wullie's Tartan Breeks . . . William Lyle . . . N. Y. Home Journal*

There's something sad about the hoose,  
When I am a' alane,  
That mak's me greet an' feel sae cloose  
For want o' him that's gane.  
I see 't whaur e'er my een may fa',  
An' to my heart it speaks  
Wi' looder soon sin' he's awa—  
Wee Wullie's tartan breeks.

I mind the makin' o' them, fine,  
An' a' the plans I laid  
To hae the buttons in a line  
An' mak' maist o' the braid.  
Hoor after hoor I pingled through  
Wi' mony carefu' steeks;  
I kenned na then they'd aye be new,  
Wee Wullie's tartan breeks.

Losh! when at last he got them on  
He made the hale hoose ring;  
There was no king upon a throne  
Had half as gran' a thing.  
He looket here, he looket there,  
He could na rest for weeks,  
But noo my heart is stricken sair  
Ower the wee empty breeks.

I ken my bairnie's wi' the Lord,  
But nature has its claim,  
And grief gangs through me like a sword  
At my wee Wullie's name.  
The warl' has nacht wi' a' its skill  
To bring what my heart seeks,  
A sicht o' him wha used to fill  
Those dear, wee tartan breeks.

## IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

Concerning Creeds.....The Outlook

Like most theological debates the debate about creeds has largely turned upon the different meanings attached by the disputants to a word. If by creed we mean simply a statement of belief, no one can intelligently object to creeds. Indeed, he cannot even state his objection to them without using one; for the declaration, "I do not believe in creeds," is itself a creed, if every statement of belief is entitled to be so designated. But though this may perhaps be said to be the etymological meaning of the word, it is not the meaning which either ecclesiastical or common usage attaches to it. A creed signifies, properly, not every statement of belief, but a brief summary of all religious truth. Thus the affirmation, "I believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures," or "I believe in the infallibility of the Pope," does not by itself constitute a creed. Either would be only a single article of a creed. Assuming, then, the creed to be "a brief summary of religious doctrine," there are two objections to it; one to the assumption which underlies it; the other to the use which has been made of it. The latter is, of course, not strictly an objection to creeds, but rather to the misuse of them. Let us consider these objections separately.

I. The first objection, then, is to the assumption that it is possible to make a brief summary of religious faith which shall not be inadequate and misleading.

Religion has been defined to be—Such a manifestation of the Infinite as produces an influence on the moral life of man. It is quite competent for any man to make a statement of the manifestation of the Infinite which he has apprehended and which has influenced him; but it is not competent for him to make a summary of all the manifestations of the Infinite which have influenced humanity. Religion has been defined as—The life of God in the soul of man. Any man, if he is possessed of an analytical mind and a philosophical education, may make a statement of so much of the life of God as he enjoys in his own soul; but no man, and no body of men, is competent to make a summary which shall cover all the phases of that life in the souls of all men. The attempt to do this is an attempt to summarize, if not the Infinite, at least all the relations in which the Infinite stands to humanity. It assumes a knowledge which no man, no school, no epoch, possesses. Paul has said that we know in part and prophesy in part; the creed, regarded as a summary of religious faith, is an attempt to put into one brief epitome all religious knowledge, when in the nature of the case it is, and always must remain, fragmentary and imperfect; because it is the knowledge possessed by the finite of the Infinite.

This fundamental defect in all such attempted summaries is illustrated by the historic creeds of Christendom. They have all been fragments, containing some truths and omitting some, or putting them in imperfect relations and proportions. . . .

II. Out of this false assumption that it is possible for men to embody in a brief summary all the

truths of the religious life has naturally, if not necessarily, grown insistence upon the acceptance of the creed as essential to fellowship in the kingdom of God. When one supposed that he possessed a summary which contained the whole system of divine truth, he could not but regard as heretical every statement not contained in that summary, and he was likely to regard as essential every statement which it contained. Hence has arisen the clash of creeds. . . .

No scientist will propound a creed, if by creed we mean a summary of truth. He will state the scientific truths in which he believes; he may even state what is generally believed by scientists at the present time, though it would probably be difficult to find any scientist who would do more than make such a statement regarding some particular branch of science. But no scientist would think of attempting to embody in one brief summary all that has been known and is to be known respecting science. The statements of scientific men on scientific subjects differ from the creeds of the religious thinkers in this very essential respect: the scientist is always eager for more light, and always ready to add to or subtract from the statement which he now holds; while the religious thinker, regarding his creed as a summary of all truth, looks upon it as final, and treats as an enemy of truth whoever proposes to modify it. Thus the creed closes investigation—that is, thinking—and substitutes submission to authority for open-mindedness to the light.

Nor is this the only, nor even the worst, effect, perhaps not of creeds, but of creed-subscription. The assumption that it is possible to summarize the whole of the Christian faith in an intellectual statement called a creed has had the tendency at once to belittle and to despiritualize faith. It has tended to substitute theology for religion, definitions of life for the life itself, belief in a God for personal acquaintance with God. . . . In short, the tendency has been toward a subtle idolatry, though of an intellectual order—that is, toward the substitution of an intellectual "eidolon" for the spiritual reality. We are persuaded that the Church needs nothing more to-day than, first, a spiritual religion in place of a formal and intellectual one; and, second, a catholic religion in place of a narrow and traditional one. Requiring creed-subscription as a condition of entering the Church, or even as a condition of preaching the Gospel, stands in the way of both reforms—rather, let us say, of this double regeneration.

It is a fact not without significance that the Bible contains no creed. . . .

To a creed, then, as a statement of what the person making or accepting it believes, there is no objection. On the contrary, it is important that men should form the habit of thinking with a purpose, and that they should formulate the results of their thinking, both for their own sake and for the sake of others. To the use of either ancient or modern statements of belief, and to their recital in worship by those who believe them, there is no objection.



On the contrary, such use of an ancient statement of belief witnesses to the historic continuity and to the present unity of the Church, and keeps also in the memory those results of religious thinking upon which the Church at large is agreed. All this is valuable. But to a creed as a statement of what men must believe in order to be acceptable with God or accepted in His Church, and to a creed as assuming to be a brief summary of all divine truth, there is very great objection. And the first is the use which has been commonly made of creeds, and the second is the meaning which has been commonly attached to the word.

*Religion in Russia.....W. Durban.....Contemporary Review*

St. Isaac's is one of the few Russian cathedrals with a sufficient area to accommodate a great congregation. The Russians prefer a multitude of small churches to a few large ones. Moscow contains no less than four hundred sanctuaries, many of them magnificently imposing in the exterior, and proportionately small and mean within. But St. Isaac's is an exception among the ecclesiastical edifices of St. Petersburg. Its great area was crowded on that Thursday morning. Not a single worshiper, however aged or weak, could sit down. In the Russo-Greek Church seats are unknown. A Russian does not know anything of the meaning of our pew system, nor even of our ritualist seats for men and women apart. . . .

High and low, rich and poor, young and old, the few clean and the many dirty, all stand together in that adoring multitude. Yet there is ample variation of attitudes. As the gorgeously robed "popes" chanted the mass, one after another in the congregation knelt on the cold floor, and most of those who knelt bowed repeatedly so low as to touch the dust with the brow. The sonorous chanting went on hour after hour all that morning. Crossing themselves constantly, the rapt worshipers were praying all the time in a low murmur.

In the afternoon I crossed the Neva, and repaired to Citadel Island, to pay my homage to the many mighty dead in St. Peter and St. Paul. Vain was the good intention for that day. The cathedral is nearly all height, the area being very contracted, and congested with tombs. All available space was occupied by the populace. It was simply astonishing to witness the impassioned devotion of the people. Giving up for that day the attempt to penetrate that particular shrine, I repaired to the most sacred spot in St. Petersburg, which is just outside the Citadel.

In a tiny garden on the north bank of the Neva is Peter the Great's Hut. That curious little timber house was the first structure erected in St. Petersburg. It contains the very first boat that was ever seen in all Russia. Both craft and cabin were constructed with his own hands by that wonderful and portentous being who seems to have been an unspeakable amalgam of good and evil attributes, partly man, partly brute, partly fiend. There we see, in Peter's Hut, protected by an enclosing building erected by Catherine the Great, the beginning of St. Petersburg. One of its three tiny rooms is converted into a chapel. On that afternoon it was blocked by devotees, who seemed to be nearly

suffocating the poor priest and the acolyte who assisted him in certain arduous duties. The latter was attired in canvas apron, and looked like a tallow-chandler. With one hand he took the slender candles which had been purchased at the entrance by supplicants for the favor of the Virgin, and with the other he laid in a pile, in front of the "pope," the prayer papers handed in for recitation at the little altar.

This custom of religious holiday-making is the bane of Russian industry and the stronghold of priestcraft in the Eastern Church. There are about a dozen holy days in each month throughout the year, and every Russian almanac marks these in large red figures. You go out in the morning, probably intending to supply some necessary wants and are surprised to find every shop closed. The Church claps its interdict on commerce and hermetically seals up the avenues of industry by this system, which is enforced with astonishing vigor. Russia is the real home of Church and State in the most perfect continuity of mediævalism.

I had the opportunity of spending some time among the monks of the Troitsa monastery. The Troitsa (Trinity) is the most celebrated conventual establishment in all Russia next to the venerated monastery of Kiév. On a fine morning in early September I set out from Moscow for the village of St. Serghievo, about forty miles away. It is a curious feature of modern Russian life that the railways, instead of decreasing superstition by the dissemination of new ideas, have actually increased the hold of priestcraft on the masses of the people. The facility of pilgrimage favors the vast numbers who desire to repair to such sacred shrines as the sepulchre of St. Sergius. What used to go on in ancient and mediæval England now proceeds in full swing in modern Russia. Immense processions are always in motion from one end of the land to the other. The Troitsa monastery contains 3,000 monks and nuns. This great community consists for the most part of big, bearded, simple, ignorant, good-tempered ecclesiastics, who live neither in poverty nor privation. I was astonished at the sumptuousness of their quarters. Comfort and contentment abound in that monastery, which is a little town in itself, with a vast crenelated wall enclosing its vast area and making it look like the fortress which it not long since really was. It includes quite a cluster of important cathedrals in its area. The most celebrated of these contains the bones of St. Sergius, that saint who used to utter cries before he was born, and on whom savage bears and wolves gently fawned in abject obeisance. The precious skeleton lies on an altar under a crimson cloth, which is passionately kissed by hundreds of pilgrims hour after hour.

It is a vain notion, which the Western mind generally cherishes, that in Russia religious superstition is gradually yielding to the encroachment of modern progressiveness. Enlightened people in Russia assured me that never has the whole land been so thoroughly dominated by a fanatical sacerdotalism as it is at this day. I saw evidence everywhere of the truth of this proposition. No keynote of any new song of toleration has yet been struck by the prevailing party. A lady of rank re-

lated to me how, in her own large circle of acquaintance, a number of fine young gentlemen had ardently embraced the monastic profession. The religious feeling is nowhere on earth at this hour so energetically alive as in Russia. If you move among the people you feel an all-pervading sense of religion in the atmosphere. You can never move many yards from the shadow of a church, and between the countless churches there are shrines on the pavement, with candles burning and icons illuminated, before which, one after another, the people crowding along on business or pleasure stop by hundreds for adoration. Religion mixes itself up with all affairs, commercial, social, military, political, and domestic. The modern Russian is the plaything of the priest, while he is the abject slave of the Tsar. Fiery patriotism and blind priestcraft make the "moujik" what he is.

During the late reign the amalgamation in the bureaucracy, which so uniquely locks Church and State together, was intensified. Pobiedonostseff is in Russia exactly what Wolsey was in England, and what Richelieu and Mazarin were in France. As the Procurator of the Holy Synod he reduced Alexander III. to a puppet in church hands.

Just at this point we may glance at the reason, which so few people seem to take adequately into account, why Russia has remained so quiescent over the history of the Turkish atrocities in Armenia. There is no such thing in the nation as public opinion in the ordinary political sense, but in no country is there such a powerful public opinion in the religious sense. The heart of Russia palpitated with popular fury when the sufferings of the Bulgarians were made known. All middle-aged Englishmen can remember also how, during the Servian insurrection, Russians swarmed as private adventurers over the Danube. Why, then, do the people and Government remain callous to the agonies of the Armenians? Simply because while Servia and Bulgaria are orthodox, Armenian Christianity is not in affinity with the Greek Church. Had Armenia modified her religion into harmony with the ecclesiasticism of the Russo-Greek Church, Turkey would not have been permitted to perpetrate any other massacre after that at Sassoon. And, as the differences are not in any sense radical or vital, it is lamentable that some reunion was not long ago effected. . . . There are more sects in Russia than anywhere in Europe; but they are underground sects, not pronouncing their shibboleths publicly and not disturbing the magnificent Erastian unity of the mighty empire. And, moreover, Russian sectism is ascribed to the inevitable honeycombing of society with surreptitious liberal ideas. Among one hundred and ten millions of people there must necessarily be ramifications of opinion; but the main current of orthodoxy sweeps resistlessly on.

The chief symbol of Russian religion is the universal icon, that unique sacred picture which is everywhere in evidence. Artistically the icon is unlike anything familiar in other lands. It is a picture containing no painting whatever except the face and hands. These are painted either rudely, or with fair skill, or exquisitely, as the case may be. The rest of the icon is all in raised metal work—

brass, nickel, silver, or gold. A Russian cannot understand a world in which icons are not profusely displayed in all quarters. They represent the Virgin and Child, or St. Nicholas, or St. Sergius, or the Redeemer, or any sacred character sufficiently famous to deserve homage. In every church there is, if possible, at least one costly icon, and in all wealthy sanctuaries there are several of great value, usually adorned with rubies, amethysts, sapphires, diamonds and pearls. The value of the jeweled icons, and of relics in caskets blazing with precious stones, is, in some cathedrals and convents, simply fabulous. The traveler soon becomes convinced that this most ancient of European churches, the Russo-Greek, is the most affluent in the world. Its treasures are incalculable, and it has never really been spoiled and stripped, as other Erastian established churches have all been, by reformations and revolutions.

Nothing is done in Russia without obeisance to the icon. It is an insult of the most flagrant order for a native to enter the dwelling of another without the sign of homage to the icon. In the bedroom, the kitchen, the drawing-room, everywhere, the holy symbol is encountered. In my cabin on the steamer when I opened my eyes in the morning a gaudy little picture of some saint was staring down on me. If it be observed, by way of apology, that the universal homage paid to religious pictures is not adoration, then I can only reply that it is an imitation of it which is absolutely perfect.

The religion of Russia is remarkable both in its abundant accessories and in its elimination of some of the essential features of other forms of Christianity. Russia is the land "par excellence" of church-bells. The "kolokol," or bell, is unspeakably dear to Muscovite ears. If you cannot sleep when the air is palpitating with the clashing reverberation of scores of bells, then you had better keep out of Russia, for very early every morning the tintinnabulation begins, and it does not cease for hours, and then the interval is very short. But what wonderful bells they are! How deep, rich, and harmonious they are! . . . It seems a singular anomaly that organs are prohibited in churches, as are all other instruments; but the singing is so fine that instrumental music is not missed. The mixture of mirth and melancholia peculiar to the Slav temperament predominates in all Russian music, in which the minor mode generally conquers the major. The Church services are simply all musical from end to end. Even if some ceremonial is going on music must accompany it, however unnecessary, or even out of place. The chanting is incessant. A deep bass recitative is being performed by a monk in front of an icon. He stands, splendidly appareled, with his back to the people, singing before the holy picture, which blazes with precious stones, and which will at the end of the services be passionately kissed by scores of the people. Suddenly, while he is chanting in a voice which would soon make his fortune as an operatic singer, a magnificent burst of harmony from behind the screen of the iconostasis thrills the standing congregation. The effect is altogether indescribable. Nowhere outside of Russia is anything to be heard like it.



## SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN \*

—Dorothy had heard some one singing that classical production the Little Alabama Coon on the street. Presently she came to her mother and asked: "Mamma, what does 'swat' mean?" "What do you think that it means?" "Well, I don't know, mamma; but I s'pose that 'swat' is colored for spunk!"

—Harry, aged five, had been to Sunday school and upon his return home he tried to tell his mamma about the lesson: "And you know, mamma," said he, "Lot's wife was awful meddlesome, and when God told her to mind her own business, she got fresh and didn't mind, so God put her in a sack of salt."

—Eddie's father was a jeweler and sometimes the little fellow got business mixed up with Indian stories and Sunday school lessons. One Sunday morning he surprised his mother by asking: "Say, mamma, what tribe was it that made gold-plated calves—the Israelites or the Choctaws?"

—Little Mamie was trying to write with a dull lead pencil that her mother had given her, but meeting with poor success, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, the wood has slipped down over the lead and the marks won't come out!"

—"Willie," asked the teacher, "how many days are there in a year?" "Three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth," promptly answered Willie. "How can there be a fourth of a day?" asked the teacher. "Why," replied Willie, "that's the Fourth of July."

—"I don't like the kind of snow you have out here," remarked the little city girl, on the occasion of her first visit to the country. "It's so pale."

—It was Willie's first experience in prayer meeting. During the service his father was asked to offer prayer, and in the midst of its petition a good brother responded with a hearty amen. Willie suffered this to pass without remark; but when it was repeated, thinking it was said to draw his father's prayer to a close, he could stand it no longer, and, rising in his seat, he exclaimed in his clear, childish voice: "Don't you mind him, papa; you pray just 's long 's you want to."

—A little boy was very anxious to have his pious uncle give him a little Jersey calf. The uncle said: "Johnnie, when you want anything very much you should pray for it." "Well," said the little fellow, "do you believe, uncle, that God would give me a calf if I should pray for one?" "Why, of course," said the good uncle. "Well, uncle," said the boy, "give me this calf and you pray for the other calf."

—"Johnny always stands up in the car and lets a woman have his seat, don't you, Johnny?" "Yes'm; I'm allus' feerd she might sit down on me."

—A little four-year-old girl was saying her prayers the other night, and after her "Now I lay me," asked God to bless her papa, mamma, each one of her brothers and sisters, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, mentioning a lady and gentleman of whom

the child was very fond, who had dined with the family that night. Her wise older sister of six years listened critically to the prayer, and when it was done, said severely: "It isn't necessary to pray for any one outside your own family. You shouldn't have prayed for Mr. and Mrs. Brown. God might get so many names mixed up."

—"Well, my child," said a strict parent to his little daughter, on returning from church, "what do you remember of all the preacher said?" "Nothing," was the timid reply. "Nothing?" said he, gravely. "Now, remember, the next time you go to church you must tell me something he says, or you'll have to stay indoors and study your catechism." Next Sunday the little girl came home all excitement. "I remember something, papa," said she. "Well, what did the preacher say?" "He said," she cried, delightedly, "'Now a collection will be taken up!'"

—Ethel is small, but extremely sober-minded and therefore to be trusted to run on household errands. The other day her mother called her from her play and said: "Ethel, I want you to run over to the grocer's and get me a quart of vinegar." Ethel looked thoughtful and hesitated. "I'd rather get a pint, mamma," she answered. "Why, Ethel, dear," exclaimed her astonished parent, "I need a quart, which you must get." Again the little girl paused. "No," she said, "I'll get you a pint." "I'm surprised at you! Why should you buy a pint when I wish a quart?" insisted the mother. "Because," answered Ethel, the tears beginning to come, "I can say pint, and I can't say krort!"

—A little girl whose father is in the —th Infantry, U. S. A., when reprov'd by her mother for being naughty, and told that God would not love her, quickly replied: "But He is not the commanding officer of this post!"†

—"Oh, my daughter!" (to a little girl of six) "You should not be frightened and run from the goat. Don't you know you are a Christian Scientist?" "But, mamma" (excitedly) "the billy goat don't know it."†

—"Auntie" was writing to her son far away, and wanted to tell him about killing a turkey, but wasn't sure how to spell the word. Bessie (the children were in the kitchen) was mixed up also and couldn't tell her, but Preston, who can't talk plain, came to the rescue by saying: "Auntie, just tell him 'we tilled a dobler,' and that will be all right."†

—A little girl not quite three years of age, whose father sometimes consents to preach in the old home church was told that she might go to church that particular Sunday if she would promise to sit quietly through the service. The promise was readily given, and she was one of the attendants at the service. The little tot sat quietly through the service and paid close attention to what her father was saying. After the family had arrived at the home, the little one went into the room where she found her father, and she said to him: "Papa, why don't you speak your piece again?"†

\*Compiled from Contemporaries.

†Contributed to Current Literature.



## CHILD VERSE

*Her Story Book.....Home Notes*

There's a funny little girl who reads to me every day  
The most surprising travels from a volume worn and gray,

In lands where monkeys buy and sell, and talk and go to school,  
And there are lions, numerous as fishes in a pool;

And dreadful savage men who build great cities out of bones,  
And dwarfs, whose woods are bits of moss, their mountains pebble stones.

But the book in which she reads about these travelers of renown,  
Is the family receipt book, and she holds it upside down.

*Jack's Ploughing.....Mabelle P. Clapp.....Zion's Herald*

Out in the field in the sunshiny weather  
Jack and the farm boy are ploughing together.  
The dandelions in bloom by the wall  
Twinkle gayly at Jack; and the robins call  
From the apple-tree boughs, "Ho, Jack! Look here!"  
While the chipmunks are chattering, "Come, Jack, my  
dear!"

But Jack keeps on with his ploughing.

The plough is high, and the dimpled hands  
Must reach for the handles, 'twixt which he stands.  
The south wind lifts the loose brown rings  
'Neath the sailor hat with its flying strings,  
And kisses the lips pressed tightly together,  
When out in the fields in the sunshiny weather  
Jack lends a hand with the ploughing.

Up and down the long furrows brown  
He manfully trudges, a tiny frown  
On the smooth broad brow, so earnest is he.  
"We has such lots of work to do, Jim, hasn't we?  
If I didn't help you, now what would you do?"  
Says Jim, "Master Jack, if it wasn't for you  
I'd never be done with the ploughing."

The sun grows hot, the lazy breeze  
Scarce stirs the boughs of the apple-trees.  
The soft earth clings to the moist little hands.  
When, at last, at the end of a furrow, he stands  
And looks toward home. "My mamma, I guess,  
Will be 'fraid 'thout a man in the house unless  
I did come home from ploughing."

Such a dirty boy as runs home at last!  
Such a dirty boy! but mamma holds him fast,  
And kisses the dimples that come and go  
As he tells of the morning's fun, till lo!  
The white lids droop o'er the eyes of brown,  
And in the meadows of Slumber-town  
Jack still goes on with his ploughing.

*A Lullaby.....New York Home Journal*

The yellow moon  
Rides high, rides high,  
A whistling tune  
Across the sky  
The chill wind sings:  
And, to and fro,  
Within the dusk  
The branches blow.

This cold, pale night!  
Its filmy lace  
The hoar frost, white,  
Hath come to trace  
Upon the pane;  
And, to and fro,  
A-tossing high,  
The branches blow.

Roses are fair,  
'Neath Dreamland skies,  
And blooming there,  
Blue as thy eyes,  
The violet buds;  
Here, to and fro,  
With cold a-creak  
The branches blow.

Then give thy hand  
To some dream, sweet,  
In slumber land  
'Twill guide thy feet  
On happy ways;  
Now, to and fro,  
In ghostly way,  
The branches blow.

Oh! jewel star,  
In evening set,  
So still and far,  
A dream hath met  
My baby now;  
And, to and fro,  
With lullaby,  
The branches blow.

*Awful All Around.....Toronto Globe*

There is a little maiden  
Who has an awful time;  
She has to hurry awfully  
To get to school at nine.

She has an awful teacher;  
Her tasks are awful hard;  
Her playmates are all awful rough  
When playing in the yard.

She has an awful kitty,  
Who often shows her claws;  
A dog who jumps upon her dress,  
With awful muddy paws.

She has a baby sister  
With an awful little nose,  
With awful cunning dimples,  
And such awful little toes;

She has two little brothers,  
And they are awful boys,  
With their awful drums and trumpets;  
And make an awful noise.

Do, come, I pray thee, common sense,  
Come and this maid defend;  
Or else, I fear, her awful life  
Will have an awful end.

## RIVALRY IN SICILY: A RIDE FOR LIFE\*

By F. MARION CRAWFORD

[Tebaldo and Francesco, two brothers of a noble but impoverished Italian family, are in love with Aliandra, a young prima donna. The heart of the girl, who is a daughter of the people, inclines toward Francesco, the younger, who seeks her in marriage; but Tebaldo's titles attract her, and she hopes in time to receive from the elder brother also an honorable proposal. Tebaldo, who is desperately in love, although intending to marry a young American heiress at Rome, forbids Francesco to make his addresses where he chooses to pay court. But Francesco has nevertheless followed the girl from Rome to Sicily, which is the home of both, and is now, at the time of this reading, pleading with her to become his wife.]

In the tender shadow of the half-darkened room, his eyes filled hers till she could not look away, and his speech grew softer and was broken by little silences. Aliandra was falling under the spell of his voice, of the hour, of her own warm youth, and of his abundant vitality.

The blinds, hooked together against the bars, shook a little, perhaps, with the sultry afternoon breeze, and all at once there was less light in the room. Aliandra moved a little, realizing that she was falling under the man's influence.

"But, Tebaldo!" she exclaimed. "Tebaldo!" she repeated, still clinging to her long-cherished hope, as though she owed it a sort of allegiance for its own sake.

Francesco laughed softly, and pressed the hand he held.

"Tebaldo is going to marry the American girl with the great fortune," he said quietly. "You need not think of Tebaldo any more."

Again the blind creaked a little on its hinges. But Aliandra started at what Francesco said, and did not hear the window. She sat upright on the sofa.

"What American girl?" she asked. "I never heard of her. Has this been going on a long time?"

"About two months——" The blind creaked a third time, as he spoke.

"There is someone under the window!" cried Aliandra, lowering her voice and looking round.

"It is the wind," said Francesco, indifferently. "The southeast wind blows up the street and shakes the blinds."

Aliandra leaned back again, and he took her hand once more.

"It is quite well known in Rome," he continued. "The engagement is not actually announced, but it will be very soon. They say she has many millions, and she is very pretty—insignificant, fair with blue eyes, but pretty. He has done very well for himself."

Aliandra was silent. The news meant the absolute destruction of a project she had long hoped to realize, and with which she had grown familiar.

The silence lasted long. The blind creaked again, more loudly than before, and she turned her head nervously.

"I am sure there is someone under the window!" she said. "I wish you would look!"

"I assure you it is only the wind," answered Francesco, as before.

"I know, but please look. I am nervous. The sirocco always makes me nervous."

"It is not the weather, Aliandra," he said softly, and smiling, with his eyes in hers. "You are not nervous, either. It is—it is——" he bent nearer to her face. "Do you know what it is?"

Though he was so near, forcing her with his eyes, he had no power over her now. She could not help looking anxiously over his shoulder at the hooked blinds. She was not listening to him.

"It is love," he said, and his red lips gave the word a sensuous sound, as they came nearer to her face.

She did not hear him. The rich color in her face faded all at once, and then, with a sharp cry, she stood upright, pushing him away from her.

"I saw a hand on the window sill!" she exclaimed. "It is gone again."

Francesco rose also. He was annoyed at the untoward interruption, for he fancied that the hand must have belonged to some boy in the street, playing outside and climbing up a little way to jump down again, as boys do.

"It is ridiculous!" he said in a tone of irritation, and going to the window.

He looked down between the blinds that were ajar, expecting to see a peasant boy. Instead there was Tebaldo Pagliuca's face, yellow in the sun, as though he had a fever, and Tebaldo's bloodshot eyes looking up to his, and the thin, twisted lips smiling dangerously.

"Come outside," said Tebaldo, in an odd voice. "I want to speak with you."

But Francesco only heard the first words. His abject terror of his brother overcame him in an instant, and he almost ran into Aliandra's arms as he sprang back.

"It is Tebaldo!" he whispered. "Let him in. Keep him here, while I go away through the stable yard."

And before she could answer, or realize exactly what he meant, he had left her standing alone in the middle of the room. In ten seconds he had made sure that the gate of the stableyard was fast inside, and he was saddling his horse. It was done in less than a minute, somehow. Then he listened, coming close to the gate. He heard Aliandra speaking with Tebaldo at the open window, a moment later he heard the street door open and close, and he knew that Tebaldo was in the house.

Very softly and quietly he unbolted the yard gate. He swung it wide, reckless of the noise it made, and in an instant he was in the saddle and galloping for his life up the deserted street. It was well that he had known the house thoroughly, and that Aliandra had obeyed him and admitted Tebaldo at once.

She was braver than Francesco, by many degrees, though she was no heroine; but she was

\*A selected reading from *Corleone*, by F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co., N. Y., publishers; cloth, 2 vols., \$2.00.

scared by the look in the man's face, as he entered without a word, and looked round the room slowly for his brother.

"Where is he?" he asked.

Before Aliandra could find any answer the loud noise of clattering hoofs filled the room. Tebaldo was at the window almost before the sound had passed, and the thrust of his open hand smashed the fastenings so that the blinds flew wide open. He looked out and saw his brother galloping away.

He knew the house, too, for he had been in it many times, and he knew also that Basili's brown mare was a good beast, for the notary was a heavy man and often had to ride far. Without even glancing at Aliandra he turned to the door. But she was there before him, and held it closed, though she was frightened now.

"You shall not go," she tried to say.

"Shall not?" he laughed harshly, as his hands caught her.

He did not hurt her, for he loved her in his way, but a moment later she found herself turned round like a leaf in a storm, and the door had closed behind him. It seemed to her but a second more, and she had not been able to think what she should do, when the sound of flying hoofs passed the window again. She ran to look out, and she saw the brown mare already far up the street. Tebaldo could ride, and he had not wasted time in saddling. Bareback he rode the mare with her halter for a bridle, as he had found her. Aliandra realized that he had no rifle. At all events he would have to overtake his brother in order to kill him, and Francesco had the start of him by several minutes.

He knew it, but he guessed what Tebaldo would do, and he kept his horse at full speed as the road began to wind upward to the black lands. He glanced behind him just before each turning, expecting to see his pursuer. But a clear start of four minutes meant a mile, at the pace he had ridden out of the town. He kept the horse to it, for he was riding for the wager of his life. But the animal had been put to it too suddenly after his feed, without as much as a preliminary walk or trot to the foot of the hill, and even in his terror Francesco saw that it would be impossible to keep the pace much longer. But he could save distance, if he must slacken speed, if he followed the footpath by which the peasants had made short cuts between each bend of the road and the next. They were hard and safe in the heat, and his horse could trot along them fairly well, and even canter here and there. And then, when he was forced to take the high road for a few hundred yards, he could break once more into a stretching gallop. If he could but reach that turn, just beyond the high hill, he believed that he could elude Tebaldo in the black lands.

It was a terrible half hour, and he gasped and sweated with fear, as he urged his horse up that last long stretch of the road which could not be avoided. His heart beat with the hoof-falls, and the sweat ran down upon his velvet coat, while he felt his hands so cold that it was an effort not to drop the reins. But the beast had got his wind at last, and galloped steadily up the hill.

It was growing suddenly dark, and there was a

feverish yellow light in the hot air. A vast thunderstorm was rolling over Etna, and another had risen to meet it from the west, hiding the lowering sun. The thunder pealed out again from the mountain's side with a deafening explosion. He turned in his saddle and looked back.

The road was straight and long, and he could see far. Tebaldo was in sight at last, almost lying on the mare's bare back as she breasted the hills, his hand along her neck, his voice near her ear while she stretched her long brown body out at every stride.

Francesco's teeth chattered as he spurred his horse for another wild effort. He could break from the road now, just before the wide curve it made to the left, and he knew the bridle paths and all the short cuts and by-ways through the black lands, as few men knew them except that one man, his brother, who was behind him. In his haste to escape he had left his rifle in Basili's hall. It was so much the less weight for his horse to carry, but it left him defenceless, and he knew that Tebaldo must be armed.

The storm broke and the rain came down in torrents. His horse almost slipped in jumping the ditch to get off the main road, but recovered himself cleverly, and long before Tebaldo had reached the top of the hill Francesco was out of sight. He might have felt safe then, from almost any other pursuer; but he knew Tebaldo, and now and then his teeth chattered. He told himself that he was chilled by the drenching rain, but in his heart he knew it was fear. Death was behind him, gaining on him, overtaking him, and he felt a terrible weakness in all his bones, as though they were softened and limp like a skeleton made of ropes.

There was less than three-quarters of a mile between them now, but if he could keep the pace that would do. He followed the shortest path, which was also the best, because it was naturally the one most used by travelers. The rain fell in torrents, and the air was dusky and lurid. Again and again the great forked lightnings flashed down the side of the mountain, and almost at the instant the terrible thunder crashed through the hissing rain. Francesco felt as though each peal struck him bodily in the back, between the shoulders, and his knees shook with terror as he tried to press them to the saddle, and he bent down as if to avoid a shot or a blow, while his ears strained unnaturally for the dreaded sound of hoofs behind.

Then, the wind changed in a moment and came up behind him in gusts, and brought to his ears the sound of terror, the irregular beat of a horse's hoofs, cantering, pacing, trotting, according to the ground. It was fearfully near, he thought. He had just then his choice of taking to the road again for half a mile or more, or of following the bridle-path. There was a broad, deep ditch, and the rain had made the edges slippery, and there was a drop of several feet, and little space to take off. It was a dangerous leap, but the greater fear devoured the less, and Francesco did not hesitate, but put the good horse at it. It would be a relief to get a stretching gallop along the road again.

The horse cleared it well, and thundered up the highway, as glad as his rider to be out of the intricate paths again. Francesco breathed more freely,



and presently turned in his saddle as he galloped, and looked back. He could see nothing, but every now and then a gust of wind brought the sound of hoofs to him. Just as he neared the end of the half-mile stretch he distinctly saw Tebaldo come up to the leap. The rain had ceased for a moment, and in the gray air he could see tolerably well how the brown mare took off. For an instant he gazed, absolutely breathless. Horse and rider disappeared into the ditch together, for the mare had not cleared it. She might be injured, she might be killed, and Tebaldo with her. With a wild welling up of hope Francesco galloped along the road, already half sure that the race was won and that he could reach a safe place in time.

The highway was level now for two or three miles. He settled down once more to a long and steady gallop, and the going was fairly good, for the volcanic stuff used in making the road drank up the rain thirstily and was just softened by it without turning to mud. His terror was subsiding a little.

But all at once from far behind came the regular, galloping, tramping tread of the horse his brother was riding. He turned as though he had been struck, and there, a mile behind him, was a dark, moving thing on the road. They had not been injured, they had not been killed, they were up and after him again. And again his teeth chattered and his hands grew cold on the reins.

The entrance to the avenue of Camaldoli was in sight, and he set his teeth to keep them still in his head. It was half a mile from the entrance to the house, and little more than that to Santa Vittoria.

He passed the turn of the road at a round pace, and the good horse breasted the hill bravely. But on the smooth highway the difference in weight began to tell very soon. Tebaldo was clearly in sight now, stretching himself along the mare's body, his head on her neck, his voice close to her ear, riding like vengeance in a whirlwind, gaining at every stride.

Francesco's horse was almost spent, and he knew it. He had spurs and used them cruelly, and the poor beast struggled to gallop still, while the lean brown mare gained on him. The sun was low among the lurid clouds, and sent a pale level glare across the desolate land as he rode up the last stretch for his life. His horse stumbled a little. Francesco thought he shied, but it was not that. Four, five, six strides more, and the brave beast stumbled again, staggered as Francesco sprang to the ground, and then rolled over, stone dead, in the middle of the road.

Francesco did not glance at him as he lay there, but ran like a deer up the last few yards of the hill. The little church was just on the other side, and it might be open. Tebaldo was not two hundred yards behind him, and had seen all and was ready, and the lean mare came tearing on. She took the dead horse's body in her desperate stride, just as Francesco burst into the church.

With all his strength he tried to force the bolt of the lock across the door inside, for the key was outside where Ippolito\* had left it when he had entered.

\* A young priest of a noble family at war with the family of the two brothers.

He could not move it, and he heard the thunder of hoofs without. If Tebaldo had not seen him enter, the mare would gallop past the closed door to the gate of the town. In wild fear he waited the ten seconds that seemed an age. The clattering ceased suddenly, and some one was forcing the door in behind him. Francesco's lips moved, but he could not cry out. He ran from the door up the aisle.

When Tebaldo had killed him, on the steps of the altar, he sheathed the big knife, with which he had done the deed at one blow, and instantly dropped it through the old gilded grating under the altar itself, behind which the bones of the saint lay in a glass casket. No one would ever look for it there.

As though the fever that had burned him were suddenly quenched in the terrible satisfaction of murder, the natural color returned to his face for a moment, and he grew cold. Then all at once he realized what he had done, and he knew that he must escape from the church before any one surprised him. He turned away from the altar and found himself face to face with Ippolito Saracinesca, who had been at work at the back of the organ, while he was waiting for the fat sacristan as usual, and had come down the winding stairs as soon as he had heard the noise of running feet, without even going to the front of the loft to see who was there.

Tebaldo stood stock-still, facing the priest while one might have counted a score. He knew him well, and was known to Ippolito. But Ippolito could not see who it was that lay dead across the steps, for the face was downwards. Tebaldo looked at the churchman's calm and fearless eyes and knew that he was lost, if he could not silence him. Before Ippolito spoke, for he was too much surprised and horror-struck to find anything to say, and was rather thinking of what he ought to do, the Sicilian was on his knees, grasping his sleeve with one hand and crossing himself with the other.

He began the words of the Confession. A moment more and he was confessing to Ippolito as to a priest, and under the sacred seal of silence, the crime of having slain his brother. Ippolito could not stop him, for he had a scruple. He could not know that the man did not at once truly repent of what he had done, and in that case, as a priest, he was bound to hear and to keep silence forever. Tebaldo knew that, and went to the end, and said the last Latin words even while getting on his feet again.

"I cannot give you absolution," said the young priest. "The case is too grave for that. But your confession is safe with me."

Tebaldo nodded, and turned away. He walked firmly and quickly to the door, went out and closed it behind him. He had already made up his mind what to do. He met the fat sacristan less than twenty paces from the church. He had known him all his life, and he stopped him, asking him where he was going. The man explained.

"Don Ippolito will not need you to blow the organ to-day," said Tebaldo, gravely. "He has just killed my brother in the church. I have turned the key on him, and am going to fetch the carabinieri."

## AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

National Floral Emblems.....Robert Blight, for Current Literature

With the coming of the flowers we shall doubtless have a revival of the controversy as to that which shall represent America in emblematic art and patriotic association. Much has been said in favor of the golden rod; but one drawback to its adoption will be the fact that its form does not lend itself readily to that conventional drawing which seems to be regarded as necessary in ornamentation. This requirement is a very important one in the choice of a suitable emblem. In the following passage from *Amateur Gardening*, we have an admirable plea in favor of the columbine, whose flowers will shortly be decking the borders of our rocky streams.

### A PLEA FOR THE COLUMBINE.

"The growing interest in the columbine, consequent upon its discussion and earnest advocacy by many intelligent people as the ideal flower for selection as our national floral emblem, makes anything pertaining to the plant of exceptional interest at the present time. It may not be known that a Columbine Association, national in its scope and character, has been formed, for the purpose of advocating this selection.

"Inasmuch as the symbols of other countries, like the rose of England, the fleur-de-lis of France, the shamrock of Ireland, and the chrysanthemum of Japan, were selected on account of some historical association or peculiar fitness, it is argued by the members of this association that the columbine is the only flower possessing qualifications which meet all the requirements of an American national emblem.

"In the first place, it grows wild in every State of the Union. No other native flower, it must be admitted, is so widely distributed as the columbine in its various forms. With the exception of a small region about the lower Mississippi, this flower springs up wild in all the States of the Union, and readily grows from seed in any garden.

"While the name of the columbine naturally suggests thoughts of Columbia and Columbus, it may not be known that there is really a connection between the name of this plant and that of the discoverer of the country where it grows so freely. The name of Columbus, 'Colombo' in the Italian, means 'a dove,' and the columbine receives its popular name from the close resemblance borne by one form of the flower to a group of doves. This form grows wild in the Rocky Mountains, as it did at the time of his birth, in the region where Columbus was born. The scientific name of the flower, *aquilegia*, by which it is known to botanists and other scientific people, as well as to the general public in a considerable measure, is understood to be derived from the Latin word 'aquila,' an eagle—the symbol of our national power.

"Columbine enthusiasts go further, and suggest that a front view of the flower shows the outline to be a beautiful five-pointed star. A single petal of the long-spurred form is in the shape of a horn of plenty, which we like to think characteristic of our fruitful land; in a short-spurred variety the resemblance to a miniature liberty cap is equally strik-

ing. The leaf of the columbine, being made of many segments, exemplifies our motto, 'E Pluribus Unum,' and the lobes of its terminal divisions are thirteen in number, equaling the original colonies and the stripes on our flag. In color, also, the strictly American sorts are of a brilliant red, a pure white, and an exquisite cerulean blue. For floral decorations the columbine is as durable as the rose, and the wild forms are in full bloom on Memorial Day, in ordinary seasons, throughout most of the country. Another claim is that the flower is so simple and regular in its geometric plan that it offers great advantages to the artist for symbolic designs for a postage stamp, a coin, a medal, or an official seal, or other national object.

"In his *Synoptical Flora of North America*, Dr. Asa Gray, the standard authority on plants of our country, describes twelve species of *aquilegia* as indigenous within the Rocky Mountain States and California. The native home of nine of these is given as entirely within the United States, and several of the twelve belong to what Dr. Gray distinguishes as the New World type of *aquilegias*."

So far an excellent case is made out for this lovely and interesting flower. There is, however, a drawback, which some one must have urged, or the writer would not have thought it worth while to dispose of the objection. It is that the specific name in botanical nomenclature associates the type chosen with Canada. It must be said that this can scarcely be held to be a valid objection, or England could never have monopolized the rose, or France the lily. We might with almost equal propriety urge that, as the columbine was once known as *Herba leonis*—the lion's herb, it cannot be adopted as the badge of the American eagle. Without expressing an opinion as to the advisability of recognizing the columbine as the American flower, we are glad to see the alleged objection so well combated as it is in the concluding words of the article quoted:

"Perhaps the strongest argument against the columbine is that its botanical name, *Aquilegia Canadensis*, is that of another country, and not of our own. While in point of fact the botanical name of a flower has very little if anything to do with its popular name or its popular regard, it is well to bear in mind in this connection that the name was bestowed upon the plant by the illustrious Linnæus, whom the word reveres as the father of botany. It first appears in his great work, the '*Species Plantarum*,' which was published in 1753. At that time the region called Canada extended from above the St. Lawrence to New Orleans, and by the specific name which he gave Linnaeus could only have meant that the plant belonged to this vast region. Similar instances of the old use of this name are afforded by *Helianthemum Canadense*, the northern limit of which is given by Dr. Gray as Massachusetts, and *Berberis Canadense*, which occurs no further north than Virginia and Missouri. It is not fair, therefore, to argue that the scientific name of the columbine has any special relation to that section of our continent now known as Canada,



which at the time the name was given to our flower was, with the exception of the immediate vicinity of the St. Lawrence River, an almost unknown country."

This is probably the first time in the history of the world that there has been an attempt to decide upon a flower that shall represent a nation by a sort of plebiscite. The sentiment involved is a curious, but a very suggestive one. Man naturally loves the flowers and plants which beautify the earth; and for ages has been accustomed to associate various phases of his life with them. Such association, in many cases, is "as old as the hills"; and no one can tell when first victory was symbolized by the palm, triumph by the laurel and the bay, strength by the oak, sorrow by cypress, fertility by the vine, purity by the lily, and beautiful humility by the daisy. The acceptance of these is nearly, if not entirely, universal among European nations, and in our literature the concrete symbol stands for the abstract idea. With national flowers, however, the case is different. The adoption has been due either to some actual occurrence or to some legendary story concocted after the event.

#### OTHER NATIONS' EMBLEMS.

It is true that we have the word "fleur-de-lis," or "fleur-de-lys," or "fleur-de-luce," referring to the French national flower; but we may well doubt the modern interpretation of the word. Louis le Jeune, or Louis VII., who was King of France from 1137 to 1180, was the first to use the heraldic representation, called a flower, as his cognizance. He had it represented in gold over the azure blue mantle worn by his son Philip, when the latter was crowned joint King. The device is not said to have been made from a real flower on earth, but to have been brought down from heaven by an angel, for the arms of France. The word is probably not "fleur-de-lis" (or lys, or luce), at all, but "fleur-de-Louis." Afterwards, when the sound had become changed, the application to lilies was made, and the "lilies of France" became known to history. The heraldic figure is not much like any of the flowers we call lilies, but it does resemble the iris, which is sometimes called "flower de luce."

The history of the rose of England is also curious. Long before it attained its national character it was borne as a cognizance by several families. In the roll of Edward II. it occurs twelve times. A white rose was the badge of the house of York, while a red one was that of the house of Lancaster, Henry Tudor, or Henry VII., who united the two in his own person, bore a rose as his badge, and it is worthy of notice that the Tudor rose, and therefore the rose of England, is a "single," or wild rose, and not the "double" cultivated variety. The thistle was adopted as the cognizance of Scotland, according to legendary history, because, during a night attack which some Danes were making on a body of Scots, a barefooted soldier trod on one and in his agony gave a cry which roused and saved the sleeping men. Well may the motto of the Order of the Thistle be: "Nemo me impune lacessit," "No one provokes me with impunity." The leek may be a very useful culinary plant, but one would scarcely call it a flower. Shakespeare applies it very freely as

the badge of the Welsh, and the Welshman of to-day is ready to defend his cognizance on St. David's day. But how it came to be associated with the principality is really unknown. Some date its adoption as far back as 640, when Cadwallo defeated the Saxons. His men, to distinguish themselves, are said to have worn leeks in their caps.

In like manner, we do not know assuredly how the shamrock became the badge of Ireland. It may have been that St. Patrick did really use the pretty clover leaf to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity, but no life of that saint relates the fact. Nevertheless, the trefoil is dearer to the sons of Ireland than the rose is to the Englishman; in fact, it must be confessed that the last named is rather frivolous about his national flower. It may be questioned whether one in a thousand could tell you that the rose was a national emblem. They have even forgotten that the pretty campanula, called the harebell, is dedicated to their patron saint, "St. George for Merrie England." If you asked each person you met in a long day's walk what the national flower was, in nine cases out of ten, you would be told that it was the primrose. It is but a recent adoption, the use of that simple but exquisite flower for political purposes having arisen after the death of Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. On April 19, almost every one is to be found wearing the fairest of England's spring flowers, in honor of the dead statesman. But this celebration will probably die a natural death.

The truth is that the sentiment connected with flowers is purely a personal one, and not a patriotic one. Every man and woman has his or her own favorite, even though they love them all. It would be difficult to get them to recognize any other sentiment in connection with them than a personal one. Has not Richard H. Dana expressed the thoughts of thousands when he said?

"I loved you ever, gentle flowers,  
And made you playmates of my youth;  
The while your spirit stole  
In secret to my soul,  
To shed a softness through my ripening powers,  
And lead the thoughtful mind to deepest truth."

#### NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS IN TREES.

With plants other than flowers, trees, for instance, the case is different. We do recognize national characteristics in trees. The following passage from the Philadelphia Press about the Tallest of all Trees brought this to the mind:

"In New South Wales, Victoria and Tasmania grows a species of gum tree—eucalyptus is its scientific name—which Sir F. von Mueller says, probably represents the 'tallest of all trees of the globe.' The loftiest specimen of this tree yet measured towers to the height of 471 feet. A prostrate tree, measured in Victoria, was 420 feet long, and the distance from the roots to the lowest branch was 239 feet. At that point the trunk was four feet in diameter and 360 feet from the butt the diameter was still three feet. The wood of this tree is hard and of good quality, it grows quickly and yields a great quantity of volatile oil from its leaves, which are very abundant."

The blue gum tree is peculiar to Australia, and is so far characteristic of that great and prosperous country that it has already been accepted as a sort



of national tree, and Australia is sometimes called the land of the blue gum. Whether it can claim pre-eminence for gigantic trees is a question about which something will be said presently.

India is characterized by the banyan, which is a species of fig, and is one of the most remarkable trees in the world. The leaves are shaped like a heart and are five or six inches long. The fruit resembles a red cherry and is eaten by monkeys and birds. The branches, extending some two hundred feet from the trunk, at a height of some twenty or thirty feet from the ground, send down long straight shoots which root themselves in the earth, thus forming columns of striking appearance. Specimens have been seen in which the main trunk will measure about 28 feet in girth and 80 feet in height. One such had no fewer than 350 secondary stems as large as an average oak and 3,000 smaller ones. It covered an area of 1,700 square yards, and could shelter several thousand men. The Hindus use them sometimes as temples, hence the tree is sometimes called the pagoda-tree.

We cannot call the agave exactly a tree, but the very name suggests Mexico. The following passage, from an article by W. W. Bailey in *Popular Science News*, gives the reasons why the Mexicans are proud of it:

"The people of Mexico have a favorite drink. It is made from the juice of the agave or so-called century plant, by removing the inflorescence just as it is about to expand. The resulting liquid is at first merely cooling and pleasant, but upon fermentation becomes an intoxicating liquor. To foreigners, however, it is an acquired taste, as the odor and flavor are both offensive to a degree. It is sometimes mixed with water and sugar, further fermented, and is then known as tepacke. Rectified spirit is also derived from it.

"The century plant, *Agave Americana*, is frequently seen at the north in cultivation as an ornament for grounds and piazzas. There is a popular notion that it blooms at the end of precisely one hundred years. It may more accurately be said to blossom only once, and that at the termination of a more or less lengthened period of years. In the interval the succulent leaves have been storing up nutriment. When the critical time at length arrives the plant suddenly develops an erect shape, often twenty or more feet in height, bearing at the top a panicle of lily-like flowers. These flowers are funnel-shaped, and of six nearly equal divisions. It has also six stamens inserted in the tube of the perianth, and an ovary of three cells. The blossoms are of a yellowish tint, and the whole vast cluster looks like a giant candelabrum. One has to employ a stepladder to examine the flowers. The leaves, often variegated, are thick and fleshy, with sharp, spiny margins, and a spike at the end. The flowering is the culmination and supreme life-effort of the plant; after that it perishes, first perfecting the seed, and at the same time giving rise to abundant offshoots from the base. By these means its perpetuity is assured in other generations.

"The agave is one of those plants which may be described as of manifold use. The life of the people is bound up in it. There is apparently no end to its uses. Owing to its thorny nature, great size, and

ornamental appearance, it is much used for hedges, and, massed with cactus, it is well-nigh impenetrable. From the fibres, twine and rope are manufactured. The juice is a detergent, and employed as a substitute for soap, when mixed with lye."

England claims the oak as the national tree with a persistence much stronger than that displayed about the national flower. There is, however, a coolness about this even which is remarkable. Fifty years ago it was common for the people to wear a sprig of oak on May 29—Royal Oak Day—but now the fashion has almost disappeared and the celebration of Prince Charles' escape by hiding in the branches of the monarch of the woods, while

"Far below the Roundhead rode,  
And humm'd a surly hymn,"

is fast becoming a thing of the past. The following quotation will show the sentiment of one of her most eminent botanist (H. Marshall Ward: *The Oak*: D. Appleton & Co.):

"Famous in poetry and prose alike, the oak must always be for Englishmen a subject of interest, around which historical associations of the most varied character are grouped; but although what may be termed the sentimental aspect of the 'British Oak' is not likely to disappear even in these days of ironclads and veneering, it must be allowed that the popular admiration for the sturdy tree is to-day a very different feeling from the veneration with which it was regarded in ancient times; and that, with the calmer and more thoughtful ways of looking at this and other objects of superstition, a certain air of romance seems to have disappeared which to so many would still present a tempting charm. It is not to these latter alone that our few existing ancient oaks are so attractive, however, and a slight acquaintance with the oaken roofs and carvings of some of our historical edifices affords ample proof that the indefinable charm exercised on us by what has proved so lasting, is a real one and deep seated in the Saxon nature; in fact, everything about the oak is suggestive of durability and sturdy hardiness, and, like so many objects of human worship in the earlier days of man's emergence from a savage state, the oak instinctively attracts us. The attraction is no doubt complex, taking its origin in the value of its acorns and timber to our early forefathers, not unaffected by the artistic beauty of the foliage and habit of the tree, and the forest life of our ancestors, to say nothing of the more modern sentiment aroused when ships of war were built almost entirely of heart of oak; for the Aryan race seems to have used and valued both the fruit and the wood from very early times, and both Celt and Saxon preserved the traditional regard for them."

In the cases of national trees quoted, nature seems to have stepped in and laid down the law. Is it not the case with America, also? Is not this the country of the redwood? Australia may possibly show some few tall trees; we may perhaps have to concede a foot or two in one or two; but taking all in all, there are no more majestic giants of the forest than those to be found at Calaveras, Mariposa, and Fresno. And if there be anything in the botanical specific name, let us remember that the redwood is "*sempervirens*."

## ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

*A Day From the Diary of a Young Dog.....Pick-Me-Up*

7.00 A. M.—Woke up feeling rather below par, owing to disturbed rest. Hardly energy enough to stretch myself. In the middle of the night a strange man came in by the kitchen window very quietly with a bag. I chummed up to him at once. He was nice to me, and I was nice to him. He got me down a piece of meat that I could not reach myself. While I was engaged on this he took a whole lot of silver things and put them into the bag. Then, as he was leaving, the brute—I believe now it was an accident—trod on my toe, making me yelp with pain. I bit him heartily, and he dropped his bag and scurried off through the window again. My yelping soon woke up the whole house, and in a very short time old Mr. Brown and young Mr. Brown appeared. They at once spot the bag of silver. They then declare I have saved the house and make no end of fuss with me. I am a hero. Later on Miss Brown came down and fondled me lots, and kissed me, and tied a piece of pink ribbon round my neck, and made me look like a fool. What's the good of ribbon, I should like to know? It's the most beastly tasting stuff there ever was.

8.30.—Ate breakfast with difficulty. Have no appetite.

8.35.—Ate kittens' breakfast.

8.36.—An affair with the cat (the kittens' mother); but I soon leave her, as the coward does not fight fair, using claws.

9.00.—Washed by Mary. A hateful business. Put into a tub and rubbed all over—mouth, tail, and everywhere—with filthy soapy water, that loathsome cat looking on all the while and sneering in her dashed superior way. I don't know, I am sure, why the hussy should be so conceited. She has to clean herself. I keep a servant to clean me. At the same time I often wish I was a black dog. They keep clean so much longer. Every finger-mark shows up so frightfully on the white part of me. I am a sight after cook has been stroking me.

9.30.—Showed myself in my washed state to the family. All very nice to me. Quite a triumphal entry, in fact. It is simply wonderful the amount of kudos I've got from that incident with the man. Miss Brown (whom I rather like) particularly enthusiastic. Kissed me again and called me "a dear clean, brave, sweet-smelling little doggie."

9.40.—While a visitor was being let in at the front door, I rushed out and had the most glorious roll in the mud. Felt more like my old self then.

9.45.—Visited the family again. Shrieks of horror on seeing me caked in mud. But all agreed that I was not to be scolded to-day, as I was a hero (over the man)! All, that is, except Aunt Brown, whose hand, for some reason or other, is always against me—though nothing is too good for the cat.

9.50.—Glorious thought! Rushed upstairs and rolled over and over on the old maid's bed. Thank heaven, the mud was still wet!

10.00 to 1.00.—Dozed.

1.00.—Ate dinner.

1.15.—Ate kittens' dinner.

1.20.—Attacked by beast of cat again. She

scratched my hind leg, and at that I refused to go on. Mem.: To take it out of her kittens later.

1.25.—Upstairs into dining-room. Family not finished luncheon yet. I go up to Miss Brown and look at her with my great pleading eyes. I guessed it; they are irresistible. She gives me a piece of pudding. Aunt Brown tells her she shouldn't. At which, with great pluck, Miss Brown tells her to mind her own business. I admire that girl more and more.

1.30.—A windfall. A whole dish of mayonnaise fish on the slab in the hall. Before you can say Jack Robinson I have bolted it.

1.32.—Curious pains in my underneath.

1.33.—Pains in my underneath get worse.

1.34.—Horrid feeling of sickness.

1.35.—Rush up into Aunt Brown's room and am sick there.

1.37.—Better. Think I shall pull through if I am careful.

1.40.—Almost well again.

1.41.—Quite well again. Thank heaven! It was a narrow shave that time. People ought not to leave such stuff about.

1.42.—Up into dining-room. And, to show how well I am, I gallop round and round the room at full pelt, about twenty times, steering myself by my tail. Then, as a grand finale, I jump twice on to the waistcoat part of old Mr. Brown, who is sleeping peacefully on the sofa. He wakes up very angry indeed, and orders Miss Brown to beat me. Miss Brown runs the burglar for all he is worth. But no good. Old Mr. Brown is dead to all decent feeling. So Miss Brown beats me. Very nice. Thoroughly enjoyable. Just like being patted. But, of course, I yelp and pretend it hurts frightfully, and do the sad-eye business and she soon leaves off, and takes me into the next room and gives me six pieces of sugar. Good business. Must remember always to do this.

2.00 to 3.15.—Attempt to kill fur rug in back room. No good.

3.15 to 3.45.—Sulked.

3.46.—Small boy comes in and strokes me. I snap at him. I will not be everyone's plaything.

3.47 to 4.00.—Another attempt to kill rug. Would have done it this time had not that odious Aunt Brown come in and interfered. I did not say anything, but gave her such a look, as much as to say, "I'll do for you one day." I think she understood.

4.00 to 5.15.—Slept.

5.15.—Awakened by bad attack of eczema. Caught one.

5.30 to 6.00.—Frightened canary by staring greedily at it.

6.00.—Visited kitchen folk. Boned some bones.

6.15.—Stalked a kitten in kitchen passage. The other little coward ran away.

6.20.—Things are looking brighter. Helped mouse escape from cat.

6.30.—Upstairs, past the drawing room. Door of old Mrs. Brown's bedroom open invitingly. I entered. Never been in before. Nothing much worth having. Ate a few flowers out of a bonnet. Beastly.



7.00.—Down to supper. Ate it, but without much relish. I am off my feed to-day.

7.15.—Ate kittens' supper. But I do wish they would not give them that eternal fish. I am getting sick of it.

7.25.—Nasty feeling of lassitude comes over me, with loss of all initiative, so I decide to take things quietly, and lie down by kitchen fire. Sometimes I think that I am not the dog that I was.

8.00.—Hooray! Appetite returning.

8.01.—Ravenous.

8.05.—Nose around the kitchen floor and glean a bit of onion, an imitation tortoise-shell comb, a shrimp (almost entire), an abominably stale chunk of bread, and about half a yard of capital string.

8.30.—If one had to rely on other people, one might starve. Fortunately, in the hall I happen on the treacle pudding, and I get first look in. Lap up the treacle, and leave the suet for the family. A1.

8.40.—Down into the kitchen again. Sit by the fire, and pretend I don't know what treacle is like. But that vile cat is there—and I believe she guesses—keeps looking round at me with her hateful superior look. Dash her, what right has she got to give herself such airs? She's not half my size, and pays no taxes. Dash her smugness! Dash her altogether! The sight of her maddens me—and when her back is turned I rush at her and bite her. The crafty coward wags her tail, pretending she likes it, so I do it again, and then she rounds on me and scratches my paw viciously, drawing blood, and making me howl with pain. This brings Miss Brown down in a hurry. She kisses me, tells the cat she is a naughty cat (I'd have killed her for it), gives me some sugar and wraps the paw up in a bread poultice. Lord, how that girl loves me!

9.00.—Ate the bread poultice.

9.15.—Begin to get sleepy.

9.15 to 10.00.—Dozed.

10.00.—Led to the kennel.

10.15.—Lights out. Thus ends another derved dull day.

*Gold-Fish.....Pets of the Aquarium.....Detroit Free Press*

Some time during the seventeenth century, about two hundred years ago, Portuguese sailors saw swimming in the lakes and rivers of China and Japan a very beautiful variety of fish, which glistened like gold. They captured some specimens, and brought them to Portugal. The little fish found the lakes of Europe as pleasant to live in as the lakes of China, and they at once domesticated themselves, and raised their little families, until the European streams became well stocked with these beautiful creatures. They are also found in many brooks and streams in the United States.

The glistening gold color of these fishes made them much sought after as household ornaments, and the demand for them became so general that establishments were opened for raising them for the market. One of the largest and most celebrated of these places for goldfish breeding is in Oldenburg, Germany, where more than a hundred small ponds contain the fish in all stages of growth, from the tiniest baby to the big, stout fellow eight and even ten inches long. The little ones are carefully kept apart from larger ones, for the goldfish is a wicked

cannibal, and devours its little brothers and sisters, and even its own children, whenever it has an opportunity. At the same time it is a great coward, and will hide away from fish much smaller than itself that have the spirit to attack it. A gentleman who possessed an aquarium in which were several large goldfish, once placed a tiny "pumpkin seed" or sunfish, about the size of a silver half dollar, in the water. Watching anxiously to see that the goldfish did not injure it, what was his astonishment to see the "pumpkin seed" dart furiously at the larger fish, which huddled themselves in a corner, or scurried hastily through the water to hide among the stones and mimic grottoes of the aquarium! From that moment the "pumpkin seed" remained lord of the field, scarcely allowing his companions to come to the surface, as they are fond of doing or to take a mouthful of food until he had satisfied his own hunger. Finally he had to be removed from the aquarium, to save the goldfish from dying of fright.

The enormous demand for goldfish is shown by the fact that from the establishment at Oldenburg alone over three hundred thousand fish are sent to market every year. Their price varies according to their size and beauty, for there are grades of beauty in gold fish as well as in all other things. They are very pretty household ornaments, and by caring for them and carefully watching their habits, boys and girls may learn their first lesson in natural history. If kept in a glass globe, nothing can be more interesting than to watch them, for, as Mr. White says, in Selborne, "The double refraction of the glass and water represents them, when moving, in a shifting and changeable variety of dimensions, shades and colors, while the two mediums, assisted by the concave-convex shape of the vessel, magnify and distort them vastly." Still, the fish may be healthier if kept in an aquarium, as it allows more surface to the water, and consequently more air and ventilation. In any case, fresh water should be given the fish at least every other day, and if the globe or aquarium be ornamented with rocks and water-grasses, the fish should be carefully dipped out once a week, and the rocks thoroughly cleansed from all impurities.

Although the fish draw nourishment from animalcules supplied by the water, and will live a long time without other food, it is advisable to feed them by throwing bread crumbs, or flies and other small insects, on the surface of the water. The eagerness with which they dart for them proves them to be welcome. Care should be taken not to scatter more bread crumbs than will be immediately eaten, for bread sours very quickly and renders the water impure. In changing the water the fish should never be subject to any sudden variation of temperature, as the shock produced by a violent change from water of medium temperature, which is always best, to ice-cold, might ruin the whole stock of an aquarium in an instant.

The ingenious Chinese make great pets of their goldfish, and with patience teach them many tricks, such as eating from their hands, or rushing to be fed at the tinkle of a bell.

The goldfish belongs to the genus *Cyprinus*, or the great carp family, and is sometimes called the golden carp.



Canary-Bird Culture in Milwaukee.....Milwaukee Sentinel

Milwaukee supplies the United States with the bulk of the Hartz Mountain canaries. There is no great crime in the deception, for the Milwaukee bird is really an improvement on the imported article, having just as fine a voice and being much hardier. Experience has shown that the imported singer loses the power of transmitting his voice to the young after passing through an American winter. This is the case also, it is said, with the Tyrolean singers who come to this country, their voices losing the peculiar Alpine yodling quality when they have been here a year.

Before they are mated the hen birds are kept in separate cages in the music-room, carefully fed and made to listen to the music of the singers and the machine used in training their voices. In this way the hen is enabled to transmit the best musical quality to its offspring. The music-room is a large one with a south exposure, and is kept with the same scrupulous neatness as the breeding-room. In the corner of this room is the bird organ, and with it the little birds are given their vocal training. When the machine is started the notes emitted are wonderfully like the song of the untutored canary. These notes are known to bird-trainers by the term *pfeiffen*. Gradually the whistle strikes on to a different line. It is an improvement over the *pfeiffen*, and it is called *klingel rolle*. A higher step still is called the *klingel*, and a still higher step *hohl klingel*. Lastly comes what is called *hohl rollen*, and a bird whose voice has been developed up to that point is worth \$50 in the market any day.

There are innumerable small cages, made of wood and wire, in this room, and also two or three large cages in which a number of the birds are placed together. Near the bird organ is what appears to be an ordinary cupboard. The two front doors have an ornamental opening cut in them, quite similar to the openings in the body of a violin. Examination shows that the affair is really built on the principle of a violin, the front covers serving as sounding boards. When the birds are having their voices trained they are placed in this dark cupboard and also in some smaller ones, constructed so as to just take in one of the little wooden cages each. Kept thus in the dark, they have nothing to distract their attention from the notes of the bird organ, and so long hours are spent by the little pupils in piping up their little voices to the lead of the mechanical teacher. When their education has been completed they are shipped in the little cages to the New York, Cincinnati and Chicago markets.

Purchasers suppose that when they buy a bird in one of these little cages it is a guarantee that they have been imported. Not so, however. The cages are made in Milwaukee, even to the little earthenware drinking-jug that is fastened within. And just here a word of advice to buyers of canaries: The male birds are, of course, the singers, and it is important to be able to tell the male from the female. The female has a white shade or shimmer across the feathers on the top of the head. The eye of the female also is surrounded by a little white rim of the flesh, easily detected by the fancier.

Flies T at Steal R des.....Great Thought

That certain flies will steal a ride on the back or wings of some larger insect, and that this labor-saving process may be habitual, is indicated by the observations of the Rev. A. E. Eaton, who noticed in Algeria, a small fly riding on the backs of big beetles. They settle down on the prothorax, and on the base of the wing covers, sometimes half a dozen females on one beetle. "The beetles occasionally throw themselves on their backs to try and get rid of them by rolling; but the flies elude all their efforts to dislodge them, dodging out of harm's way into the joinings of the thorax and out again, and darting from back to breast and back again, in a way that drives the beetle nearly mad. In vain she scrapes over them with her legs; in vain does she roll over or delve down among the roots of the herbage; the flies are as active as monkeys, and there is no shaking them off." A somewhat similar case has been reported by Mrs. Slosson, who observed at Franconia a lace-wing fly (*Chrysopa*), which seemed to have a black raised spot upon each wing, and others with but a single spot. She caught some *chrysopas*, and in the net with one of them was a minute *Cecidomyia* fly still clinging to the wing of a lace-wing fly. It apparently is a tramp fly, stealing a ride on the larger insects, though the lace-winged flies are not rapid fliers, nor do they fly to a great distance.

Animals on the Stage.....Westminster Gazette

The number of animals who make a living on the theatrical stage is very large indeed. Just now eight English fox-terriers are delighting all Paris with the part they take in *La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.*, and there is no doubt that they are the "men of the moment." Dogs, it seems, are the best animal-actors, and cats are the worst. Only last year a St. Bernard died, for whom an American theatrical manager had paid £6,250, solely because he was "so splendid in melodrama." Lions, bears and elephants have done well on the stage; lizards and serpents (*vide* Mme. Sarah Bernhardt!) have also been covered with stage glory, and mice have come to the fore, with great credit to themselves and their trainer.

But, while so many "dumb things" have been excellent actors, one of their number at least has been immortalized through failure. Molière himself was the actor who brought about the unrehearsed scene between himself and his ass. The play was *Don Quixote*, and Molière played Sancho. Some minutes before he had to appear on the stage he was waiting in the wings, mounted on his ass. But the latter suddenly forgot his part, and insisted upon appearing on the scene without delay. Nor was it of any avail that half a dozen assistants hung around his head and clung desperately to his tail. The ass, with Molière on his back, dashed wildly among the actors on the scene, and the "fiasco" would have been complete had not Molière saved the situation by shouting to the audience, while jogging along, "Pardon, gentlemen! Pardon, ladies! but this confounded beast has come on against my wishes!" The public responded at once with roars of laughter and applause, but Molière never again mounted an ass.

## SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

*Naval War Game.....San Francisco Chronicle*

A "war game" that can reproduce in miniature the actual conditions of naval warfare has long been a desideratum for tactical purposes, but the rapidity at sea, the hundred or more different types of guns, the almost equally numerous varieties of armor, the thousand and one other points that go to make up that eternal compromise, a modern war ship, have so far proved insurmountable obstacles to a game on the lines of the soldier's *Kriegspiel*. The game invented by Fred. T. Jane, editor of the new naval annual, *All the World's Fighting Ships*, appears to have successfully solved some, at least, of these problems.

As regards the methods of playing the game, these to a naval officer, are fairly simple. Practically he does with the miniature scale model under his command just what he would do with the great warship of which he is a unit. The game is played upon squares, each of which represents 100 yards, and each move represents one minute of time. At fifteen-knot battleship speed he covers 500 yards a minute; in a destroyer he may be covering half a mile or more. As with a real ship, he has no time allowed him to consider which may be the best move, and nothing done may be recalled. He stops or turns only in the same space as an actual ship. For guns he has those of the ship that his piece represents, these being arranged in five values—A, B, C, D, and E, the cosmopolitan notation of *All the World's Fighting Ships*. His armor is also a, b, c, d, or e, according to its thickness, and according to the range and the power of the gun attacking it is penetrated or not. On the range, too, depends where and how the enemy hits him—at 4,000 yards he may escape untouched; at 1,000 the hostile shot finds him where it lists. The chances of all these things have been worked out by specialists in naval gunnery, and are embodied by the inventor in a machine that more or less automatically records the result according to the range. His chance of being hit at long range depends upon the length and freeboard of his ship and on luck; the nearer he approaches the enemy the less there is of luck and the more of calculable certainty. According to the area presented by his ship, so are the points allowed to it, and no gun may fire after these points are lost.

A dice throw decides whether a torpedo hits or not, and these chances, worked out by torpedo specialists from their own experiences, depend, like everything else in the game, on the range. These are briefly those features of the game most to the fore in a fleet action. There are, of course, a multitude of others. The vexed question as to whether or no searchlights should be used against torpedo attack, and whether it is better to have the projectors low down or up aloft, can be worked out by the game with a good deal of approximation to the real thing; so, too, can commerce attack and defense, strategy, tactics, coal endurance, ammunition supply, mines and countermines, and everything else down even to pneumatic guns and submarine boats. A whole campaign can be played between nations.

Various minor actions have been fought with it on shipboard, and recently, according to the *London Graphic*, the first fleet action was fought on board her majesty's steamer *Majestic*, flagship of the channel fleet: "The two fleets—red and blue—were respectively under Commander Robinson of the *Majestic* and the inventor. The blue fleet, which consisted mostly of ships of French type, was somewhat the more powerful—three first-class battleships (*Carnot* type), two second-class (*Valmy* type) and a first-class cruiser (*Royal Arthur*), against three first-class battleships (*Majestic* type), an armored cruiser (*Pothuau*), and two second-class cruisers (*Apollo* type). According to the theory generally promulgated the *Majestics* were far and away the most superior ships, and the armored cruiser equivalent to an ironclad. Practice, however, played roughly with this theory. Despite the brilliant manœuvring of the red admiral, despite a confusion into which the blue ironclads got early in the battle from a misunderstood signal, when the combatants separated the red fleet consisted of but two badly disabled battleships and a cruiser still more disabled through a meeting with the blue cruiser. One battleship lay captured and waterlogged by a torpedo, one cruiser had been sunk for a like cause, gunfire had sunk the *Pothuau*. Three disabled blue battleships were still afloat, as well as a fourth, waterlogged by a torpedo though almost untouched by gunfire, the first-class cruiser was still afloat with a few guns serviceable, as were also some guns on the ironclads. One second-class battleship had been sunk, accidentally rammed by her consort, but victory rested with the blues, the French system of heavy-gun mounting, despite its inferior power, had unexpectedly proved superior to our two-guns-in-a-turret system. The victory was not, indeed, decisive, but it would have been so had it not been for the action of one of the blue captains, who, anxious to give a dramatic coup de grace to the disabled *Pothuau*, went so close to her that he fell a victim to a torpedo."

*The Board of Green Cloth.....Frederick Adye.....Badminton Magazine*

Although we cannot claim for billiards the picturesque imaginativeness of chess, with all the varied and analogical movements of its pieces, "the plodding pawn, the common soldier that does the rough work of the battle; the active knight, ever ready to take his enemy in flank; the wily sidelong bishop; the castle coming down with a rush like that of the elephants of Pyrrhus; the Amazonian Queen; the slowly moving, sacred, inviolable king"—yet it is a pleasant sight to watch the clean ivory spheres, deftly impelled by a clever cueist, travel swiftly and smoothly over the expanse of green, Nature's prevalent hue, and therefore of all colors most grateful and restful to the human eye. Interesting also to mark the nicely calculated effects of "side" in the ball's altered course after impact with the object ball or cushion; the delicate manipulation of a nursery of cannons; the clever "running-through" stroke; the clean-struck slanting hazard; the flying all-round-the-table cannon; or the brilliant but fluky "doubling" of the red.



The origin of the game, if not so remote as that of chess, is nevertheless of considerable antiquity. It came to us, as so many games have come, from the French; "billiard" in that language meaning a mace, with which instrument no doubt the game was first played, although according to some authorities the ancient orthography was "balyard," a compound of ball and yard, or ball-stick.

No other game perhaps has been so wonderfully developed by its acclimatization in this country. The ancient game, in which the balls were pushed with a flat-headed mace against dull cushions of list or felt, could have borne little comparison with the fast and scientific game of to-day. Now and again, standing forlornly on its six rickety spindle legs in the hall of some ancient manor house, we come across one of the old-fashioned tables, with a wooden bed, moth-eaten cloth, and list cushions, against which, one would think, a ball must have had to be struck with considerable force to make it rebound at all. What a contrast it presents to the modern table by some first-class maker, with its heavy slate bed supported by four pairs of massive legs, its resilient cushions of vulcanized rubber, and neat brass-bound pockets, or hazard nets, as they used to be called—a handsome piece of furniture, of such solidity and weight that the clumsiest player could not disturb its exact equilibrium. Slate beds were first used in this country in 1827, and since then the chief improvements have been in the cushions; the most recent being the lowering of them so as to obviate that awkward elevation of the cue-butt which used so greatly to mar the precision of the stroke in the case of a jammed ball.

Billiard balls should properly be made of ivory, but owing to the increasing difficulty of procuring that substance, they are now often manufactured of a composition closely resembling it, and are then termed cellulose. Hard, close-grained substance as the best ivory is, the friction which the balls undergo is so considerable that a set in constant use remains true but for a very short time, and requires to be frequently adjusted. We have all heard of the billiard sharp in the Savoy ballad, condemned for his iniquitous practices in purgatory to play,

On a spot that's always barred;  
On a cloth untrue,  
With a twisted cue,  
And elliptical billiard balls.

It is probable that a very large percentage of innocent players do also play with elliptical balls, or at least balls that are anything but perfect spheres; for the proprietor of some first-class rooms once assured the writer that so few of the players frequenting his rooms knew whether the balls were really round or not, that he had to keep but one perfectly true set by him, in case such should be demanded by some casual expert dropping in. . . .

Although billiards is one of the most difficult games at which to excel, involving as it does qualities of hand, eye, nerve and judgment, yet a painstaking student soon acquires sufficient skill both to enjoy the game and avoid making himself a spectacle to lookers-on. His first business should be to acquire a knowledge of "strength," to attain which the tutor often requires the neophyte to play with a

single ball, striking it until he can bring it after impact with one or more cushions to a given position; then this should be repeated with two balls, the position of each at the termination of their course being carefully noted. Tables vary very considerably in pace, according to the quality of the cushions, and the degree of care with which they and the cloth are tended; a fast table being more easy as well as pleasanter to play upon than a sluggish one. Probably the immense superiority of the professional, before alluded to, consists rather in his completer knowledge of strength than in either his greater command of side or his larger "répertoire" of strokes. Indeed, the better the player, the simpler, as a rule, will be his game. He plays for the leave quite as much as for the immediate stroke, and therefore seldom attempts what we may term "gallery" shots, unless there is absolutely nothing else to play for; even then he will choose more often to give a judicious miss. It is a common question for one amateur to ask another, "What is your biggest break?" And the answer will probably be, "Well, I have made twenty-five," or thirty, as the case may be; whereas, perhaps, neither of them has ever made a break at all, properly so-called. What we understand by a "break" in billiards is not merely a fortuitous series of cannons and hazards, but rather a deliberate sequence of such strokes, the position in which the balls are to be left having been approximately calculated before the making of each individual stroke; in other words, the subsequent stroke should not be left to chance, but so far as possible be carefully provided for beforehand. It is in this way, more than in the actual making of the strokes, that amateurs learn so much to improve their play by watching the exhibition matches now so much in vogue. Somewhat may be learned also from the cues with which these are played. If you were to take one of them in your hand you would find it to be of a good weight, and with a fair-sized top. A common error into which the amateur (especially if a smart neat-handed man, or a lady who can play a bit) is apt to fall, is to prefer a very light cue with a fine tip. Everybody will probably play better with a moderately heavy cue with a broadish tip. One is very apt to imagine that he can put more side on his ball with a fine-tipped cue; but this is not really the case; while the heavier cue is more steady, and with it one can really play more lightly, using "less stick," as the phrase goes. The cue should never be allowed to stand against the wall in the corner of a room, but be always suspended in the rack when not in use; and the tip should occasionally be rubbed lightly with fine glass-paper, to remove the grease which will otherwise prevent the chalk from properly adhering.

Billiards, requiring neither great strength nor severe physical exertion, is essentially a ladies' game, and ladies not infrequently play a very pretty, if seldom a very strong game. . . .

What mirth and fun, too, obtain when the house party meet at night in the well-appointed billiard-room for a game of "shell-out" or "cork-pool," what time the bitter frost hardens the lawns without, while within the huge logs roar on the wide hearth, casting many a flickering gleam on the



massive mahogany or oaken table, and the cheerful click of the ivory balls, mingled with the sound of happy voices, vibrates in the warm lamp-lit air. Then even my Lady Dowager takes a cue and joins in the merry shout which greets the discomfiture of some young man who hugely fancies his play, as his ball, after missing the cork by the fraction of an inch, careers gayly round the table, and amid gay laughter subsides in a bottom pocket.

Private billiards must always remain an aristocratic and exclusive game, the great expense of its accessories preventing it from becoming a popular amusement. But this need never be the case with the public room. How often has the tedium of barrack life been relieved by the social game of pool, or even by the interesting endeavor to perform some special stroke in solitary practice! Who will not sympathize with the little band of British officers quartered at a lonely frontier station, when, as happened on a certain occasion, their long-expected table, after traveling for months about northern India, and turning up at every place but the right one, arrived at last, with its slate bed broken in three places!

At the village reading-room, too, the working-man's club, what a valuable adjunct is the second-hand table procured by the energetic secretary, with the help of subscriptions from the parson and squire! So far from being prejudicial to the morality of the village, it exhibits quite an opposite tendency; the game, played under proper regulations, invariably inculcating lessons of fair play, courtesy and restraint of temper, invaluable to the uncultured mind, generally lacking in such discipline; while its counter-attraction to the allurements of the drinking bar are well known to every curator of the morals of youth.

Whatever, if anything definite, may be the result of the present stir in the billiard world arising from the spot-stroke complications, there seems to be every chance of the game at last taking its due place in social esteem as the one (though always far behind whist and chess in point of intellectual pretensions) in which science, manual skill, and bodily exercise are in the highest degree combined, and also one which, apart from the accidents of gambling and cheating which have unjustly clouded its reputation, is in itself entirely free from anything to offend the most fastidious critic. Hitherto the game has been too much in the hands of the professional and his patrons, but much is to be hoped from the establishment of an amateur championship, which we trust may be the means of long upholding the integrity of billiards, and of finally dispersing the unsavory aroma which for so long has pervaded the moral atmosphere and obscured the genuine merits of a noble pastime.

*An Adventure With a Tiger....A. Sadathkumar Ghosh....Cornhill Magazine*

I knew an old shikari who had fought many a battle with the royal Bengal tiger, and had had many a hairbreadth escape from the latter's jaws. One fine afternoon, having nothing better to do, he went out fishing with half a dozen of his friends—this is not going to be a fish story, but a real, live tiger story, the fishy part coming in only incidentally. They chose a small river some couple of hun-

dred yards in width. One bank of the river was flat and open, but the other was somewhat undulating and shrubby; in fact, it was adjacent to a jungle. The fishers sat in a row about ten paces apart on the former bank; each had a loaded gun by his side as a precaution against unwelcome intruders. Now, our friend heard a swish, and, turning round, beheld his rod scudding along the surface of the water like a racing yacht. Such a catch was worth a little exertion; so he plunged into the water and struck out for the rod. He came up with it almost at the other side of the river, but at that instant a terrific roar was heard, a tiger leaped on the swimmer from the neighboring brush, and was off with him before his startled companions could raise a finger in his behalf.

The shikari was a little stunned by the tiger's onslaught; he recovered consciousness, however, in a few minutes, when he found himself lying on the tiger's back, and in full sail towards the heart of the jungle. Fortunately, he was not seriously hurt, as the tiger had gripped him by the arm just above the elbow. There he lay quite helpless; what was he to do? Any movement on his part might have made his condition far worse; so he lay perfectly quiet, and shut his eyes as if he were dead. Soon, however, the tiger arrived at his den, which was no more than a hollow scooped in the sand at the foot of a large tree. There the tiger deposited him and covered him over loosely with some sand. Luckily for him, his face was uppermost when he fell, otherwise he would have had no other alternative between death by suffocation and death from the tiger if he had dared to move. As it was, he could manage to breathe gently, and even to have an occasional glimpse under his eyelids. After this operation of partial burial, the tiger ran ahead a few yards, but returned instantly as if he had some misgivings in his mind. Seeing, however, all safe, he bounded forth, but again returned to make assurance doubly sure. He kept up this method of self-persuasion for a few times, till, feeling quite certain about the matter, he finally went away on his mission. After waiting a few minutes to see that the tiger had really gone, our shikari sprang up and climbed the tree just over the den, and hid himself well among the leaves. He had not long to wait for the dénouement, for the tiger soon returned, accompanied by a tigress and a couple of cubs (like a generous and exemplary husband and father, the tiger evidently scorned to eat on the sly). They came along with many a joyful cat-like gambol in anticipation of the great feast, and found the den—empty! Such a lamentation over the lost dinner then arose as was never heard before in the whole animal kingdom; in fact, the tigers persisted so long in their piteous cries that our shikari began to have some doubts as to the righteousness of defrauding the poor creatures of their hard-earned wages; but he was prevented from offering himself to them in a moment of misguided magnanimity by the thought of his own wife and children, whose claim upon him was obviously higher. At any rate, he stuck in the tree all night, as it was too risky to venture out in the ensuing darkness; then next morning, when the coast was clear, he fled home to tell me these undoubted facts.

## FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA

—A horse will live twenty-five days without food, merely drinking water.

—A fine ostrich is calculated to yield \$2,000 worth of feathers.

—In Australia spring begins August 20, summer November 20, autumn February 20, and winter May 20.

—Ant hills in West Africa sometimes reach the height of fifteen feet.

—A certain Chinese flower is red in the sunlight and white in the moonlight.

—It never rains between the first and second cataracts of the Nile.

—The Peruvian condor's wings are sometimes forty feet from tip to tip.

—The steam power of the world may be reckoned as equivalent to the strength of 1,000,000,000 men, which is more than twice the number of workmen existing.

—Golf can positively be traced in Scottish history to 1457, and it is believed to have been played much earlier than that date.

—Nearly 1,200,000 pounds of colors are used by the United States Government annually for printing paper money, revenue, and postage stamps.

—Barcelona is now the most populous city of Spain, the result of a census just taken showing 520,000 inhabitants to Madrid's 507,000.

—A pair of gloves passes through nearly 200 hands from the moment that the skin leaves the dresser's hands till the time when the gloves are purchased.

—M. Phisalix, the French authority on the venoms of insects and reptiles, has established that the poison of the hornet in sufficient quantity renders one immune to that of the viper.

—Ice artificially manufactured by the use of chemical mixtures is not a late idea by any means, the invention dating back to 1783.

—The age of whales is ascertained by size and number of laminæ of the whalebone, which increases yearly. Ages of 300 and 400 years have been assigned to whales from these indications.

—The British army rifle has eighty-two component parts, in the production of which 952 machines are employed, as well as various processes which do not require machinery.

—The smallest race of people in the world inhabit the Andaman Islands. They have an average weight of seventy pounds, and are under four feet in height.

—The kiwi hails from New Zealand, and is a rare bird. It is perfectly wingless, and not a sign of hair or feathers protects the eyes. This gives the kiwi a comical look. It is almost wholly nocturnal in its habits. Like the owl of the north the setting of the sun means the beginning of life to them. Then they hop about like rabbits. They are really the clowns of the fowl world.

—The oldest match manufactory in the world is in Sweden. Matches were made there long before the old, roughly trimmed splinter of wood, tipped with sulphur, was discarded with the tinder boxes for which they were used. In twenty-five

years the export trade of Sweden in foreign matches increased to 1,000,000,000 boxes a year.

—The Army and Navy Year Book rates the navies of the world as follows: 1, Great Britain; 2, France; 3, Russia; 4, Italy; 5, United States; 6, Germany; 7, Spain; 8, Japan; 9, Austria, and 10, Netherlands. Under present naval contracts, Japan in 1899 will go to the fifth place, crowding down the United States and Germany one point.

—Some of the screws used in watches are so small that it takes 380,000 of them to weigh a pound.

—One pound of sheep's wool is capable of producing one yard of cloth.

—A good-sized whale yields about one ton of whalebone.

—There are in circulation in China at the present time coins bearing the names of emperors who lived 2,000 years ago.

—The smallest horse in the world is a Shetland pony owned by the Marchese Carcano, in Milan. It is twenty-four inches high, and when standing beside its owner the pony's back is only an inch above his knee.

—A single stone 115 feet long, 10 feet square at one end and 4 feet square at the other has been successfully cut from the sandstone quarries at Houghton Point, Wis. It is supposed to be the longest monolith ever quarried.

—The United Kingdom has more women workers than any other state in the world in proportion to the population, and among them no fewer than 616,000 are set down as dressmakers—an occupation which may be reasonably claimed as an industry.

—It is said that every thread of a spider's web is made up of about 5,000 separate fibers. If a pound of this thread were required it would occupy 28,000 spiders a full year to furnish it.

—The seal worn by the Pope and used by him on official documents to which the signature is attached, has on it the engraving of a fish, with the cipher of the wearer. Since the thirteenth century every Pope has worn a ring of this character, and it is shattered with a hammer when the wearer dies, to prevent its use on a forged document.

—Some high structures: Washington Monument, 555 feet; City Hall, Philadelphia, 537 feet 4 inches; Cologne Cathedral, 510 feet; Strasburg Cathedral, 468 feet; St. Peter's, Rome, 448 feet; St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, 441 feet; St. Rollox's Works, Glasgow, 430 feet; Salisbury Cathedral, England, 404 feet.

—Thunder can be heard nine miles away.

—There are three times as many muscles in the tail of the cat as there are in the human hands and wrists.

—The Houses of Parliament are partly lighted by 40,000 electric lamps, which number is being constantly increased. Fifty experienced electricians are employed to keep the system in order.

—A cable's length is one-tenth of a nautical mile (6,080 feet). The longest mile is the Norwegian, which is within a fraction of seven times ours.

## TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

*The Trapper's Story*.....Mark Trafton\*

I've been a trapper, boy and man,  
 (Thus the old hunter's story ran),  
 For more than forty winters past,  
 Through deepening snow and wintry blast;  
 Oft up Katahdin's wooded base  
 The antlered moose has led the chase;  
 I've trapped the cunning beaver there,  
 Set for the wily mink the snare—  
 Or, binding on the light snowshoe,  
 Chased the swift-footed caribou;  
 But, then, you do not care to hear  
 Of hunter's life from year to year;  
 Then listen while I briefly tell  
 Of what once to myself befell:  
 Thirty years since—it seems a dream—  
 I trapped on Sourdnahunk's wild stream,  
 And yet, though left so far behind,  
 As vividly upon my mind  
 That winter's strange events are cast,  
 As though but yesterday they passed.  
 That winter when my tale appears,  
 The coldest was for forty years;  
 I knew it by the thickening fur,  
 The Indian's true thermomenter;  
 A storm the like I never knew,  
 Like demons wild the north winds blew;  
 Deep and still deeper fell the snow,  
 The burdened trees were bending low;  
 One night, the day's work done, I lay  
 Musing the sluggish hours away;  
 When suddenly a woman's form  
 Appeared, as if to shun the storm;  
 An Indian woman, thinly dressed,  
 Her bony hands her bosom pressed,  
 Her hollow cheeks, disheveled hair,  
 And sunken eyes, showed dark despair;  
 Her bloodless lips, compressed and thin,  
 Her faded form, her shriveled skin,  
 Though from her lips no accents broke,  
 The demon Famine, all bespoke.  
 I am not timid, well you know,  
 And yet I felt my blood to flow  
 Back to my heart; an icy chill  
 Through all my frame began to thrill;  
 I lay, it seemed an age, and gazed—  
 One arm at length she slowly raised,  
 Pointed due north and murmured, "Go!"  
 Then vanished in the blinding snow;  
 I sprang and opened wide my door;  
 The spotless snow no footprint bore—  
 Vainly my efforts all were bent  
 To learn from whence, or where she went;  
 Went back, my campfire fed, and lay,  
 Restless, until the break of day.  
 The storm was o'er. Through all the day  
 I cleared the drifted snow away;  
 Brought in my fuel for the night,  
 Prepared fresh pitchwood for a light;  
 My traps reset, and, supper o'er,  
 Weary I sought my couch once more;  
 I may have slept, or dozed at least,  
 When a shrill voice cried, "Henry Priest!"  
 I started, God in Heaven! As plain  
 As you I see that form again;  
 Her dark eyes glowed with angry glare,  
 A fleshless arm she raised in air,  
 Pointed up north with gesture wild,

\*From *The Birch Canoe*.

In hollow accents said, "My child!"  
 She vanished. How I waited day,  
 How passed those wretched hours away,  
 I need not tell; it came at last,  
 A night like that I never passed;  
 But ere the first bright beams betrayed  
 The coming day, my plans were laid.

Early with food my pack supplied,  
 My snowshoes to my feet I tied,  
 Strapped my warm blankets to my back,  
 And started on a northern track,  
 Resolved to solve this troubled dream;  
 I sought and struck St. Francis' stream;  
 Still pushing on 'till setting sun  
 Warned me my hard day's toil was done;  
 I camp; but soon as morning light  
 Threw its first beams upon my sight,  
 I start; but ere the midday sun  
 I felt my task was nearly done;  
 Signs which a hunter's eye well knew—  
 A trap I from the water drew,  
 A "dead-fall" saw; a camp must be  
 Not far away; a blazed tree  
 I struck and kept the trail, when, lo!  
 A wigwam, covered half by snow!  
 No beaten track led to the door,  
 No foot had crossed the threshold o'er,  
 Since the great storm of snow which shut  
 Almost from sight that humble hut.  
 I entered—horrors! There she lies,  
 The form that twice had met my eyes,  
 Wrapped in her blanket's scanty fold,  
 Midst sifting snows, now dead and cold;  
 On her stilled breast a mass of fur;  
 I looked, I thought I saw it stir;  
 At once unrolled it—lo! a child  
 Stirred, woke, looked up, and faintly smiled;  
 No fuel, food or fire within,  
 Alone for days and nights she'd been;  
 Her husband perished, starved or drowned;  
 No hunter's foot the hut had found;  
 She stripped her furs her child to warm;  
 And perished in that fearful storm;  
 I hastened then a fire to raise,  
 The hut soon felt the rising blaze,  
 Then fed the famished child, and gave  
 The mother's form a snowy grave;  
 Wrapped the poor waif in furs, and back  
 Started upon my homeward track,  
 How I the little stranger kept,  
 How fed it, watched it when it slept,  
 How brought it to my humble home,  
 Where she is now a woman grown,  
 I need not tell; but whence she came,  
 Or what her tribe, or what her name—  
 None knew. Enough! I saved her life.  
 You doubt my tale?—go ask my wife!

"How Doth the Little Crocodile".....Lewis Carroll\*

How doth the little crocodile  
 Improve his shining tail,  
 And pour the waters of the Nile  
 On every golden scale!  
 How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
 How neatly spreads his claws,  
 And welcomes little fishes in  
 With gently smiling jaws!

\*From *Al ce's Adventures in Wonderland*. The Macmillan Co.



## SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

*An Indian's View of the Indian Question, Carlos Montezuma, Chicago Record*

The Indians of to-day are not the Indians of the past. They have cut loose from the advantages of barbarism and thus far have not profited by civilization. This makes the Indians of the present more degraded than their forefathers ever were. We Indians are struggling in the dark to find a way out. I have faced your civilized and uncivilized Indian in his own home; have investigated the Indian school system on and off the reservations, and, above all, have I passed from the Apache grass hut through the different stages of development among enlightened people. Now I say, more and more every year I know that you are short-sighted in dealing with the Indian. Your mistakes have made him what he is to-day.

My conviction came from intense interest, from personal observation. I have put all my thought into it. Most people have a wrong idea of the reservation; it is not an earthly paradise, where the pipe of peace is continually smoked. It is a demoralizing prison, a barrier against enlightenment, a promoter of idleness, beggary, gambling, pauperism, ruin and death. It is a battlefield on which ignorance and superstition are massed against a thin skirmish line sent out from civilization. What rational officer would place a few inferior soldiers against an overwhelming number of his foes? What right has civilization to do just that in its effort to deal with the Indian question? Five or ten government employés at an agency or on a reservation can never elevate its thousands of Indians; on the contrary, you send teachers to elevate the Indians, and in a few years these teachers are made into worse Indians than the Indians themselves. You are blinded and ignorant in the enjoyment of your civilized life; in the midst of your refinement and education you are without a trace of an idea of the facts of the Indian question. You need to have all the real conditions forcibly brought to you before you can realize your duty. . . .

Why do you not wipe out these dark reservations? Let them be peopled with settlers who will be helpful examples to the Indian, who will bring in the light of civilization, who will teach the Indian to earn his living in God's appointed way, "by the sweat of his brow." This is the only way to liberty, manhood and citizenship.

Some of these Indians when brought into competition with white men will die, you say. True, but that is what they are doing now; there is absolutely no hope for the grown-up Indian—he will never change. But you say: "They are wards of the nation, and we must deal honorably and justly with them." What you say is true, and you mean it, but to hear one speak of dealing honestly or justly with the Indian makes an Indian smile. You ask what shall be done with the reservations which the nation holds in trust for the Indian? I answer: Sell them to bona-fide settlers. What shall be done with the money? Use it, and more, if necessary, for the education of every Indian child or youth. When and how would you educate them? Away with the reservation schools! Send all children to the most

civilized communities—not in large masses, but scatter them in small classes over the United States and place them in the public schools. Let them be brought up in and become citizens of the various States. But this would be cruel to take little children from their parents and natural protectors, you say. True; I know about that, because it happened to me. But you ask: "What right have we to take away a child from its Indian parents?" I answer: It is done every day by the courts in the cases of white children whose parents are incapable of taking care of them. You can never civilize the Indian until you place him while yet young—and the younger the better—in direct relations with good civilization. When you do this with judgment you will do all that can be done to make him a useful citizen of the republic.

You have compromised and compromised with the Indians; fed and clothed them like children and kept them pent up away from civilization. You know the results. By leaving the education of the papooses to their ignorant and superstitious parents you have encouraged the blind to lead the blind. The system is worse than a failure. Worst of all, you have done this carelessly and not without good motives.

As an Indian, I thank God for helping hands that led me step by step, perhaps, not far, but at least to where I am now. Had it not been for this my fate would have been that of my people. The Indian children when transplanted must have friends who will give them advice, support and encouragement. This will help them on over the difficulties. Small difficulties will seem like mountains. The reservation can never furnish the necessary conditions. The cure must come from association with enlightened Christian people. "Out of geographical barbarism into geographical civilization and citizenship" is the true war-cry for the Indian of to-day.

It is entirely practicable to distribute all Indian children among your families. This has been done extensively and with great success by Captain R. H. Pratt, superintendent of the Carlisle Indian school. He is the foremost Indian educator and civilizer in America. His motto is Napoleonic: "Divide and conquer. Mass attack upon the centre; cut through, separate the lines and defeat the parts in turn." It means: "Divide and civilize; attack the reservations, cut them up and educate the divided parts in turn." Four hundred and some odd thousand emigrants land upon our shores annually; in a few years they and their descendants are absorbed and lost sight of. This is because their children have the benefits of the public schools. I wish I could collect all the Indian children, load them in ships at San Francisco, circle them around Cape Horn, pass them through Castle Garden, put them under proper individual care in your public schools, and when they have been matured and moderately educated let them do what other men and women do—take care of themselves. This would solve the Indian question; would rescue a splendid race from vice, disease, pauperism

and death. The benefit would not be all for the Indian. There is something in his character which the interloping white man can always assimilate with profit.

*Mental Causes of Drinking.....London Spectator*

The usual explanation of overdrinking is that it is a passion, a kind of lust which seizes upon people for no particular reason, and when indulged gradually masters them until they are unable, even when anxious, to resist the craving. We are convinced that this theory is unfounded. A desire or lust of that kind implanted in human nature would be universal, and it is certain that the craving for liquor in excess is not only not universal, but is in some races—the Arab, for example—easily repressed, and in all is exhibited only by a minority of the population. We believe that as there is among Asiatics, who are all more or less weary of life, a desire to be rid of consciousness—a desire marked in their creeds—and therefore a hankering after the stronger sedatives like opium, so there is among Western men, who revel in life and wish to enjoy it, a desire for artificial means of exhilaration, of which the one easiest to obtain and pleasantest to consume is alcohol. The man who drinks begins drinking from a wish to be happier, to be fuller of life, to be freer from care, and to be able to take a more sanguine view of things around him. He does not drink to become stupid, but to become gay. The teetotaler often denies it, declaring that drink does not inspirit him—which is true, no doubt, of individuals, was true, for instance, of the great artist, Charles Keene, who, though not a teetotaler, had a physical distaste for liquor in any shape—but all Western literature in all ages has affirmed it, and it gives meaning and motive to every drinking-song that has ever caught the general ear. If that is true, the races and classes which feel least the necessity for exhilaration should be those in which drinking shows the least tendency to increase, and this is precisely the result of figures. In America, where the climate is of itself a cause of exhilaration, where the conditions of life are fairly easy, and where the temperament of the people conduces to a nearly universal self-satisfaction, there is a positive decrease in the tendency to overdrinking—a tendency at no time very marked. In England and Germany, where the people are solid, where despair is uncommon and nervous depression the portion of only a few in every hundred, the habit remains, among the bulk of the people, almost stationary. It is in France that drinking is now most prevalent, and is assuming the form least connected with the actual enjoyment of fermented liquor. Many men, probably most men among those who take it, enjoy the flavor of wine or beer, but very few enjoy spirits except for the sake of the results which they produce. They swallow them down rather than drink them, “toss them off”—that has become a colloquial form—rather than attempt to enjoy their flavor. Yet the French, though wine is more plentiful in France than in any other country, and though they are all trained from childhood to drink it, are taking to strong spirits of peculiarly nasty flavors—taking to them with such vehemence and “abandon” that in some Departments the artisans, especially in towns,

are swallowing little glasses from morning till night, and expend upon “eau-de-vie” half their entire wages. What is the cause of that alteration of habit, which is admitted on all hands, and causes serious alarm to the Government? There has been no climatic change in France, no decrease in her prosperity, no demand on her people for more severe forms of labor. We believe that the change is mental, that in France, more than in any other country, the people are becoming depressed and pessimistic, partly through the general loss of their faith, partly through a consciousness that they are not as great in the world as they think they ought to be, partly through the rise of the savage pecuniary discontents which produce what we are accustomed to call Socialism. Under this depression, which is stronger, as one would expect, in the cities than in rural districts, they feel a craving for quick exhilaration, and find it in spirits singularly foul of taste, but also exceptionally strong. The average consumption of this poison among adult males rises to ten and a half little glasses a day, or, as enormous numbers are still moderate and there is a large percentage to be added for illicit distillation, probably to fifteen glasses a head per diem, a quantity which, except in a few constitutions, must produce permanent alcoholization. That is really a most saddening statement, even to those who are not teetotalers, for it is probable, as education spreads and the majority wake up to a perception of discomfort, pessimism will increase, and with it the desire for relief, which alone leads to the over-consumption of concentrated alcohol—alcohol without allurements to the palate. This view receives confirmation from the fact that of all classes in Europe it is the comfortable class which has most completely given up the habit of excessive drinking which was once so universal among them, and for which even now they have the money. The change is usually attributed to the increase of intelligence, but they have not benefited by that increase half so much as the classes below them. They are simply more comfortable, feel less the need of rapid exhilaration, and though they adhere to wine, and especially to light wine, swallow spirits only as aids to overtaxed digestion.

If this view is correct, and it must be correct in part, though it may not cover the whole ground, the line which advocates of temperance ought to take, and which philanthropic Governments should follow, becomes sufficiently clear. They should insist on the State becoming the monopolist of the spirit manufacture, thus enabling responsible ministers not only to secure the quality of the liquor sold, but to raise the price straight up to that limit at which illicit distillation can be prevented. Total prohibition is impossible while every man with a tea-kettle and a tin pipe can distil a kind of spirit from corn, potatoes, sugar, or inferior wine; but strong discouragement to the consumption is perfectly possible, and might, if good spirit were always attainable at a great expense, be so far successful as to break in large classes the habit of perpetual sipping. Alcohol in its diffused forms of light wine and Bavarian beer should then be made cheaper, and the strength of the liquor sold should be more carefully watched.



## UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

*Salt in Superstition.....Marie Goldsmith West.....Popular Science Monthly*

Dr. Walter James Hoffman, in his paper upon Popular Superstitions, which appeared in the Popular Science Monthly for November, 1896, speaks of the ominous meaning attached to the spilling of salt at table. He traces the origin of this widespread belief to our Lord's Supper and consequent events. Now, this is an erroneous though not infrequent supposition, doubtless generated by Leonardo da Vinci's great picture of the Last Supper, where he represents Judas overturning the salt-cellar as he reaches over the table to dip his hand in the dish with our Lord. As a matter of fact, mention of the superstition was made in works anterior to the time of Christ. It was a common belief among the Romans, and may even then have been a survival, since proof exists that this mineral was held sacred very early in the history of the human race.

The Romans began their feasts by prayers and libations to the gods. The table was consecrated by placing upon it the images of the Lares and salt-cellars. A family saltholder was kept with great care, and to spill the salt at table was esteemed ominous. (Horace, *Od. ii.*, 16, 14, *Test.*)

The prominence of salt as a religious and social symbol is doubtless due to the fact that it became a necessity to most nations at an early stage of civilization, and that it was a luxury very hard for primitive man to obtain in many parts of the world. There are still, even in this era of commerce, portions of central Africa where the use of this mineral is a luxury confined to the rich.

In ancient times and among inland peoples the possession of a salt spring was regarded as a special gift of the gods. The Chaonians in Epirus had one which flowed into a stream where there were no fish, and the legend was that Heracles had allowed their forefathers to have salt instead of fish. (Arist., *ut supra.*)

The Germans waged war for the possession of saline springs, and believed that the presence of salt in the soil invested the district with peculiar sanctity, and made it a place where prayers were most readily heard. (Tacitus, *ut supra.*)

That religious significance should come to be attached to a substance so highly prized, and in many cases so hard to obtain, seems but natural, especially as the habitual use of the mineral commenced with the advance from nomadic to agricultural life—that step in civilization that is said to most influence the cults of the nations. . . .

Of old the gods were worshiped as givers of the fruits of the earth, and especially of bread and salt, which are always mentioned together. This mineral was associated with religious offerings, particularly cereal. Its preservative qualities made it the fitting symbol of an enduring compact; hence, probably, the "covenant of salt," spoken of so frequently in the Bible. Numbers, xviii., 19: "It is a covenant of salt forever before the Lord unto thee and to thy seed with thee;" and 2 Corinthians, xiii., 5: "Ought ye not to know that the Lord, the God of Israel, gave the kingdom over Israel to David

forever, even to him and to his sons by a covenant of salt?" These verses illustrate the importance attached to such compact. Not only were the gifts bestowed, but they were made enduring by "a covenant of salt."

In the mountains of Salzburg, about 1730, there existed what was known as the "Salt League of God." Menzel gives an account of the ceremony from which the association derived its name: "Each confederate on taking the oath dipped his finger in the salt-cellar, and from this circumstance and the allusion it contained to the name of their country the league was styled by them the 'Salt League of God.'" The Mexicans personified their veneration for salt in the goddess Huixtociatl. She was said to be a sister of the rain gods, with whom she quarreled; in their resentment they drove her into the salt water, where she invented the art of panning the mineral, and became the goddess of salt. (Bancroft. *Works on Native Races.*)

Next to its religious significance salt was, above all, the symbol of friendship. To eat salt with a man was held by most peoples, the Orientals especially, to form a sacred tie of brotherhood. Any person who had the hardihood to disregard this obligation would have been considered a social pariah of the vilest description. In the *Forty Thieves*, Cogia Houssain refuses to go to table with his intended victim for fear he should partake of this sacred substance in his company, and thus be compelled to forego his plans. When hard pressed for his reason, he makes excuse for not accepting the proffered hospitality by saying, "I never eat of any dish that has salt in it." There is an allusion in the *Arabian Nights* (Burton's edition, I believe) to a robber who, wandering about in the dark in a strange house, stumbles on a small, hard object. In order to ascertain its nature he puts it to his lips, and, discovering it to be salt, is compelled to abandon his burglarious intentions because, since he has tasted salt beneath that roof, he is forced to respect its master's property.

Omar Khayyám refers to the symbolical meaning attached to the mineral in the following lines:

"O wheel of heaven! no ties of bread you feel,  
No ties of salt, you flay me like an eel!"

There were a number of other social usages connected with this mineral, from which have arisen various customs, superstitions, and representative expressions. In ancient times it was customary to place the saltcellar in the centre of the table. Above this sat the superiors, and below the inferiors; hence the expressions, "above the salt," "below the salt." Jonson, in *Cynthia's Revels*, illustrates their application: "His fashion is not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. He never drinks below the salt." Salt is also symbolical of wit, of sarcasm, of the good things of life, as—

"I never drank of Joy's sweet cordial  
But Grief's fell hand infused a drop of gall;  
Nor dipped my bread in Pleasure's piquant salt,  
But briny Sorrow made me smart withal."



Another well-known expression, *i. e.*, "To be worth one's salt"—doubtless owes its origin to an old custom that obtained in more than one part of the world—that is, using cakes of salt as money—for instance, in Abyssinia and elsewhere, in Africa and in Thibet, and adjoining parts. (Marco Polo, book ii., chap. xlviii.)

Superstitions concerning salt are widely scattered over the world. When the Chinese observe the last festival of the year, literally called "rounding the year," a portion of the ceremony consists in building a bonfire of pine wood before the ancestral tablets of the family. Upon the flames salt is thrown, and the crackling which it occasions is regarded as an omen of good luck for the following year. (Social Life of the Chinese. Justus Doolittle.)

The mountain people of North Carolina and West Virginia are said to put salt in their shoes in order to keep off the witches. Bancroft related that one of the aboriginal tribes of North America refrained from eating salt in the belief that it turned the hair white.

*Folk Lore of the Maryland Negro... Mary Spears... Poughkeepsie News-Press\**

All that societies like this can do will only convey to posterity a faint idea of the quaint picturesque of colored folk lore. According to an Anne Arundel County tradition as to how the colored man came upon earth, the story goes that the devil was one day, during creation's dawn, wandering around upon earth. He met an ape, and, never having seen one before, was considerably astonished. All his efforts to open friendly communication with the ape failed, however, and finally, in disgust and anger, the devil threw a spell upon the ape, who then and there became a colored man. . . .

Persons who have spent much time in rural districts know that colored people—and many whites—are imbued with a wholesome respect for the supernatural. A prevalent delusion is that the warm puffs of air frequently met in traveling country roads are ghosts, or "haunts," of the departed. I was one day endeavoring to fathom an old negro's reason for connecting these warm currents with "haunts," and meeting with little success. "But whence do they come, Uncle Ned?" I persisted. "Deed, I dunno, Miss Mary," he said, shaking his head. "But some of 'em is so mighty warm I has my s'picions."

Some of the current beliefs among the colored people of Anne Arundel County are as follows:

If you catch an eel in the full of the moon, kill it, skin it, and wrap the skin about your arm, you will be cured of chills and fevers. Wrap the skin of a blacksnake about your waist and you will have no more backache. If a rabbit runs across your path you will have bad luck. You must walk backward until you retrace your steps beyond the rabbit's path. A squirrel crossing your path brings good luck. Plant anything that grows underground in the dark of the moon. To cure warts cut them until they bleed; catch the blood in a handkerchief and drop it in the road. When some one picks up

the handkerchief the wart will leave. Superstitions concerning dreams have the most influence on the imagination of aged negroes. One of the most popular is that to dream of a person who has died during the preceding six months, will bring rain.

*The Cabanuelas.....A Mexican Superstition.....San Francisco Chronicle*

In the northern section of the Republic of Mexico the pastoral classes still cling to a native superstition. It is colloquially known as the cabanuelas, and is in effect a home-made weather bureau. The cabanuelas commence to take effect on New Year's day and continue during the entire month of January.

The believers in this system of meteorology sit up on New Year's eve, not for the purpose of drinking glasses of eggnog to each other's health as the bells chime in the new-born year, but for the purpose of seeing from which quarter of the heavens the new year arrives. The clouds are watched carefully, and the first break in their masses, after the midnight hour has struck, opens the way for the entrance of the new year. The quarter exerts a general influence on the weather for the next twelve months, but the weather which is to be expected for each particular month is to be ascertained as follows: The weather which prevails on the first twelve days of January indicates the average weather to be expected during the next twelve months, and these are called "las cabanuelas al derecho." Again during the next twelve days, from the 13th to the 24th of January, the months are counted backward and are called "las cabanuelas al revés." From the 25th to the 30th of January, inclusive, the days are divided into two parts, from midnight to noon of the 25th being January and from noon to midnight of the same day representing February, and so on to midnight of the 30th. This leaves twenty-four hours to be divided up among the twelve months exactly as the first twenty-four days were. Each hour representing a month, from midnight to noon, being "las cabanuelas al derecho," and then counting backward from noon to midnight of the 31st each hour to a month "las cabanuelas al revés." In order to illustrate how this complicated system of weather bureau operates a sample case may be given:

Yesterday, being the 3d of the month, corresponds to the third month, March. The 12th will, therefore, be December, and coming backward with "las cabanuelas al revés," December will be the 13th and March the 22d. In like manner March will be represented by the twelve hours from midnight to noon of the 26th, and by the hours 2 to 3 A. M. and 9 to 10 P. M. of the 31st. Now, should the weather during these days and hours be the same—that is, should it all be shine or all rain, etc.—it is considered by the "cabanuelistas" as an infallible sign that that is the kind of weather that will prevail during March of that year, and the farmer can govern himself accordingly. Should, however, weather during the different portions of January assigned to March differ, then the weather during that month will be variable, and those versed in the cabanuelistic science have a full code of rules for ascertaining what portions of the month will be rainy and what days will be fair.

\*Reported from an address before the Baltimore Folk Lore Society.

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American Concert Singers: Rupert Hughes.....Godey's.  
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Organ Music and Organ Playing: Alex. Guilman..Forum.  
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Work of Mrs. Kenyon Cox: Theo. Dreiser..Cosmopolitan.

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Principles of Taxation, XVI.: David A. Wells...P. S. M.  
State Control of Political Parties: F. D. Pavey...Forum.  
True Attitude of Courts on Labor Questions..Green Bag.  
The Australian Democracy: E. L. Godkin.....Atlantic.  
The Municipal Service of Boston: Francis C. Lowell..Atl.  
The Reform of the Currency: John Clark Ridpath..Arena.  
Trusts: Marion Butler.....Arena.  
The St. Louis Election Schools: W. F. Saunders..R. of R.  
The Victory of the Vanquished: Chas. A. Towne..Arena.

### Scientific and Industrial.

Agriculture and Horticulture in Los Angeles....L. of S.  
Evolution of Science: Aimée M. Wood.....Intelligence.  
Fabric-Marked Pottery: F. S. Dellenbaugh..Pop. Sci. Mo.  
Hunting the Fur Seal: W. G. Emery.....Outing.  
Is it Worth While to Take Out a Patent?.....Forum.  
Pearl-Seeking: Frank H. Sweet.....Lippincott's.  
Progress in Anatomy and Physiology.....Harper's.  
Racial Geography of Europe, XIV.: W. Z. Ripley..P. S. M.  
Recent Astronomical Progress: Simon Newcomb..Forum.  
Recent Municipal Gas History: Edward W. Bemis..For.  
The Building of a Ship: Lewis Nixon.....Cassier's.  
The Dangers of Tall Steel Structures.....Cassier's.  
The Status of American Agriculture: Geo. E. Walsh..Lipp.  
The Tall Buildings of New York.....Munsey's.

### Sociologic Questions.

Zola on French Anti-Semitism: Robt. H. Sherard..R. of R.  
Nordau on the Jews: Robert H. Sherard....Rev. of Rev.  
Relief and Care of Dependents..Am. Journal of Sociology.  
The Causes of Poverty: A. M. Simons..Am. Jour. of Soc.  
The Prevention of Lynch-Law Epidemics.....Rev. of R.  
The Tramp Problem; A Remedy: Henry E. Rood...For.  
The Workers—The West: Walter A. Wyckoff..Scribner's.  
Why Workingmen are Discontented.....Donahoe's.

### Travel and Adventure.

Barcelona: Charles Edwardes.....Outing.  
Ho! for the Klondike: Hamlin Garland.....McClure's.  
Nature in the Sahara: A. Heilprin.....Pop. Sci. Mo.  
Rocky Mountain Snowshoeing: Z. Fuller.....Midland.  
The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky: John R. Proctor..Cent.  
The City of New Orleans: Chas. T. Logan..F. L. Pop. Mo.  
The River Trip to the Klondike: John Sidney Webb..Cent.  
The Rush to the Klondike: Edward S. Curtis...Century.  
Winter Days in Japan: Kurl Deitsch.....International.

## OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS\*

**A Kentucky Story.**—A traveler, stopping over night in a little Kentucky town, was given a room just above the office. Through the night the noise below was deafening. There was the sound of the shuffling of feet, and now and then a voice raised to a wild yell.

Finally, coming to the conclusion that some sort of party was going on, and the high voice was calling the dances, he succeeded in dropping off to sleep.

The next morning he sauntered into the office and found the negro porter sweeping what he supposed were Malaga grapes from the floor into a dust pan.

"You must have had a swell party down here last night," he said, "to throw away Malaga grapes like that."

The negro stopped sweeping a moment to look up at him.

"Malaga grapes!" he chuckled. "Lord, dese heah ain't no Malaga grapes, mister. Dey done had a lil' fight down heah las' night, an' dese heah is eye-balls."

**The Ages of Their Mothers.**—Did you ever hear about the Frenchman, the Mexican, the Scotchman and the Irishman talking of the ages of their mothers when they were married?

Well, the Scotchman, he says: "My mother was married at fourteen." The Frenchman said: "That's nothing; my mother was married at thirteen." The Mexican said his mother was married at twelve. The Irishman didn't say anything, and they asked him: "Well, when was your mother married?" He said: "Why, be jabers, she was married before I was born."

**Good Wishes.**—As Sir Walter Scott was riding with a friend near Abbotsford he came to a field-gate, which an Irish beggar, who happened to be near, opened for him.

Sir Walter was desirous of rewarding him by the present of sixpence, but found he had not so small a coin in his purse.

"Here, my good fellow," said he, "here is a shilling for you, but, mind, you owe me sixpence."

"God bless your honor," exclaimed the Irishman. "May your honor live till I pay you."

**The Logical Retort.**—Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia (according to Life's Monthly Calendar), tells a characteristic story about Wendell Phillips:

"Several clergymen," he says, "boarded a street car in Boston one day, and one of them hearing it intimated that Wendell Phillips was in the car, got up and asked the conductor to point him out. The conductor did so, and the minister, going up to the orator, said: 'You are Mr. Phillips, I am told?' 'Yes, sir.' 'I should like to speak to you about something, and I trust, sir, you will not be offended!' 'There is no fear of it,' was the sturdy answer, and then the

minister began to ask Mr. Phillips earnestly why he persisted in stirring up such an unfriendly agitation in one part of the country about an evil that existed in another part. 'Why,' said the clergyman, 'do you not go South and kick up this fuss and leave the North in peace?' Mr. Phillips was not in the least ruffled, and answered smilingly: 'You, sir, I presume, are a minister of the Gospel?' 'I am, sir,' said the clergyman. 'And your calling is to save souls from hell?' 'Exactly, sir.' 'Well, then, why don't you go there?'"

**Bridget Announces Breakfast.**—An American woman married an Englishman, and her husband's relative, an English nobleman, came on one occasion to visit her. Of course, she desired to entertain him according to English etiquette, and at once put her Irish servant in training. She told Bridget to learn to say "My lord, descend; breakfast is awaiting you."

Bridget was practiced time and again, until she could repeat her lines very glibly. When Milord came, Bridget was told to go upstairs at 9.30 o'clock, tap gently on his door and say, "My lord, descend; breakfast is awaiting you." Bridget thought she could acquit herself with credit. However, she grew excited at the door, knocked so loud that the occupant of the room sprang to the door and asked: "What's the matter?"

Bridget began twisting her hands nervously, unable to think what she was to do, and finally gasped out: "My God! come down stairs to breakfast!"

**Restriction of the Suffrage.**—The following is a true account of an incident that happened to a party of "commercial travelers," of which I was one:

Two years ago some five or six of us were getting breakfast at the only hotel in the little town of Gaffney City, S. C. About this time the coming election was the all-absorbing topic of conversation everywhere, and although we were all strangers to each other, with that peculiar free-masonry of "drummers" we were soon talking, and naturally the conversation drifted around to the election.

Our waiter, a typical son of Ham, was evidently deeply interested in what we were saying, and when Mr. B. mentioned the fact that in Alabama and Mississippi certain other qualifications were necessary before one could vote in addition to being twenty-one years of age, he broke in with: "Boss, you hab to read de Atlanta Journal befo' you kin vote in dis State."

Now, the Atlanta Journal being an "administration paper," we thought his ideas were that it was necessary to "stand in" with the official organ—gain its good will by reading it before he could vote.

We tried to convince him that he was wrong, but he stoutly contended that he was right. Finally one of us remarked that "he had heard that in a certain State, where a large percentage of the citizens were of foreign birth, it was necessary that they should be able to read the Constitution and understand it." Sambo immediately broke in with: "I know'd 'twas one of dem Atlanta papers, Boss."

\* Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

# NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

*The Song of the Drum*.....*Pall Mall Gazette*

Do you hear my summons hammer thro' the crackle and the clamor,  
Do you feel my throb and thrill?  
When I meet the smell of powder, oh, my merry note grows louder,  
And my song shall not be still.  
Follow, each beside his fellow, 'neath the vapors gray and yellow,  
Wildly cheering, sternly dumb,  
And rumble, rumble, rumble, when the smoke-wreaths toss and tumble,  
You shall hear the rolling drum. Follow the drum!

Men forget their fears and follies as they face the blinding volleys,  
And the young recruits they come,  
With their simple sunburnt faces, from the quiet country places,  
To the call of me, the drum.  
Come, plowboy lad and carter, and your life-blood freely barter  
For the bullet sure for some,  
And rattle, rattle, rattle, through the din and roar of battle,  
You shall hear the rolling drum. Follow the drum!

When the boys that follow fast there, drop aside and fall at last there,  
From the surging lines of red,  
Then no more of pomp and ruffle; my notes awhile I muffle,  
And I moan and mourn the dead.  
But the losing battle needs me, and the whistling bullet speeds me;  
Through the reeling ranks I come,  
And clatter, clatter, clatter, where the broken regiments scatter,  
You shall hear the rolling drum. Follow the drum!

*At the Gate*.....*The Independent*

I knocked at the gate of Heaven,  
I had searched to the ends of space,  
And peered at the souls who passed me,  
To find again her face.  
We had walked the world together,  
And loved in the world's old way,  
And sinned, and suffered, and parted—  
Death left us much to say.

I knocked at the gate of Heaven,  
And I cried, "I love you so!"  
Through the bars of the gate she answered,  
"Such love we know not. Go!"  
Yet near the door I lingered;  
I cried: "Are you happy, dear?"  
Through the bars of the gate still bolted,  
She answered, "I am here."

*The Popular Song*.....*Joe Lincoln*.....*L. A. W. Bulletin*

I never was naturally vicious,  
My spirit was lamb-like and mild;  
I never was bad or malicious;  
I loved with the trust of a child,  
But hate now my bosom is burning,  
And all through my being I long  
To get one solid thump on the head of the chump  
Who wrote the new popular song.

The office-boy hums it,  
The bookkeeper drums it,  
It's whistled by all on the street;  
The hand-organ grinds it,  
The music-box winds it,  
It's sung by the "cop" on the beat;  
The newsboy, he spouts it,  
The bootblack, he shouts it,  
The washwoman sings it all wrong;  
And I laugh and I weep,  
And I wake and I sleep,  
To the tune of that popular song.

Its measures are haunting my dreaming;  
I rise at the breakfast-bell's call  
To hear the new chambermaid screaming  
The chorus aloud through the hall;  
The landlady's daughter's piano  
Is helping the concert along,  
And my molars I break on the tenderloin steak  
As I chew to that popular song;  
The orchestra plays it,  
The German band brays it;  
'Tis sung on the platform and stage;  
All over the city  
They're chanting the ditty—  
At summer resorts it's the rage;  
The drum corps, it beats it,  
The echo repeats it,  
The bass-drummer brings it out strong,  
And we speak and we talk,  
And we dance and we walk,  
To the notes of that popular song.

It really is driving me crazy,  
I feel that I'm wasting away;  
My brain is becoming more hazy,  
My appetite less every day;  
But, ah! I'd not pray for existence,  
Or struggle my life to prolong,  
If, up some dark alley, with him I might dally,  
Who wrote that new popular song.  
The bone-player clicks it,  
The banjoist picks it,  
It livens the clog-dancer's heels;  
The bass-viol moans it,  
The bagpiper drones it—  
They play it for waltzes and reels;  
I shall not mind quitting  
The earthly, and flitting  
Away 'mid the heavenly throng,  
If the mourners who come  
To my grave do not hum  
That horrible popular song.



## OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

392. (1) If not asking too much, will you be so kind as to publish in *Treasure Trove* the poem *Rock Me to Sleep, Mother*; or else in *Open Questions* give name of author stating where poem in question is to be had. (2) Will you publish or say where I can get copy of Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*.—D. S. Cowan, New Orleans, La.

[The Tennyson poem asked for appeared in *Treasure Trove*, *Current Literature's* issue of June, 1890. *Rock Me to Sleep, Mother*, which is by Elizabeth Akers Allen, is included in most popular collections of verse, and *Crossing the Bar* is printed in *Palgrave's Golden Treasury*, Second Series, recently issued, as well as in all complete editions of Tennyson's poems.]

393. Will you give, through *Open Questions*, the inscription on the drop curtain of the Tabor Grand Theatre at Denver, giving the author and where it may be found? One line of the inscription reads thus: "Ancient and sacred things fade not away." By so doing, you will confer a favor.—McAnulty, Hamilton, O.

[The following was received from Messrs. Bush & McCourt, managers of the Broadway Theatre and Tabor Grand Opera House, Denver, Col., in response to a letter from *Current Literature*: "The quotation you speak of is credited to Kingsley. The artist who painted the drop curtain is Hopkins, of Detroit. We are unable to find in any of Kingsley's works any such quotation." Perhaps some reader of *Open Questions* may be able to identify the quotation.]

394. Through your query column, or as may best please you, could you inform me of the author of *Arius, the Libyan*? I think it is an old publication by Appleton, and is a tale of early Christian life.—Charles G. Badgley, New York city.

[*Arius the Libyan* is an anonymous publication issued by D. Appleton & Co., 77 Fifth avenue, New York City, at \$1 and 50 cents, cloth and paper editions.]

395. Will you kindly publish the song call *The Broken Ties*, or tell me in *Open Questions* where I can find the words? I remember when a child hearing my father sing the song, but can only recall the first verse, the first four lines of which run thus:

"The broken ties of happier days,  
How often do they seem  
To come before our mental gaze,  
Like a remembered dream."

—Mrs. H. D. Westover, David City, Neb.

396. Will you please let me know in *Open Questions* the author, etc., of a short poem commencing—

"Said Sergeant McFadden to Private —"

'Bedad, an' you're a bad un,

So turn out your toes—one, two; one, two,' etc."

—or publish it if you have the space? A copy of it or information as to where I can get a copy of it will be a great favor to F. H. R., Altoona, Pa.

[The poem desired is *The Recruit*, by Robert W. Chambers, which was published in *Current Literature* in May, 1897, p. 447. A copy of that issue can

be obtained at the office of this magazine, or the book, *With the Band*, from which the selection was copied, from the publishers, Messrs. Stone & Kimball, Chicago, Ill. The price of the volume is \$1.25.]

397. On page 150, in February number, you have an article on *Life*, and ask your readers who wrote it. It was written by Robert Ingersoll, and my husband has seen the original manuscript; also, a poem in the same number, called *Opportunity*. You did not tell the right composer; it was John J. Ingalls, of Atchison, Kan. That is my information on both of these subjects. If it is not correct please notify me, as I am desirous of knowing. Also, what is the meaning of the three heads on the cover of this magazine. I take it all the time and am greatly interested in everything pertaining to it.—Mrs. C. C. Allen, Leavenworth, Kan.

[1. With regard to the prose poem, *Life*, this information confirms that already brought to light last month in our new Correspondence Department (see advertising pages). 2. The second subject is more complicated. The sonnet *Opportunity*, as it appeared in *Current Literature*, was written by John D. Underwood, but we have since discovered that it was a clear case of plagiarism, and in this issue of the magazine (see Editorial Comment, p. 293) it, with three other cases, is exposed. 3. The three faces on the cover of *Current Literature* appeared on the first copy of the magazine in a design by Arthur Jules Goodman. The old man represents "Wisdom," the center face "Letters," and the face on the right hand "Wit." In making over the design, the use of flowing lines in the background was thought to be more graceful, and to typify to some extent the passage or current of time, against which the emblematic faces appear in strong relief.]

398. In February number of *Current Literature* the poem *Fate* is given on page 177. I have seen this poem elsewhere, and am sure there is a mistake in the last two lines. In the February number these are simply a quotation from the preceding stanza, while in the poem to which I refer (I think I saw it in *Munsey's*) these lines were very different, and while I cannot quote them correctly, they ran something like this—

"And spend their days unsatisfied, . . .  
Apart; and this is fate."

I am sorry not to be able to quote correctly, but this is the best I can do. I have taken a fancy to this, and should like to have the part indicated connected.—L., Philadelphia, Pa.

In the February number of *Current Literature*, page 177, you will find that the poem *Fate*, by Susan M. Spaulding is incorrectly given. The last two lines of the poem instead of repeating the last two lines of the second stanza, should read:

"Shall wander all their weary days unknown,  
And die unsatisfied; and this is Fate!"

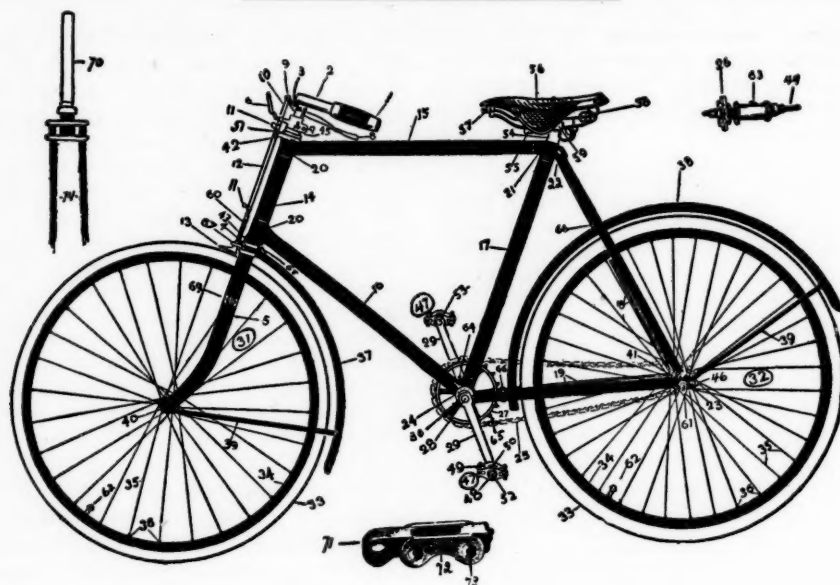
—Frances Ames, Galveston, Texas.

[Each of our correspondents is justified in objecting to the two concluding lines of Mrs. Spaulding's fine poem; *Fate*, as they appeared in our February number; but neither one supplies the correct version. It is:

"They seek each other all their weary days,  
And die unsatisfied; and this is Fate!"

—and would so have read in the magazine, but for a printer's blunder.]

## THE WHEEL: BICYCLE CHANGES AND NOVELTIES



### THE GRAMMAR OF THE WHEEL \*

#### NAMES OF THE VARIOUS PARTS

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. Handles or Grips.                           | 37. Front Mud Guard.                          |
| 2. Handle Bar.                                 | 38. Rear Mud Guard.                           |
| 3. Handle bar Stem or Stalk.                   | 39. Mud Guard Stays, Arms or Braces.          |
| 4. Fork Crown.                                 | 40. Front Hub.                                |
| 5. Fork Side.                                  | 41. Rear, or Back, Hub.                       |
| 6. Lamp Bracket.                               | 42. Top Head Cup.                             |
| 7. Handle bar Clamp, Binder or "Pinch Bind."   | 43. Bottom Head Cup.                          |
| 8. Brake Lever.                                | 44. Step.                                     |
| 9. Brake Joint and Screw.                      | 45. Head Lock-nut.                            |
| 10. Brake Rod or Plunger.                      | 46. Chain Adjuster.                           |
| 11. Brake Collars and Screws.                  | 47. Pedals.                                   |
| 12. Brake Tube.                                | 48. Pedal End Plate.                          |
| 13. Brake Spoon.                               | 49. Pedal Side Plate.                         |
| 14. Head.                                      | 50. Pedal Axle or Spindle, and Centre Tube.   |
| 15. Upper, Horizontal or Top Tube.             | 51. Head Adjusting Cone.                      |
| 16. Lower, head to bracket, Tube.              | 52. Outside, or Small, Pedal Nut.             |
| 17. Seat mast, diagonal, or Saddle-post Tube.  | 53. Inside, or Large, Pedal Nut.              |
| 18. Rear or Back Stays.                        | 54. Saddle, Seat or L Post or Pillar.         |
| 19. Rear or Back Forks.                        | 55. Arm or Top Piece of Ditto.                |
| 20. Head Lugs or Connections.                  | 56. Saddle.                                   |
| 21. Saddle Post Frame-Connection or Cluster.   | 57. Saddle Adjusting Screw.                   |
| 22. Saddle Post Clamp or Binder, Bolt and Nut. | 58. Saddle Spring.                            |
| 23. Rear, or Back, Fork-end.                   | 59. Saddle Clamp or Clip.                     |
| 24. Crank Hanger or Bottom Bracket.            | 60. Brake Spring.                             |
| 25. Chain—Humber or Block Pattern.             | 61. Rear Axle Nut.                            |
| 26. Rear, or Small, Sprocket or Chain Wheel.   | 62. Valves.                                   |
| 27. Front, or Large, Sprocket or Chain Wheel.  | 63. Hub Oil Cup.                              |
| 28. Crank Axle, Shaft or Spindle.              | 64. Crank Hanger, or Bottom Bracket, Oil Cup. |
| 29. Cranks.                                    | 65. Sprocket Wheel Tooth.                     |
| 30. Crank Key or Cotter Pin.                   | 66. Braces, Stays, or Bridges of Rear Frame.  |
| 31. Front, or Steering, Wheel.                 | 67. Brake Guide.                              |
| 32. Rear, or Driving, Wheel.                   | 68. Mud Guard Clip.                           |
| 33. Tires.                                     | 69. Coaster or Foot Rest.                     |
| 34. Rims.                                      | 70. Fork Stem or Neck Tube.                   |
| 35. Spokes.                                    | 71. Centre Block of Chain.                    |
| 36. Spoke Nipples.                             | 72. Side Plate of Chain.                      |
|  | 73. Chain Rivet.                              |
|  | 74. Front Fork.                               |

\* From the L. A. W. Bulletin.

Current Literature, by virtue of the character of its pages, is perhaps more closely in touch with its readers than are many of its older contemporaries among American periodicals. Its daily mail reveals the ideas and opinions, and contains the inquiries and suggestions of its readers in every state of the Union. Since the opening of the new year so large a proportion of the letters received at this office have asked for practical information as to what will constitute the up-to-date bicycle for ordinary road use for the season of 1898—resultant, no doubt, from the total absence, during the present winter, of that great educator of the public in matters pertaining to the wheel, its construction and its accessories, the cycle show—that Current Literature has determined upon the publication of a carefully-prepared article, designed to answer the questions of its many readers. The following descriptions and illustrations of the leading features and improvements of the 1898 bicycle is intended for the information of present and prospective wheel riders. Criticism by comparison or other methods, is left to the reader. Current Literature seeks simply to present the changes and developments of the past few months in bicycle construction and accessories, as they will be found, upon inspection to be embodied in the products of leading American makers.

The year 1897 may properly be said to have marked the closing of a decade in the history of cycle building, for, with little question, the developments of 1898 will, if they have not already done so, mark the beginning of a new era—that is, the adoption of new designs, radical changes in methods of construction, and the adoption of new types, in this important branch of American industry. Whether or not these changes will prove lasting and beneficial, or whether after a year or so of trial and experiment they will, in whole or in part, be discarded for those they are intended to replace, and reversion to old methods and types follow, remains to be seen. Whatever the outcome, the product of American bicycle manufacturers this year will embody many features not seriously contemplated, much less employed, in the product of past years.

Aside from the changes and new departures, which, excepting the introduction of the chainless, would scarcely interest, in detail, the reader not familiar with mechanics, a feature of the evolution of the cycle building industry that will be welcomed with satisfaction by every cyclist, is that never in the trade's history has it produced bicycles of such general excellence, beauty of finish, strength, durability and perfect adjustment in all parts and at every point, as it will produce for the season of 1898. Moreover, that

many (properly-considered) high-grade makes of wheel can now be purchased for precisely one-half the price they formerly commanded—\$50 and \$75 being the accepted prices of the season of 1898, upon the very best and highest grades of American-built wheels.

In selecting a mount for the coming season, the intending purchaser will have a longer list of well-built machines, each with its distinctive feature of greater or less importance than any past season has presented. There will not be so many makes in the market perhaps, but there will be a far greater number of good makes than any preceding year has offered. Possibly the question of whether a chain or chainless wheel is desired has been determined. If not, a thorough inspection of the various chainless types will furnish much in the line of interesting study.

Of chainless types there are several, each of which has been approved by the mechanical world as thoroughly practicable, and likely to do the work required of them. The fact cannot be gainsaid, however, that even among the builders of bicycles, with a few exceptions perhaps, chainless models are not being pushed to the front as preferable, or indeed equal in their desirable qualities to the accepted and popular type of chain wheel. The manifest disposition upon the part of many makers of chainless bicycles is to produce them simply for the sake of being up among leaders of new things in cycle construction, and to thus be in a position to supply whatever demand many exist for this latest type of wheel. In a word, the chainless wheel is unquestionably an experiment, which the coming season's test will establish as a generally-accepted and promising type, or relegate to the ranks of the "tried and found wanting" ones in the long list of cycle undesirables.

This statement must in no way be taken however as an attempt to decry or belittle the importance of the chainless movement, and the several models of the type that have, by virtue of their mechanical excellence and apparent merit commended themselves to thousands of practical cyclists throughout the country. On the contrary, the production of the chainless wheel is one of the most interesting and important events in the evolution of the bicycle, and it will be strange indeed, if time does not overcome what little ground for criticism or doubt may now exist as to its capabilities, and ultimately command for it a degree of confidence and popularity equal to that now enjoyed by the chain type. Whatever the future may have in store for it, however, it is certainly true that the chainless is to-day looked upon, both by the mass of riders and by nearly all manufacturers as an uncertain quantity

in the product of 1898, and the purchaser who selects such type as his mount for the present year should do so with a full realization that he may regret his choice later on. On the other hand, his chainless wheel may be to him a revelation of smooth running and enduring qualities that will afford him ample cause for congratulation upon the wisdom of his selection. With some makes of chainless we should say that the probabilities for complete satisfaction, barring those conditions which must surely attend accident, or the breakage of the parts, are such as to warrant the unhesitating trial of the type, by those who can afford the greater price demanded for it.

Briefly stated, the advantages claimed for the chainless wheel are these: Cleanliness and the perfect lubrication of the gears, afforded by the enclosing gear cases; the absence of any liability to serious accident through the breaking of the chain, and its subsequent entanglement in and ruin of the rear hub and sprocket, as well as the well-nigh unavoidable throwing of both wheel and rider; the absence of side pull, and consequent strain of the frame; also its free coasting qualities. The claim of more direct or easier application of power must be more fully established through general use of the wheel, before it can be safely and absolutely accepted.

The claims advanced by critics against the chainless types are: That it is not possible to cut the teeth of the bevel gear with a degree of precision that will reduce friction to the same degree that has been obtained in the chain type, and that even though it were possible to do so, the changed conditions created by placing the wheel under load, and upon an uneven road surface would create such friction where it might not exist in the suspended wheel or when free from load; that absolute rigidity of frame is essential to insure accurate contact between the shaft and sprocket gears, and that this cannot be obtained in a wheel double the weight of any now upon the market; that the slightest deflection from "true" in the frame, as the result of accident or misuse, will affect the gears, and produce friction or binding; and lastly that any damage to the gears, such as the breaking of a tooth, would render the question of repair upon the road by the rider out of the question, and would necessitate the expenditure of time and money in a well-equipped repair shop.

It is only fair to state here, however, that in response to these criticisms, advocates of the chainless wheel declare that as the result of severe tests they are satisfied of the absolute rigidity of the frame in a 25 or 26-pound wheel; that the gears work as perfectly under load as when the wheel is suspended, and that, while it is true that the break-



age of a gear tooth upon the road would put the rider in an awkward position, the probability of such breakage, owing to the great strength and size of the teeth, themselves, is scarcely to be considered as an objection. It is admitted, however, that the slightest departure from the original lines of the frame as it left the factory will affect

claimed for the roller pin that friction is reduced to the minimum, and that far greater strength, without increase of weight, is obtained.

Still another style of chainless is that shown in the Humber model, and known as the spur gear. In this wheel the 127 teeth of a big intermediate sprocket serve to transmit the power

duction of the bevel gear, and the arguments, pro and con, as to its merits and capabilities, comparatively with the chain type, has shown the latter, so long in use, and so perfectly developed to be almost as firmly fixed in the affections of cyclists as was "the good old ordinary" of nearly twenty years ago. This is no doubt due largely to the fact that through long usage and perfect familiarity with its working parts, wheelmen have come to know the chain and sprocket creation; experience has taught them its strong and its weak parts, its eccentricities (for such it has) and its capabilities; experience has also taught them what to do and how to do it in case of accident to any part of the machine—chain, sprockets, or bearings. Riders know the chain wheel, and understand it, and they know it so favorably that a vast majority of them will prefer to wait and watch chainless developments still further before accepting the latter type as a future mount, meantime holding closely to the chain type during the coming season. They admit that there is always danger of the breaking of a chain link or bolt, but what of it? Every careful wheelman carries an extra link and bolt or two in his tool bag, and repair, temporary at least, is but the work of a moment; they admit that through carelessness a chain may jump a sprocket, and result in serious accident to both wheel and rider, but they argue that there is no excuse for carelessness; they admit that the chain and sprockets, exposed as they are to dust and mud, are disagreeable parts of a wheel to keep clean, but long custom has made the duty one of course, and those who object to it may cover their chains and sprockets with gear cases which will insure cleanliness, protect the skirts of lady riders, and afford



THE CHAINLESS WHEEL

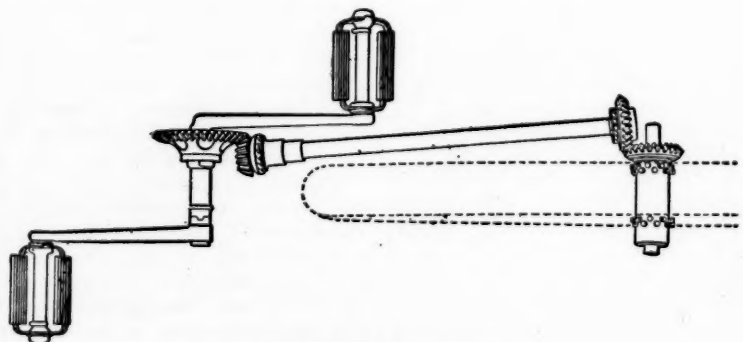
the meshing of the gears, and produce friction or binding. This, it is claimed, is not likely to occur, however, except through collision or the rank abuse of his wheel by the rider. In one make of wheel, the Bayvelgere, all possibility of complications from disturbed alignment is prevented by the structure of the connecting shaft. This is provided with four rounded pins at each end, and instead of bearing the pinions at each end, as in other bevel gear shafts, connects with them by having the pins at each end fit into an equal number of receptacles in each pinion. Thus the frame may be bent to a degree that would handicap its propulsion, even by the use of the chain and sprockets and still be ridden—to the nearest repair shop, at least.

Of the several styles of chainless wheel upon the market, there is the bevel gear, in which the chain is replaced by a connecting hollow shaft running either inside or outside of the right rear fork, and bearing pinions at each end which mesh with the gear teeth upon the crank axle sprocket and the rear wheel sprocket. Of this style are the Columbia, Spalding, Stearns, Sterling, Crawford and Crescent. The chief variation in these makes is that in some instances the contact of the gear teeth at the hub is in front of, and in others back of, the axle.

Another style of chainless is the roller pin mechanism, in which the shaft is fitted with projecting pins instead of teeth. These engage V-shaped teeth, of peculiar cut, upon each sprocket, and thus transmit the power from crank axle to rear hub. Such are the well-known Monarch and Iver Johnson makes of chainless. It is

from the large crank axle sprocket to the rear wheel sprocket. The inadvisability of using a gear case upon the wheel is plainly apparent; it would look cumbersome, and the wind resistance at the side would be annoying if not worse. It is claimed by the makers, however, that a gear case is unnecessary; that however necessary it might seem in theory, practical tests, under most severe conditions, have satisfactorily demonstrated that the sprockets are their own cleaners, and throw off mud, gravel, and other impedimenta, as no chain and sprocket has ever done.

There are other styles of the chainless type, but of those announced at this



PLAN OF CHAINLESS GEARING

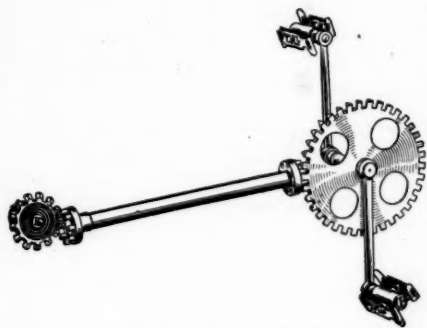
writing there is little or nothing to call for specific notice and description in these columns. Any rider who may have determined upon a chainless wheel for this year's mount, will find in the bevel, roller pin, and spur gears herein illustrated, ample opportunity for a thorough test of the type.

Now as to chain wheels. The intro-

continuous lubrication as effectually as will the gear case of the chainless. The breaking of a sprocket wheel or a tooth is of such rare occurrence that but few wheelmen can cite such an instance; besides if a tooth should break it would in no way affect the usefulness of the wheel, while it would not be difficult to obtain a new sprocket of any well

known make of wheel in any cycling community.

Comparative ease of repair is certainly in favor of the chain wheel. The claim of the chainless advocate that the probability of accident is so far removed in the new type as to more than counterbalance this advantage of the chain wheel yet remains to be estab-



CHAINLESS ROLLER PIN MECHANISM

lished. As to ease of propulsion, the ability to stand up over all kinds and conditions of roads, the question of friction, and maintenance of the requisite frame rigidity, when comparing the chainless with the chain type, for the purpose of determining the desirability of one over the other—these are points which each and every rider must establish to his own satisfaction. It can not be done by theorizing.

In selecting a chain wheel for the coming season, the rider, if he wishes to possess a thoroughly up-to-date mount, will observe the following points in lines and construction, and see to it that they are embodied in his purchase:

The day of the high frame has passed. Frames are lower, and the drop—that is, the point to which the center of the crank axle has been lowered from a line drawn between the forward and rear hubs—has been increased to an extreme of four inches, with an extreme length of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches in the crank. These, however, are extremes. A moderate drop of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 inches and a  $6\frac{1}{2}$ -inch crank is ample for the average rider. Handlebars are wider, and, aside from the racing man or scorcher, the grips will be higher and a more upright position assumed by road riders. Steering heads will be short—very short—from 4 to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches, as compared with from 12 to 13 inches two years ago. Whether or not this will be an improvement remains to be seen. If the past claims of makers that a long head insures ease of steering, the departure would seem to be a step in the wrong direction. The arch fork crown will be very largely used in '98 models, and it is certainly a taking and graceful form; D-shaped tubing is the proper thing for the rear stays; tread from  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 inches, and gear higher than heretofore, with perhaps 70 as the

popular result. Black or blue-black, with but little if any striping or decorative work will be the correct color, the demand for fancy enamels seeming to have had its day; the large or "barrel" style of hub will be used universally this year. Each maker will have something characteristic of his product in crank hanger brackets, bearings, oiling devices, chain adjustment, and easily-detachable parts. Of these the rider must form his own opinion. Their number is too great to admit of treatment here. A mount combining the principal features above outlined, however, will give the purchaser a thoroughly up-to-date wheel for the coming season.

A glance through the catalogues of leading American makers will prove conclusively, as stated heretofore in this paper, that never before has the cyclist been offered so much for so little money, as he will find in this year's bicycle product.

#### ACCESSORIES.

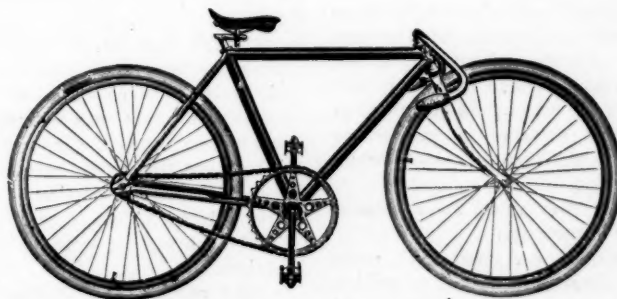
From all indications, riders will this year, for the first time in the history of the sport, in this country, adopt the gear case. Englishmen, who regard this accessory as one of the most important in the equipment of a wheel, have long called us stupid for our stubborn refusal to have anything to do with it. That the change of opinion as to its degree of usefulness is due to the introduction of the chainless, with its neatly inclosed gears, is altogether likely. Makers of the chainless have advanced so many convincing arguments as to its utility, cleanliness, and benefit to the wheel itself, at the same time using the fact of its absence from the chain wheel as an argument against the latter, that riders have come to think well of the case, and makers of chain wheels are anxious, by urging its adop-

tion, to rob the chainless makers of at least one talking point. Many cases in aluminum, leather and hard rubber will be offered, and it is quite likely that, commencing with this season, the gear case will be as familiar a sight upon American as upon English highways.

Brakes will be more largely used than heretofore. The old "outside" lever brake, which at one time was the only brake, has been greatly improved upon. Now the shaft runs through the steering-head tube, and the brake is applied by turning the grip or other simple method. Band brakes, operating upon the hub, pedal brakes by which pressure is exerted through back pedaling, and many other ingenious devices have been adopted—in some cases as part of the wheel, equipment, and without extra charge.

The Acetylene lamp promises to be an exceedingly popular style of bicycle headlight during the coming season. At least a dozen makes, handsome in design and of wonderful capabilities are now upon the market. If safety can be assured in the generation and control of "water-gas," as it is popularly termed, the Acetylene lamp should be largely used this year. Its light is even more powerful than that of the electrical lamps introduced, and it is less expensive.

Cyclometers will this year be smaller, if that is possible, than heretofore. The diminutive barrel-shaped style of the Veeder & Shepherd type, with a capacity of 10,000 miles, will be most popular. A bracket that will admit of the ready detachment of the instrument is a '98 improvement. Perhaps never before were there so great a number of styles in saddles to select from. Saddles of all shapes, sizes and materials; saddles of aluminum, of leather, of wood, steel, and other available materials; saddles with pommels and without; saddles with springs of steel, horse-hide thongs, and piano-wire—each with their claims of merit, comfort, and convenience. A study in '98 saddles, with illustrations of the hundred and one different shapes, styles and sizes, would indeed be interesting had we the space



THE CHAIN WHEEL—EXAMPLE OF EXTREME CONSTRUCTION

to devote to it. The Christy saddle, the aluminum saddle of the Universal Trading Company and the Messenger, Garford and Hunt lines will probably constitute a majority of the saddles in use this season, though many manufacturers have designed and had manufactured for their output saddles under their own names and in accordance

with their own ideas as to what styles will give the greatest satisfaction. A saddle that would seem to commend itself for ease, and convenience in mounting has recently made its appearance. It consists of two circular discs, about the size of a tea saucer. The surface is of leather, covering two thick pads of felt. The frame of the disc is metal, and each disc is allowed sufficient play to conform to the action of the limbs when riding. The saddle forms an ample resting surface for the pelvic bones, and there is no pommel to chafe or irritate. In women's saddles there has been a decided improvement, the new designs being broader, shorter-nosed, and more conducive to comfort.

In tires there is little new, makers seeming to bend their efforts toward the production of a material that will combine lightness with durability, and at the same time insure the greatest degree of resiliency. The day of experiments with non-puncturable materials, fluids and what-not seems to have passed. Material with sufficient resisting qualities to pass over ordinarily rough or sharp surfaces is used, and the rider's ingenuity, assisted by any one of a number of clever tire-repairing tools, depended upon to get him out of trouble. Checkered and ribbed surfaces, with a view to guarding against side-slipping, will be popular in both single and double-tube tires. The popular width will be  $1\frac{3}{8}$  inches. The valves used in the Hartford, Palmer, M. & W., League, Chase, Vim, Strauss and other leading makes are uniformly satisfactory and reliable. The exercise of ordinary care in riding should prolong the life of any pair of tires of reliable make throughout a season or longer.

In this connection a word to riders, particularly young riders, as to the care of their wheels may, if heeded, insure the perfect condition of their wheels, through several seasons and many thousands of miles of riding. The formula is simple. The thing is to carry it out. The observance of the following rules will insure a perfect-running wheel at all times and preserve its appearance until the enamel loses its color through natural causes.

Never put your wheel away without grooming it thoroughly.

If it is muddy, use a wet cloth, without delay (being careful not to scratch the enamel in removing the grit), and then rub down with a dry cloth, following with an oiled or polishing cloth.

Never pour water upon any part of your wheel.

If the roads have been dry, and your wheel is white with dust, use a feather-duster vigorously. This will remove dust difficult to get at with a cloth. Follow the dusting with a thorough rubbing down, using a dry cloth.

Keep the nicked parts bright with oil rag and polishing cloth.

Before starting out test every nut; see that handle-bars, pedals, and all other detachable parts are secure. Be sure that your chain is properly adjusted. If it is too loose, it may jump the sprockets in coasting, throw you and wreck your machine. If it is too tight, it will bind. See that the bearings are sufficiently lubricated with "3 in 1" or some other non-solidifying oil to run smoothly. Use Dixon's graphite upon your chain whenever it requires it.

(This is not an advertisement, but the advice of a rider who knows the value of this particular chain lubricant; and wishes to save his fellow-riders endless trouble and needless physical exertion.)

Don't keep your wheel in the cellar. Select the dryest (not the warmest) place in the house.

Treat your wheel at all times as you would your watch (so far as the difference in its field of usefulness will allow), and you will be gratified at the number of pleasing comments your friends will make as to its appearance, and the faithfulness with which it will serve you through many seasons. Furthermore, accident alone will necessitate your visiting the repair shop.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### *Two Cases of Plagiarism.*

(The subject under discussion in the following letters, together with two other cases of plagiarism, recently brought to light by CURRENT LITERATURE will be found editorially treated, on page 293 of this issue.)

To the Editor of CURRENT LITERATURE:

In your February, '98 issue (page 175) is an incident or story entitled A North Carolina Game, taken from the Penny Magazine, and credited to Anna Lee Thatcher. I read this story in the the above magazine (Penny) and noted the fact of its plagiarism. As a student in college several years ago I canvassed for a book, Kings of the Platform and Pulpit, and in that book (page 442) in a lecture by "Bill Arp" (Major C. H. Smith) the story appears, an original production of Mr. Smith. It seemed to me that as a reputable publication, you should be made aware of this fact, and I take the liberty of pointing it to you. The selection is wrongly accredited to Anna Lee Thatcher, "Bill Arp" being the writer, if I am not mistaken.

I am a regular subscriber to Current Literature, through the newsdealer at this place, and interested in the maintenance of its standard as leader of its class, as I have regarded it for some years. To this end I believe your compilations should be rightly accredited.

Very truly yours,

(REV.) E. F. DAUGHERTY.

Franklin, Ind.

To the Editor of CURRENT LITERATURE:

When "Eli Perkins" wrote to me for some matter of my own to put in his

book I clipped a lecture from my scrap book and sent it to him. I suppose he thought it was not quite *funny* enough and so he inserted a lot of stuff to fill out. I never saw that pinin' story until he sent me a copy of the book, Kings of the Platform. I do not know whether Miss Thatcher wrote it or not, but am sure that I did not. Mr. Perkins should rise and explain.

Yours very truly,

CHAS. H. SMITH,

"Bill Arp."

Cartersville, Ga.

To the Editor of CURRENT LITERATURE:

I think my friend, Chas. H. Smith—"Bill Arp"—is correct about the pinin' story attributed to Anna Lee Thatcher.

When I wrote my Kings of Platform and Pulpit, which included all the great lecturers from Artemus Ward to Nye and Riley, Mr. "Bill Arp" did send me his lecture. It was a good lecture, but when I showed it to Bill Nye he said:

"There is not pepper enough in it"—at the same time handing me the slip which you speak of—the "pinin'" story. It was credited to no one. So we remodeled it and put into "Bill Arp's" lecture.

It may have been written by Anna Lee Thatcher or by Æschines in the old Greek.

We modern writers often see our good things copied by the old masters.

General Sherman wrote me once that he found one of my best jokes under an Egyptian obelisk—showing how those ancients used to steal from us.

If the pinin' story has done any damage to the public all I can do is to apologize to Miss Thatcher, Bill Nye and "Bill Arp," and then go to the confessional.

I once wrote the sentiment:

Truth is mighty ——— scarce,

and another writer claimed to be the author of three-fourths of it.

Yours truly,

MELVILLE D. LANDON,

"Eli Perkins."

New York City.

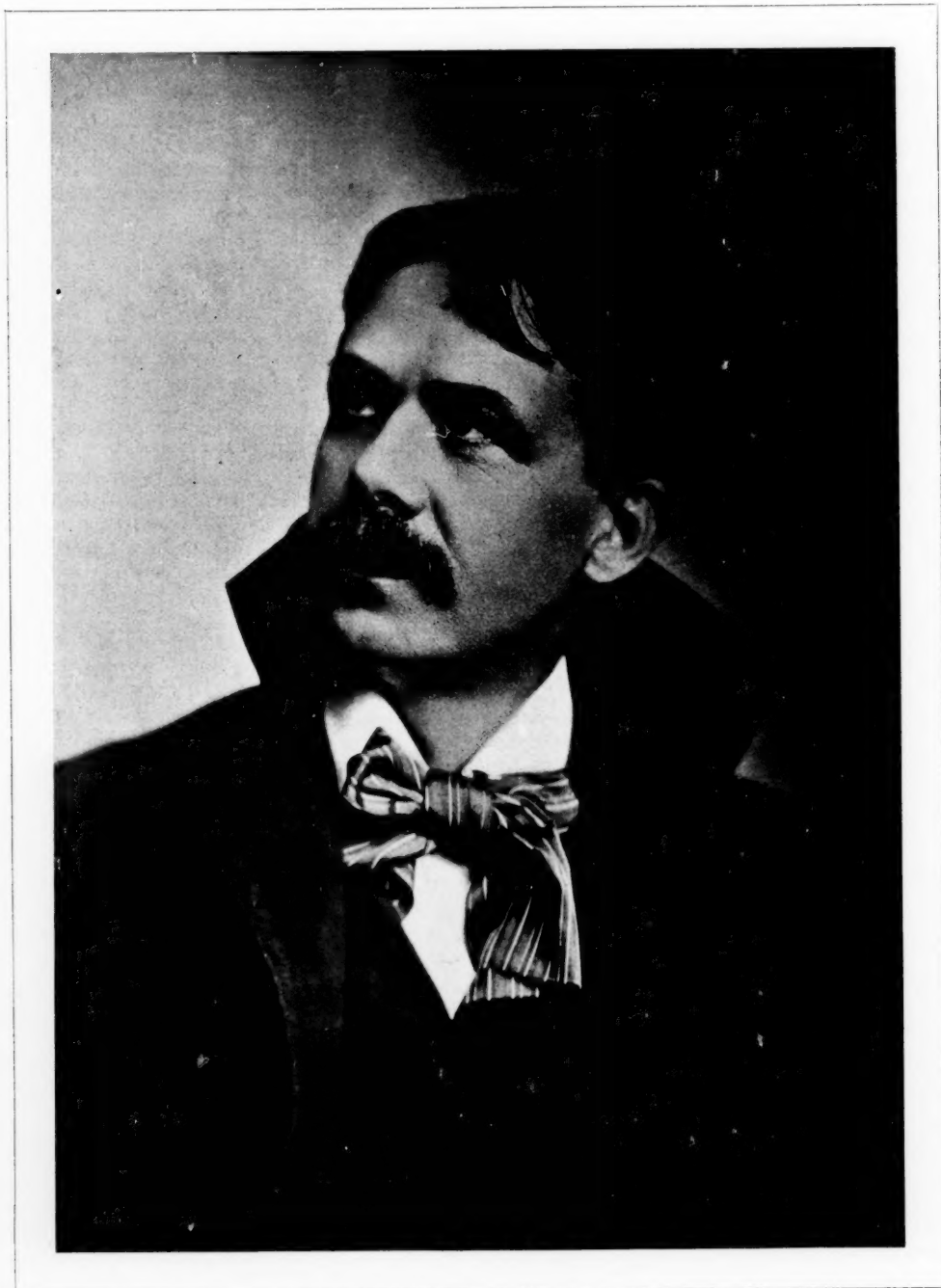
To the Editor of CURRENT LITERATURE:

Replying to your inquiry of March 7th, the question raised regarding the authorship of A North Carolina Game, is most interesting to us. While the writer was Sunday editor of the Press, New York, in 1891 and 1892, there accumulated in his desk a lot of clippings and cast-off odds and ends. About a year ago in sorting this material the manuscript, A North Carolina Game, came to light. It was accompanied by a letter, written, as the writer remembers it, in a deprecatory tone, requesting the publication of the article, without compensation, and saying that no stamps were enclosed, as its return was not desired. The letter was dated from

(Continued in advertising pages.)



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FRANK L. STANTON

(See American Poets of To-Day, page 400.)